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Bishop Percy's
Folio Manuscript.

Ballads and Romances.

EDITED BY

JOHN W. HALES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND ASSISTANT TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

(ASSISTED BY PROFESSOR CHILD, W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.)

Vol. II.—Part II.

LONDON :

N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1867.

Price Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Early English Text Society.

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The Publications for 1864-65 and '66 are out of print, but a *Reprinting Fund* is now open for reprinting them. Thirty members are wanted to complete the 1864 subscription. A few copies of separate texts remain: of No. 4,—Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1320—30, edited by R. Morris, Esq., 10s.; and No. 5, of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, be Alexander Hume, ab. 1617 A.D., edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq., 4s.

No. 1 is Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1320—30, A.D.; 2, Arthur, ab. 1440 A.D.; 3, Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c. 1556 A.D.; 6, Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500; 7, Genesis and	Exodus, ab. 1250; 8, Morte Arthure, ab. 1440; 9, Thynne on Chaucer's Works, 1598; 10, Merlin, ab. 1450, Pt. I.; 11, Lyndesay's Monarche, &c. 1552, Pt. I.; 12, The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462.
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The Publications for 1866 are—

13. SEINTE MARHERETE, þe Meiden ant Martyr. Three Texts of ab. A.D. 1200, 1310, 1330. First edited in 1862 by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., and now re-issued. 2s.
14. THE ROMANCE OF KYNG HORN, FLORIS AND BLANCHEFLOUR, AND THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Edited from the MS. in the Library of the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby. 2s. 6d.
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17. PARALLEL EXTRACTS FROM TWENTY-NINE MSS. OF PIERS PLOWMAN, with Comments, and a Proposal for the Society's Three-Text Edition of the Poem. By the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 1s.
18. HALI MEIDENHAD, ab. 1200 A.D. Edited for the first time from the MS. (with a translation), by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A. 1s.
19. SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S MONARCHE, Part II., the Complaynt of the King's Papingo, and other Minor Poems. Edited from the first editions, by Fitzedward Hall, Esq., D.C.L. 3s. 6d.
20. SOME TREATISES BY RICHARD ROLLE DE HAMPOLE. Edited from Robert of Thornton's MS., ab. 1440 A.D., by the Rev. G. Perry, M.A. 1s.
21. MERLIN, OR THE EARLY HISTORY OF ARTHUR. Edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the Cambridge University Library about 1450 A.D. Part II. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. 4s.
22. THE ROMANCE OF PARTENAY OR LUSIGNEN. Edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 6s.
23. DAN MICHEL'S AYENBITE OF INWYT, or Remorse of Conscience, in the Kentish dialect, 1340 A.D. Edited from the unique MS. in the British Museum, by Richard Morris, Esq. 10s. 6d.

The Society's Report, January 1867, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc. can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53 Berners Street, W.

Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

Ballads and Romances.

Vol. II.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

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LONDON:

N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1868.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

As the first volume was specially that of Arthur and Gawaine, of Robin Hood and his great compeer, now almost forgotten, 'Randolph, Erl of Chestre,' so this second volume is specially that of Sir Grey, who did such mighty deeds for England, and the pathos of whose death in his hermit's cell near Warwick has never yet been worthily sung.

But the Arthur and Gawaine stories are here continued in *The Grene Knight*, the *Boy and Mantle*, and *Libius Disconius*; and we have besides, in the present volume, versions of some of the best of our English ballads, *Chevy Chase*, *Childe Waters*, *Bell my Wiffe*, *Bessie off Bednall*, &c. Of one of the best of them, *King Estmere*, Percy's ruthless hands (p. 200, note) have prevented us giving the MS. version of the folio. We have been unable to find any other MS. or printed copy of this ballad, and have therefore been obliged to put side by side in an appendix Percy's two printed versions of it, with all their differences from each other marked in italics, so that readers may judge for themselves as to his probable amount of alteration in the other parts.

The folio version of *Bell my Wiffe*—a ballad to which Shakspeare's quotation of it in *Othello* has secured immortality—is believed to be the earliest known; and as it just filled a page

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

in the MS. it was chosen for photolithographing, and an impression of it will be given with Vol. III. for Vol. I.

John de Reeue is (among other pieces) here printed for the first time, and if it can be taken in any degree as a picture of the bondman's condition at the time it represents, or even the time it was written, it is of considerable historical value. At any rate, it shows us a merry scene of early English life. *Conscience's* tale is of a darker tint, but is valuable for its sketch of the corruptions of its times. The other historical ballads treat of fights and plots abroad and at home—of Agincourt, Buckingham's Fall, the Siege of Cadiz, Durham Field, Northumberland besieged by Douglas, &c. &c.,—but none of them are of more than average merit.

Mr. Hales has written all the Introductions, except those to *Celes Voyage* (for which the Editors are indebted to Mr. John Bruce, the Director of the Camden Society), to *Earle Bodwell* (which is reprinted from the first edition of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*), to *Boy and Mantle* (which is reprinted from Professor Child's *Ballads*), and the following by Mr. Furnivall: *Come, Come*; *Conscience*; *Agincourte Battell*; and *Libius Disconius*. Mr. Hales has also written the Introductory Essay on The Revival of Ballad Poetry in the Eighteenth Century.

For the text Mr. Furnivall is, as before, mainly responsible, and has to thank Mr. W. A. Dalziel for his help in reading the copy and proof with the MS. The contractions of the MS. are printed in italics in the text.

To the Revs. Alexander Dyce, W. W. Skeat, J. Roberts, and Archdeacon Hale; to Messrs. Chappell, Bruce, T. Wright, Planché, and Jones, the Editors tender their thanks for help in divers ways.

February 4, 1868.

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CORRIGENDA.

- p. 9, l. 68, *for* armour *read* armor.
p. 16, l. 253, *for* and *read* &.
p. 23, l. 9, *for* [and] *read* &.
p. 28, l. 6, *for* with *read* with.
 l. 22, *for* between *read* betweene.
p. 29, l. 77, *for* thein *read* them.
p. 41, l. 9, *for* up *read* vp.
p. 46, l. 7, *for* bells *read* bell.
p. 60, note 8, *for* theye *read* they.
p. 63, l. 134; p. 66, l. 203, 215; *for* and *read* &.
p. 72, note 2: *the r has fallen out of the A.-Sar.* Gram.
p. 77, note, col. 1, l. 2; *for* missed. *As read* missed, as.
p. 140, l. 109, *add* witt *at the end of the line*.
 note 1, *for* Strowt yn *read* Strowtyn.
p. 159, l. 7, *for* 1569 *read* 1659.
p. 164, note 2, *for* terme *read* tenne.
p. 254, l. 12, *for* Robert *read* Richard.
p. 379, notes, col. 2, *for* "1867" *read* "*Babees Book, &c.* 1868."
N.B. The reading of the vol. with the MS. was stopt at p. 74 by the return of the MS. to its owners.

THE REVIVAL OF BALLAD POETRY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE last century in England was in more respects than one a valley of dry bones. About the middle of it, "they were very many," and "they were very dry." Shortly afterwards, "behold, a noise," and the bones began to come together. These signs of life were followed by a growing animation. From the four quarters came the wind, and breathed on the quickening mass. From the north it came in its strength ; from the east and the west it blew vigorously ; from the south it rushed with a wild furious sweeping blast that changed the face of the valley. So at last the century revived—its dull lack-lustre eyes brightened—its stagnant pulse leapt—it lived.

I do not now propose to attempt a full description of this mighty revival. But I propose confining myself to one particular feature of it—the appreciation of our older literature, and especially of our ballad poetry. The century that had long been fully satisfied with its own productions, at last recognised that the English literature of ages that had preceded it was not wholly barbarous. The century that had given up itself to rules, and reduced the art of poetry to a mechanical trick, at last acknowledged graces beyond the reach of its art. At last it was brought to see that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in its philosophy.

It discovered that there were innumerable beauties around it to which it had long been blind. It left its gardens and its

elaborate manipulations of nature to see Nature herself. It gave over refining the lily and gilding the rose to look at the flowers in their simple beauty. It became conscious of the exquisite beauties and glories of Switzerland, of the English lakes, of Wales. New worlds of splendour, and of noble enjoyment, dawned upon it. Not greater discoveries were made by Columbus and his followers four centuries before than were then made. The age, with all its self-complaisance, had been living in a prison. The doors were thrown open, and it came forth to feel and enjoy the fresh breezes and the gracious sunshine. A huger, more dismal, more cramping Bastile than that of Paris fell along with it. The age saw at the same time that, besides the beauties of nature, there were beauties that the art of former days had bequeathed it. It began to discern the subtle loveliness of old cathedral churches that studded the country. It had long eyed them with much disfavour. It had sadly disfigured them with adornments of its own devising, and according with its own notions. It had deplored them as monstrous relics of a profound barbarism. But at last the scales fell from its eyes, and it saw that these "tabernacles of the Lord of Hosts" were "amiable." It awoke to their supreme, lavish, refined beautifulness. So with respect to other branches of Gothic art, other fruits of the old Romantic times, they came to a better appreciation of them. Poets and poems that had for many a day been relegated to neglect and oblivion, were more frankly and fairly valued. Voices that had long been silenced or ignored began to find a hearing and a heeding audience. As Greek literature was revived in the fifteenth, so was Romantic in the eighteenth.

A fair criterion of the progress of the century in the recognition of the Romantic age is its appreciation of Chaucer. The most important event of the century regarding him is the appearance of Tyrwhitt's edition of him in 1775. Then at last

an attempt was made to vindicate his fame from the imputation of rudeness; to show that he, no less than the eighteenth-century poets, had some sense of melody, some talent for character-drawing, some power of language. Spenser was more readily and continuously accepted. The age sympathised with the moralising part of his genius, and found pleasure in imitating him. But, as I have said, I propose now considering the history of our ballad poetry; and to it I turn.

The most signal event regarding it is the publication of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765. Let us see how the century was prepared, or had been preparing, for that famous publication.

Our English ballads, though highly popular in the Elizabethan age, as innumerable allusions to them in Shakespeare and the other dramatists, and in the general literature of the time, show, were yet never collected into any volume, save in *Garlands*, till the year 1723. They wandered up and down the country without even sheepskins or goatskins to protect them. They flew about like the birds of the air, and sung songs dear to the heart of the common people—songs whose power was sometimes confessed by the higher classes, but not so thoroughly appreciated as to induce them to exert themselves for their preservation. They were looked down upon as things that were very good in their proper place, but which must not be admitted into higher society. They were admired in a condescending manner. They were much better than could be expected. But no one thought of them as popular lyrics of great intrinsic value. No one put forth a hand to save them from perishing. The custom of covering the walls of houses with them that happily prevailed in the seventeenth century did something for their preservation. So secured, they had a better chance of keeping a place in men's memories, and meeting some day appreciative eyes. Towards the end of the said century were made one or two

collections of the broad sheets containing them. The black-letter literature of the people was collected rather for its curiousness than its power or beauty, by antiquaries rather than by poets or enjoyers of poetry. Whatever their motives, let us praise Wood and Harley, Selden¹ and Pepys, Rawlinson, Douce, and Bagford, for their services in gathering together and protecting the frail outcasts from destruction. They were as great benefactors of the old ballads as Captain Coram was of foundlings. Be their names glorified!

There can be no doubt that the powerful mind of Dryden justly appreciated the strength of our old literature, although he so far bows before the spirit of his age as to deface it for the reception of that age. Even when he revised and spoiled Chaucer's works, he felt the power of them. But he resigned his own judgment to that of his contemporaries. This Samson in his captivity consented to make merry and carouse with his captors—to translate the songs he loved into the Philistine dialect. He had a fine appreciation of the old ballads. "I have heard," says a *Spectator*, "that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour." He is, I think, the first collector of poems who conceded to popular ballads their due place,—who admitted them into the society of other poems—poems by the most Eminent Hands,—who perceived their excellence, and welcomed them accordingly. To other collectors of that date it was as disgraceful to a poem as to a man to have no father,

¹ Tradition says that Pepys "borrowed" a part of his Collection from Selden, and forgot to return it.—W. C.

or to be suspected of a common origin. Dryden rose above this prejudice. He showed one or two ballads the same hospitality as he extended to the poetasters of Oxford and Cambridge, whose name was Legion at this time. In the *Miscellany Poems*, edited by him, of which the first volume appeared in 1684, the last in 1708, eight years after his death, are to be found "Little Musgrave and the Lady Bernard," certainly one of the most vigorous ballads in our language; "Chevy Chase," with a rhyming Latin translation; "Johnnie Armstrong," "Gilderoy," "The Miller and the King's Daughters." But the evil that men do lives after them. Dryden, in his "Knight's Tale" and other works, had set the fashion of imitating and modernising our old poems. That fashion survived him. For more than half a century after his death, with the exception of the insertion of two or three in Playford's ¹ *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy*, and of the *Collection of Old Ballads* above referred to, we have produced in England imitations or adaptations of ballads—no faithful reprint of the genuine thing. The wine that the age had given it to drink was a miserable dilution, or only coloured water. Conspicuous amongst these imitators or adapters were Parnell, Prior, and Tickell. But there were two men in Queen Anne's time who had a genuine relish for old ballads, and who said a good word for them. These were Addison and Rowe. Addison's taste for them had been awakened during his travels on the Continent. "When I travelled," he writes, "I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness

¹ This Collection, though generally called D'Urfey's, was Henry Playford's. D'Urfey edited only the last edition

(1719), in six volumes. Five were printed in 1714; the first volume in 1699.—W. C.

to please and gratify the mind of man." He gives, as is well known, two numbers of the *Spectator* to a consideration of "Chevy Chase," one to that of the "Children in the Wood." "The old song of 'Chevy Chase,'" he writes, "is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works." Then he quotes Sir Philip Sidney's famous words; and then adds, "For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song that I shall give my reader a critick upon it, without any further apology for so doing." And he proceeds to investigate the poem according to the critical rules of his time. He compares it with other heroic poems, and illustrates it from Virgil and Horace. He read the old ballad in the light of his age—viewed and reviewed it in a somewhat narrow spirit. But he did read it—he did look at it. In spite of the confining criticism and hypercriticism of the day, he did feel and recognise its power. "Thus we see," his *examen* concludes, "how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit." In another paper he calls attention to and expresses the "most exquisite pleasure" he had received from "The Two Children in the Wood," which he had encountered pasted upon the wall of some house in the country. He describes it as "one of the darling songs of the common people," and as having been "the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age;" and then he discusses it after his manner. "The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." But he could not bring his

contemporaries to sympathise with him. They would not hear, charmed he never so wisely. His "Chevy Chase" papers were ridiculed and parodied by Dennis and Wagstaff and kindred spirits. To them perhaps he alludes in the concluding words of his notice of the other ballad he reviews: "As for the little conceited wits of the age," he writes, "who can only show their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire those productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art." He fought a losing battle. What appreciation of the old things there was at the beginning of the century was rapidly decaying. An age of elaborate artificiality, and studied affectation, was dawning.

I have mentioned Rowe as sharing Addison's appreciation of the old ballads. He takes for one of his plays a subject that was the theme of a widely popular ballad, and in introducing his tragedy, deprecates the adverse prejudices of his audience, and speaks boldly in favour of the elder literature, and against the wretched affectations of his time. The Prologue to his "Jane Shore," first acted in 1713, opens thus:

To-night, if you have brought your good old taste,
We'll treat you with a downright English feast,
A tale which, told long since in homely wise,
Hath never failed of melting gentle eyes.
Let no nice sir despise the hapless dame
Because recording ballads chaunt her name;
Those venerable ancient song-enditers
Soared many a pitch above our modern writers.
They caterwauled in no romantic ditty,
Sighing for Philis's or Cloe's pity;
Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her Christian name—'twas Jane.
Our numbers may be more refined than those,
But what we've gained in verse, we've lost in prose;
Their words no shuffling double-meaning knew,
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.

In such an age immortal Shakespear wrote.
 By no quaint rules nor hampering critics taught,
 With rough majestic force they moved the heart,
 And strength and nature made amends for art,
 Our humble author does his steps pursue;
 He owns he had the mighty bard in view;
 And in these scenes has made it more his care
 To rouse the passions than to charm the ear.

But this advocacy, too, of a better taste was doomed to fail. Rowe, as Addison, spoke in vain. The literary dominion of France was growing more and more supreme. Protests in behalf of our old masters were urged fruitlessly. The charms of our ballad poetry were disregarded, were despised.

There were, however, others besides Addison and Rowe who had some slight sense of those charms, as for instance those whom we have named—Parnell, Tickell, Prior. Parnell's acquaintance with our older literature is shown in his "Fairy Tale in the Ancient English Style." It is but a feeble piece, written in a favourite Romance metre—the metre of Chaucer's "Tale of Sir Topas"—and decorated with occasional bits of bad grammar to give it an antique look. Tickell's friendship with Addison could not but have conduced to some familiarity on his part with the old ballads. He seems to have been inspired by them in no ordinary degree. Apropos of his "Lucy and Colin," Goldsmith remarks: "Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is perhaps the best in our language in this way." The writer of it has evidently drunk from the old wells. The story is simple. It is told in a queer style—a sort of strange compromise between the simplicity of the old ballad language and the superfine verbiage that was rising into esteem in Tickell's own day. Lucy, the reader may remember, is deserted by her lover for a richer bride. She cannot survive this cruelty. She says, to quote well-known lines,

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay.
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

She is buried on the day of her false lover's marriage. The funeral cortège encounters the hymeneal. The bridegroom's old passion, too late, revives.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew his brow;
He shook, he groaned, he fell.

There is not the true note here, but there is a distant echo of it. In the handsome folio volume of poems published by Matthew Prior in 1718 was printed the "Not-Browne Maide," not for its own sake, but for the sake of a piece called "Henry and Emma," an extremely loose paraphrase of it, that the reader might see how magic was Mr. Prior's touch, who could transmute so rude an effort into a work so finely polished. However, Prior deserves some credit for having brought the old poem forward at all. His "Henry and Emma" won great applause. What a strange, instructive, significant fact, that when it and its original were placed before them, men should deliberately choose it! A morbid taste was prevailing with a vengeance. No plea that the language was obscure can be advanced in this case, as for Dryden's and Pope's versions of the *Canterbury Tales*. There is no obscurity in these words:

O Lorde, what is
This worldis blisse,
That chaungeth as the mone!
The somers day
In lusty may
Is derked before the none.
I hear you say
Farewel! Nay, nay,
We departe not soo sone;
Why say ye so?
Wheder wyle ye goo?

Alas ! what have ye done ?
 Alle my welfare
 To sorow and care
 Shulde chaunge yf ye were gon ;
 For in my mynde
 Of all mankynde
 I loue but you alone.

But Prior's age did not care for their simple beauty. It could not value that art *quæ celat artem*. It could not enjoy wild flowers. To the above delightful speech it preferred the following :

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon,
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon ?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies ?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies ?
 If love, alas ! be pain, the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd ;
 The god of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores and total war.
 O ! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share,
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the nut-brown maid ;
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolved, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son,
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

Early in the reign of George I., then, the old ballads had grown insipid. Men had no longer eyes to see their wild graces. An age of rules was shocked by their fine irregularity. A moralising and sentimentalising age was horrified at their plain-spokenness and objectivity. A didactic age could conceive no interest in such spontaneous songs. It had narrow ideas of what is instructive, and it wanted instructing. It did not under-

stand the singing as the linnet sings. It wanted its theories illustrated, discussed, enforced. In a word, it confounded poetry and morality. It did not cultivate, and it lost the faculty of pure enjoyment. No wonder then, if, finding no response to its ideas in the old ballads, it turned away from them, and would not answer when they called, would not dance when they piped.

But even at this time, when they were rapidly nearing the *nadir* of their popularity, the ballads found a friend. In 1723 appeared a volume of collected ballads, followed three years afterwards by a second, in 1727 by a third. These three volumes formed that first collection of English ballads (there is only one Scotch¹ ballad among them) to which we have above adverted. Denmark had made collections of its ballads in 1591 and in 1695; Spain in 1510, 1555, 1566, and 1615. England—save the earlier Garlands—first did so in 1723. Scotland, without, so far as we know, any knowledge of what had been done in England, in the following year, when Allan Ramsay, a great student of “the Bruce,” “the Wallis,” and Lyndsay’s works,

¹ Songs and ballads of rustic and of humble life were called “Scotch” from about the middle of the 17th century, and without any intention of imputing to them a Scottish origin, or that they were imitations. The same had before been called “Northern.” Mr. Payne Collier repeatedly reminds the readers of the Registers of the Stationers’ Company that this word “northern” means “rustic.” (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 28, 1861, p. 514; Feb. 8, 1862, p. 106; Feb. 21, 1863, p. 145.) The substitution of “Scotch” seems to have commenced during the civil war, and perhaps only after Charles II. had been crowned King of Scots, when “Scotch” at length became a popular, and even a party word with the Cavaliers. The first writer in whom I have noted the change is Martin Parker, author of the famous Cavalier ballad “When the King shall enjoy his own again.” (See, for instance, “A pair of turtle doves, or a

dainty new Scotch dialogue between a yong man and his mistresse,” subscribed Martin Parker, *Pop. Music*, p. 452.) After him came Tom D’Urfey, and many more. The use extended till, at length, even ballads relating to the northern counties of England, and so, in every sense “northern,” were reprinted as Scotch. (See, for instance, “Nanny O,” *Pop. Music*, p. 610, note *a*.) This conventional meaning of “Scotch” seems to have been accepted in Scotland as well as in England, for in no other sense could Allan Ramsay claim, among others, Gay’s ballad, “Black-ey’d Susan,” in the very first part of “A miscellany of Scots Sings,” or W. Thomson appropriate songs by Ambrose Phillips and other well-known Englishmen, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*. This remark is necessary because Percy has, throughout, taken the words “northern” and “Scotch” only in their literal local sense. —W. C.

having "observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural strength of thought and simplicity of stile our Forefathers practised," published his "Ever-Green, being a collection of Scots Poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," and in the same year "The Tea-Table Miscellany, or a Collection of Scots Sangs, in three volumes." All three collections seem to have enjoyed a fair success. Who was the author of the English one is not known.¹ It is called "A collection of Old Ballads corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with Introductions, Historical, Critical, or Humorous, illustrated with copper plates." The editor adopts an apologetic motto for his book—some of the above-quoted words of Rowe. He writes, too, in an apologetic vein. "There are many," he says, "who perhaps will think it ridiculous enough to enter seriously into a Dissertation upon Ballads." He is evidently rather afraid of being thought a frivolous creature by his lofty-minded contemporaries. He is a little uneasy in introducing his protégées to the polished public. But he does his duty by them bravely, only indulging himself now and then in a little superior laugh at their expense. He gives what account he can of the theme of each one, and shows always a thorough interest in his work. But the time was not yet ripe for his labours. The popularity that attended the first appearance of his collection soon ceased. The predominant character of the age was not changed. The old voices could not yet secure a hearing. The age clung to its idols. Its Pharisaic spirit was too strong to be restrained. It could not yet believe that out of the mouth of the common people there was ordained strength.

After the middle of the century some promise was shown of

¹ Dr. Farmer ascribes it to Ambrose Phillips. See Lowndes, under "Ballads." —W. C.

a better era. In Capell's "Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Antient Poetry, compil'd with great care from their several Originals, and offer'd to the Publick as Specimens of the Integrity that should be found in the Editions of Worthy Authors," published in 1760, appeared the "Not-browne Mayde," no longer accompanied by a modernised version. This book gives hints of the reaction that was coming against the old manipulating method. "Fidelity to the best Texts," is its watchword. In the same year (1760) appeared Macpherson's *Ossian*, and produced an immense sensation. Bishop Percy, with the good wishes and assistance of many then distinguished men—of Shenstone, Garrick, Joseph Warton, Farmer—was supplementing the treasures of his wonderful Folio MS. from other quarters, and preparing the materials of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. About the same time (1764) appeared Evans's "Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards." Mallet's work on "the remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes, particularly of Scandinavia," had already been published some years.¹ About the same time Gray was writing his Welsh and Scandinavian pieces.² At the same time Chatterton was striving to satisfy the new taste that was spreading with forgeries of old poems.³ The first decade, then, of George III.'s reign is most memorable in the history of the

¹ Mallet (P.-H.) Introduction à l'histoire de Dannemark, où l'on traite de la religion, des mœurs et usages des anciens danois etc. *Copenhagen*, 1755-56. *Les Monumens de la Mythologie et de la Poesie des Celtes* (trad. des *Edda*) ouvrage qui fait partie de cette introduction, ont aussi paru séparément avec un titre particulier, en 1756. *Brunet*. Percy's translation was published in 1770.—F.

² In 1767 he [Gray] had intended a second tour to Scotland. At Dr. Beattie's desire, a new edition of his poems was published by Foulis at

Glasgow; and at the same time Dodsley was also printing them in London. In both these editions, the "Long Story" was omitted. Some pieces of Welch and Norwegian poetry, written in a bold and original manner, were inserted in its place. *Mitford's Life of Gray*, Works, i. xlix.-l.—F.

³ Published in 1777. He died Aug. 25th, 1770. His first article, purporting to be the transcript of an ancient MS. entitled "A Description of the Fryers' first passage over the Old Bridge," appeared in Farley's Journal, Bristol, Oct. 1768. *Penny Cycl.*—F.

revival of our ballad poetry. Then commenced an appreciation of it which has grown stronger and stronger with the lapse of years. Then it found itself so well supported that it was able to hold up its head in spite of peremptory contemptuous criticism. It feared no more the frowns of the great. Its beauty was no longer to be hid—its light no longer veiled away from men's eyes. "Even from the tomb the voice of nature cried." In the midst of conventionalisms and artificialities, Simplicity and Truth asserted themselves. The age was growing sick and weary of its old darlings; growing sensible that there was no salvation in them, no infallibility, no supreme delight in their worship:

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

Cinderella had sat by the kitchen fire for many a day. For many a day the elder sisters, tricked out in all the modish finery of the time, every attitude studied, every look elaborated every movement affected, had possessed the drawing-room in all their fashionable state. Cinderella down in the kitchen had heard the rustle of their fine silks and satins, and the sound of their polite conversation. She had been perplexed by their polished verbiage, and felt her own awkwardness and rusticity. She had never dared to think herself beautiful. No admiring eyes ever came near her in which she might mirror herself. She had never dared to think her voice sweet. No rapt ears ever drank in fondly its accents. She felt herself a plain-faced, dull-souled, uninteresting person, not worthy to receive any attention from any one of the fine gentlemen who adored her sisters, or to enter their well-mannered society. But her lowliness was to be regarded. The songs she had sung in the kitchen to the servants—her humble, unpretentious songs—they were to find greater favour than ever did those of her much-complimented sisters. She too was to be the *belle* of balls. It was about the year 1760 when the possibility of so

great a change in her condition became first conceivable. She met with many enemies, who clamoured that the kitchen was her proper place, and vehemently opposed her admission into any higher room. The Prince was long in finding her out. The sisters put many an obstacle between him and her. They could not understand the failure of their own attractions. They could not appreciate the excellence of hers. But at last the Prince found her, and took her in all her simple sweetness to himself. At last, to lay metaphors aside, England acknowledged the power and beauty of the ballads that had suffered for so long a time such grievous neglect.

At the accession of George III., William Whitehead was in the third year of his adornment of the Poet Laureateship. "The Pleasures of Imagination," "The Schoolmistress," "The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality"—works which had been given to the world some sixteen or eighteen years before—were at the zenith of their fame. The general character of our literature at this time was wholly didactic. We cannot wonder, then, if the appearance of a poetry that was weighted with no overbearing moral, or other purpose, produced a tremendous effect. We may be prepared to understand the prodigious excitement caused by the publication in 1760 of "The Works of Ossian the Son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic language by James Macpherson." With all their magniloquence, they did not sermonise; they expressed some genuine feeling. Amidst all their affected cries there was a true voice audible. Three years subsequently, Bishop Percy, moved by Ossian's popularity, published a translation from the Icelandic language of five pieces of Runic poetry.

In the following year, 1764, appeared "Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards translated into English, with Explanatory Notes on the Historical Passages, and a short Account of Men and Places mentioned by the Bards, in order

to give the Curious some Idea of the Taste and Sentiments of our Ancesters and their Manner of Writing, by the Rev. Mr. Evan Evans, curate of Glanvair Talyhaern in Denbighshire"—a work with which Gray was familiar. Shortly afterwards appeared Gray's own translations, made from translations, of Norse and Welsh pieces: "The Fatal Sisters," "The Descent of Odin," "The Triumphs of Owen," and "The Death of Hoel." About the time, then, of the appearance of the *Reliques* in 1765, there was dispersed over the country some slight knowledge of the old Celtic and of Scandinavian poetry.

And now the age was ripe for the reception of such a collection of old ballads as had been published some forty years, but had then, after a short-lived circulation, fallen into neglect. Thomas Percy, the son of a grocer at Bridgenorth, Shropshire, a graduate of Oxford, vicar of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, was by nature something of an antiquarian. When "very young," he became possessed of a folio MS. of old ballads and romances. "This very curious old MS." he says in a memorandum made in the old folio itself, "in its present mutilated state, but unbound and sadly torn, I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of my worthy friend Humphrey Pitt, Esq. then living at Shiffnal in Shropshire, afterwards of Prior Lee near that town; who died very lately at Bath; viz. in Summer 1769. I saw it lying dirty on the floor under a Bureau in y^e Parlour: being used by the maids to light the fire." "When I first got possession of this MS." he says in another entry in the same place, "I was very young, and being in no degree an Antiquary, I had not then learnt to reverence it; which must be my excuse for the scribble which I then spread over some parts of its margin; and in one or two instances, for even taking out the leaves, to save the trouble of transcribing. I have since been more careful." Besides this famous folio, he possessed also a quarto MS. volume of similar pieces, supposed

to be the same as one still in the hands of his family, and containing only copies of printed poems. The folio has remained in the hands of the Bishop's family in the greatest privacy hitherto; Jamieson and Sir F. Madden being (I believe) the only editors who have printed from it, though Dibdin was allowed to catalogue part of it. It is now at last, as our readers know, being printed just as it is. These volumes had in Percy a (for that time) highly appreciative possessor. He determined to introduce to the public some specimens of their contents. This proposal was promoted by the sympathy of many then distinguished men: of Shenstone, Bird, Grainger, Steevens, Farmer, and by others of still greater and more enduring note—Garrick and Goldsmith. At last, in 1765 appeared *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces of our earlier poets (chiefly of the Lyric kind) together with some few of later date*. The editor, even as the editor of the collection of 1723, of whom we have spoken, has, manifestly, some misgivings about the character of his protégées. He is not quite sure how they will be received by his polite contemporaries. He speaks of them, in his Dedication of his volumes to the Countess of Northumberland (he was extremely ambitious to connect himself, with the great Percies of the North), as “the rude songs of ancient minstrels,” “the barbarous productions of unpolished ages,” and is troubled for fear lest he should be guilty of some impropriety in hoping that they “can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example. But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear when it is declared that these poems are presented to your Ladyship, not as labours of art but as effusions of nature, shewing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages.” In his Preface he says that “as most of” the contents of his folio MS. “are of great simplicity, and seem to have

been merely written for the people, the possessor was long in doubt, whether in the present state of improved literature they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed." "In a polished age, like the present, he adds, "I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics [a foot-note cites Addison, Dryden, Lord Dorset &c., and Selden] have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination [Did "The School-mistress," "The Sugar-cane," dazzle the imagination?] are frequently found to interest the heart." Still more striking are the following words: "To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing." And then he buttresses his volumes with eminent names—Shenstone, Thomas Warton, Garrick, Johnson (we shall see presently how far Johnson was likely to smile on his undertaking), which "names of so many men of learning and character, the editor hopes will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It hath been taken up and thrown aside for many months during an interval of four or five years." With such apologies and antidotes did the Reliques make their *débüt*! How strange—what a wonderful tale of altered taste it tells—that in order to make "Chevy Chase," "Edom o' Gordon," "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard," endurable, to reconcile

the reader to their rudeness, such charming *chaperones* should be assigned them as “Bryan and Pereene, a West Indian ballad by Dr. Grainger,” “Jemmy Dawson, by Mr. Shenstone” ! “Bryan and Pereene,” “founded on a real fact,” narrates how Pereene, “the pride of Indian dames,” went down to the sea-shore to meet her lover, who, after an absence in England of one long long year one month and day, was returning to St. Christopher’s and his mistress.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk, so neatly clad
She there impatient stood ;

Bryan, seeing her in the said sea-green silk, impatient also, leapt overboard in the hope of reaching her sooner.

The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display’d,
Which he at parting gave ;
Well-pleas’d the token he survey’d,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand ;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch’d the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain ;
When ah ! a shark bit through his waist,
His heart’s blood dy’d the main.

He shriek’d ! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring;
 She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

And so the doleful ditty ends with an injunction to the "fair," to strew her tomb with fresh flowerets every May morning, to the end that they and their lovers may not come to similar distress." Jemmy Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels who took part in the '45, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common in 1746.

Their colours and their sash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear;
 For never yet did Alpine snows,
 So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
 Oh! Dawson, monarch of my heart,
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

Poor Kitty inflexibly witnesses his execution.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
 The maid drew back her languid head,
 And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Such were the pieces whose elegance was to make atonement to the readers of a century ago, for the barbarousness of the other components of the *Reliques*.

This barbarousness was further mitigated by an application of a polishing process to the ballads themselves. Percy performed the offices of a sort of tireman for them. He dressed and adorned them to go into polite society. To how great an extent he laboured in their service, is now at last manifested by the publication of the Folio. The old MS. contained many

pieces which, it would seem, were considered hopeless. No amount of manipulation could ever make them presentable. It contained many pieces and many fragments—thanks to the anxiety of Mr. Humphrey Pitt's servants to light his fires!—which the art of the editorial refiner of the eighteenth century deemed capable of adaptation; and Percy adapted them. The old ballads could reckon on no genuine sympathy. They were, so to speak, the songs of Zion in a strange land.

Percy, as the extracts we have quoted from his Dedication and Preface have shown, was not free from the prejudices of his time. He was but slightly in advance of them; but he *was* in advance of them. He *did* recognise the power and beauty of the old poetry, more deeply, perhaps, than he ever dared confess. And, though unconscious of the greatness of the work he was doing, did for us—for Europe—an unutterable service. He was, to the end, curiously unconscious of it. He had given a deadly blow to a terrible giant, and freed many captives from his thralldom, without knowing. Men are often reminded to be delicately careful in their actions, because they know not what harm they may do. They might sometimes be encouraged by the thought that they know not what good they do. Certainly Percy performed for English literature a far higher service than he ever dreamt of. He always regarded the *Reliques* as something rather frivolous. "I read 'Edwin and Angelina' to Mr. Percy some years ago," writes Goldsmith, in 1767, to the printer of the *St. James' Chronicle*, who had assigned Goldsmith's ballad to Percy, "and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual goodhumour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved of it." "I am so little interested about *the amusements of my youth*," writes Percy to his

publisher in 1794, "that, had it not been for the benefit of my nephew, I could contentedly have let the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* remain unpublished." The great effect the memorable work produced came "not with observation."

With all the consideration Percy showed for the prevailing taste, he did not succeed in winning over to his support certain great leaders of it. He was extremely solicitous to secure the approval of the leader of the leaders of it—of that supreme potentate, Dr. Johnson. In his Preface he twice mentions him: first, as having urged him to publish a selection from the Folio ("He could refuse nothing," he says, "to such judges as the author of the *Rambler*, and the late Mr. Shenstone,"); and secondly, as having lightened his editorial task with his assistance ("To the friendship of Mr. Johnson," he writes, "he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of his work"). But, for all these complimentary mentions, Johnson seems to have liked neither the work nor its author, as may be seen in *Boswell* again and again; thus: "The conversation having turned on modern imitations of ancient ballads, and some one having praised their simplicity, he treated them with that ridicule which he always displayed when that subject was mentioned." The 177th number of the *Rambler* gives a satirical account of a Club of Antiquaries. Hirsute, we are told, had a passion for black-letter books; Ferratus for coins; Chartophylax for gazettes; "Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he considered them as the genuine records of the natural taste. He offered to show me a copy of *The Children of the Wood*, which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favours from him." In his *Life of Addison*, after a sarcastic reference to his *Spectators* on "Chevy Chase," and Wagstaff's ridicule of them, he adds, in modification of Dennis's *reductio*

ad absurdum of Addison's canon—that "Chevy Chase" pleases, and ought to please, because it is natural—"In Chevy Chase there is not much of either bombast or affectation, but there is chill and lifeless imbecility. The story cannot possibly be told in a manner that shall make less impression on the mind." With what horror the ghost of Sir Philip Sidney must have been struck if ever it was aware of this crushing dictum! Still more suggestive are his observations on another old ballad. "The greatest of all his amorous essays," he remarks in his *Life of Prior*, "is Henry and Emma—a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man nor tenderness for the woman. The example of Emma, who resolves to follow an outlawed murderer wherever fear and guilt shall drive him, deserves no imitation [would Johnson have said that the "Laocoon," or the "Venus de Medici," deserved an imitation? how could his critical rules have been applied to them?], and the experiment by which Henry tries the lady's constancy is such as must end either in infamy to her or in disappointment to himself." With these terrible sentences in our ear, let us read these stanzas:

Though it be songe
Of old & yonge,
That I shold be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge
That speke so large
In hastyng of my name;
For I wyll prove
That faythfulle love,
It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse,
And hevynesse,
To part with you the same;
And sure all tho
That do not so
True lovers are they none.
For in my mynde
Of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

And,

I thinke nat nay
 But as ye say,
 It is no mayden's lore ;
 But love may make
 Me for your sake,
 As I have sayd before,
 To come on foote
 To hunt, to shote
 To gete us mete in store ;
 For so that I
 Your companey
 May have, I ask no more.
 From which to part,
 It makyth my hart
 As colde as ony stone ;
 For in my mynde
 Of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Read these high passionate words, and think of Johnson's criticism.¹ He misses, evidently, the point of the poem—does not see how one noble idea permeates and vivifies every line, and glorifies the self-abandonment confessed.

Here may ye see
 That women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable ;
 Late never man
 Reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But rather pray
 God that we may
 To them be comfortable.

His criticism of the "Nut-brown Maid" makes his dislike of the old ballads intelligible enough. We can understand now how he came to despise and abuse them, and parody their form in this wise :

¹ Cf. Mr. Gilpin's (Saurey-Gilpin, an artist, 1733–1807,) remark, *apud* Nichols and Steevens' *Hogarth*, on the seventh plate of the Rake's Progress: "The episode of the fainting woman might have given way to many circumstances more proper to the occasion. This is

the same woman whom the Rake discards in the first print, by whom he is rescued in the fourth, who is present at his marriage, who follows him into jail, and lastly to Bedlam. The thought is rather unnatural, and the moral certainly culpable."

The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon a stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

Warburton, Hurd, and others heartily concurred in his opinion. Warburton thought that the old ballads were utterly despicable by the side of the exalted literature of his own and recent times. He called them "specious funguses compared to the oak."

But in the face of this contumely, looked down on and sneered at by the learning and refinement of the age, the old ballads grew dear to the heart of the nation. They stirred emotions that had long lain dormant. They revived fires that had long slumbered. The nation lay in prison like its old Troubadour king; in its durance it heard its minstrel singing beneath the window its old songs, and its heart leapt in its bosom. It recognised the well-known, though long-neglected, strains that it had heard and loved in the days of its youth. The old love revived. The captive could not at once cast off its fetters, and go forth. But a yearning for liberty awoke in it; a wild, growing, passionate longing for liberty, for real, not artificial flowers; for true feeling, not sentimentalism; for the fresh life-giving breezes of the open country, not the languid airs of enclosed courts.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound,

so did the nation issue forth from its confinement, and conceive truer, more comprehensive joys.

The publication of the *Reliques*, then, constitutes an epoch in the history of the great revival of taste, in whose blessings we

now participate. After 1765, before the end of the century, numerous collections of old ballads, in Scotland and in England, by Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, Ritson, were made. The noble reformation, that received so great an impulse in 1765, advanced thenceforward steadily. The taste that was awakened never slumbered again. The recognition of our old life and poetry that the *Reliques* gave, was at last gloriously confirmed and established by Walter Scott. That great minstrel was profoundly influenced by the *Reliques*, both directly and indirectly, through Burger and others who had drunk deep of its waters.

“Among the valuable acquisitions,” says Scott in his Autobiography, writing of his studies after his leaving Edinburgh High School, “I made about this time, was an acquaintance with Tasso’s ‘Jerusalem Delivered’ through the flat medium of Mr. Hoole’s translation. But above all I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. As I had been from infancy devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration by an editor who showed his practical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge plantain tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onwards so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and

to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows and all who would hearken to me with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time too I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."

ON "BONDMAN,"

THE NAME AND THE CLASS,

WITH REFERENCE TO THE BALLAD OF "JOHN DE REEUE,"

By F. J. FURNIVALL.



JOHNSON's definition of *bondman* is "a man slave." To it his latest editor, Dr. Latham, puts neither addition nor qualification; and the popular notion undoubtedly is, that whenever the word is used, of Early English times or modern, a *slave* is understood, one whose person, wife, children, and property, are wholly in his owner's power. We have to ask how far this popular notion is true with regard to our Bondmen, John de Reeue, Hobkin or Hodgkin long, and Hob o' the Lathe, and their class.

I do not find the word *bondman* in English till about 1250 A.D., taking that as the date of the *Owl and Nightingale*:

Moni chapmon and moni cniht
 Luveþ and halt ¹ his wif ariht;
 And swa deþ moni *bondeman*.

(*Owl and Nightingale*, l. 1575, p. 49, ed. Stratmann, 1868.)

The earlier word was *bonde*, and the earliest the Anglo-Saxon *bonda*, which Thorpe rightly derives and defines as follows in his glossary to the *Ancient Laws*:

Bonda, boor, paterfamilias. This word was probably introduced by the Danes, and seems occasionally to have been used for *ceorl*; its immediate derivation is from O. N. *búandi*, contr[acted to] *bóndi*, villicus, colonus qui foco utitur proprio; part. pres. used substantively of *at buá*. Goth. *gabaúan* habitare; modern Danish *bonde*, peasant, husbandman.

Bosworth on the other hand defines *Bonda* as

1. One bound, a husband, householder. 2. A proprietor, husbandman, boor: *Bonde-land* land held under restrictions, copyhold.

¹ MS. Cot. *hlad*.

Whether 'one bound' (as if from *bond*, and-*a* one who has; like *wæd* a garment, *wæda* one who has a garment,) is the original sense of the word, is more than doubtful; and till the proof is produced, I reject the meaning as original,¹ though no doubt at a later period this sense prevailed over the Scandinavian one. Mr. Wedgwood says under Husband:

From Old Norse *bua* (the equivalent of G. *bauen*, Du. *bowen*, to till, cultivate, prepare) are *bu* a household, farm, cattle; *buandi*, *bondi*,² N. *bonde* the possessor of a farm, husbandman; *husbond* or

¹ *bóndi* (*d. i.* *bóandi* = *búandi*, *der Bonde, freier Grundbesitzer, Hausvater, pl. bændr mariti*.—Möbius.

² Mr. Cockayne says "The word *Bond* bound has no existence but in Somner, whence others have copied it. Bosworth has built on *Bond* a guess, *Bonda* one bound, which is a delusion. For Bound, the true word is *bunden*, and for a Bond, *bend*." Mr. Earle also rejects the derivation from *bond*, and the meaning "one bound." Mr. Thorpe says that Ettmüller (p. 293) questions the *búandi*, *bóndi* derivation, but without sufficient grounds, in Mr. Thorpe's opinion. Haldorson accepts it "*Bondi* m. paterfamilias (quasi *bóandi*, *búandi*) en Husfader, Husbande, L. Colonus, ruricola, en Bonde, *Stórbændr* prædicatores (Bonds with a large house and extensive ground), *Smabændr* villici (Bonds with a small house and little yard)." Mr. Skeat notes "Bosworth also gives *Buend*, *bugend*, *bugigend*, as meaning an inhabitant, a farmer, from *búan*, to dwell, cultivate. This comes nearer to the Dan. and Sw. *bonde* as regards etymology, though it is not so near in form. Cf. A.-Sax. *búan*, Mæso-Goth. *bauan*, *gabauan*, to dwell, *bauains*, a dwelling-place. The G. *bauer*, peasant, is the Du. *boer*, and our *boor*. It is curious that the Du. *boer*, as well as the Sw. and Dan. *bonde*, signifies 'a pawn at chess.' I do not see how you distinguish between A.-Sax. *bonda* and A.-Sax. *buend*, unless you call the former a Danish word. In modern Danish the *d* is not sounded, and the *o* has an *oo* sound, so that *bonde* is called *boon-ne* (Lund's Danish Grammar)."

Professor Bosworth has kindly sent me the following note in support of the

first meaning he assigns to *bonda*. It unfortunately came too late—in consequence of the illness of his amanuensis—to be worked up or noticed in the text. "Bunda, *bonda*, an; m. I. *A wedded or married man, a husband*; maritus, sponsus. II. *The father or head of a family, a householder*; paterfamilias, œconomus. Then follow numerous examples, in proof of these meanings. I've gone over again all the examples, and I have enlarged what I had previously written, as to the origin of 'Bunda, *bonda*,' and given the detail in the following pages.—J. B." "Every word has its history by which its introduction and use are best ascertained. Bede tells us [Bk. I, 25, 2,] that Ethelbert king of Kent married a Christian, Bertha, a Frankish princess. The Queen prepared the way for the friendly reception of Augustine and his missionary followers, by Ethelbert in A.D. 597, who was the first to found a school in Kent, and wrote laws which are said to be "ásette on Augustinus dæge," established in the time of Augustine, between A.D. 597 and 604. The cultivation and writing of Anglo-Saxon [Englisc] began with the conversion of Ethelbert. Marriage, and the household arrangements depending upon it, were regulated by the law of the Church, and indigenous compound words were formed to express that law:—thus *æ law*, *divine law*; *Cristes æ Christi lex*, *Rihtes æ legitimum matrimonium* Bd. 4, 5—*æw wedlock*, marriage, *æw-boren lawfully born*, *born in wedlock*—*æw-brica m. wedlock breaker*, m. an adulterer, *æw-brice f. an adulteress*, *æw-fæst-mann marriage-fast-man a wedded man, a husband*; *æw-nian to wed, take*

husband the master of the house. Dan. *bonde* peasant, countryman, villager, clown.

Where the word occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Laws, Thorpe translates it "proprietor," and then "husband," meaning "husband who is a proprietor."

Swa ymbe friðes-bóte, swa þam bondan si selost, 7 þam þeófan si laðost.—*Æthelredes Domas*, vi. xxxii.¹

So concerning "frithes-bot," as may be best to the *proprietor* and most hostile to the thief,—*Ancient Laws*, i. 322–3.

a wife—*féw-nung wedding, marriage*—*féw-wif a wedded woman*.—Hús-bunda, —bonda *a house binder, husband, householder*. This expressive compound is one of the oldest in the language. It is found in the interpolated passage of Matt. xx. between v. 28 and 29. The passage is in all the Anglo-Saxon MSS. of the Gospels, except the interlineary glosses. The *A.-Sax.* is a literal version of the Augustinian MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford [*Codex. August.* 857. D. 2, 14], from the Old Italic version, from which the Latin Vulgate of the Gospels was formed by St. Jerome about A.D. 384. Though we do not know the exact dates when the Gospels were translated from Latin into A.-Sax., Cuthbert assures us that Bede finished the last Gospel, St. John, on May 27, 735, [See Pref. to Goth. and A.-Sax. Gos. Bos. p. ix–xii]. As the three preceding Gospels were most likely translated before St. John, then the following sentence was written before 735, Se hús-bonda [hús-bunda in *MS. Camb. li.* 2, 11,] háte ðé árisan and rýman fram óðrum, *the householder bid thee rise and make room for the other*. Notes to Bosworth's Goth. and A.-Sax. Gos. Mt. xx. 28; p. 576. Hús-bonda is also used by Ælfric in his version of the Scriptures about 970 [Ex. 3, 22.] Bunda, *bonda one wedded or bound, a husband*, from bindan; *p. band, bundon; pp. bunden; to bind*, must have been of earlier origin than the compound hús-bunda. It is a well-known rule that in A.-Sax. a person or agent is denoted by

adding a,* as bytl *a hammer*, bytla *a hammerer*, ánweald *rule, government*, ánwealda *a ruler, governor*,—bunden, bund *bound*, bunda, bonda *one bound, a husband*. Bunda might be banda, as well as bonda, for *a* is often used for *o*, as monn for mann *a man*. The early use of hús-bunda, -bonda would at once indicate, that it was not likely to be of Norse or Icelandic origin. It could not be derived from the Norse búa *to dwell, part. búandi bóandi dwelling*, nor even from the cognate A.-Sax. búan *to dwell*, because the *ú* and *ó* are long in the Norse búa *to dwell*, búandi, bóandi *dwelling*, and the A.-Sax. búan *to dwell*, búende *dwelling*, búend, búenda *a dweller*, while the *ú* and *o* are always short in bunda and bonda. So in other compounds from bindan *to bind*, as bunde-land *bond or leased land, land let on binding conditions*. Bunda then is a pure Anglo-Saxon word, derived from bindan *to bind*. Búan *to dwell, with the part. búende dwelling*, and the noun búend, *es; m. a dweller*, is quite a distinct word. Búend has its own numerous compounds; as,—Land-búend *a land dweller, a farmer*; agricola. Án-búend *one dwelling alone, a hermit*; ceaster-, eg-, eorp-, feor-, fold-, grund-, her-, ig-, land-, neah-, sund-, woruld- and þeód-búend."

¹ Ethelred, son of Edgar, succeeded to the throne, on the murder of his brother Edward, in the year 978, and died in 1016.—Thorpe's note in *Laws and Inst. of England*, vol. i. p. 280.

* To a substantive, not a verb or participle.—F.

Again, in the same sentence nearly repeated in *Cnutes Domas*, viii. (Canute died 12 Nov. 1035) "*þam bondan*, for the proprietor," p. 380-1. At p. 414-15, *Cnutes Domas*, lxxiii.

Conjux incolat eandem Sedem quam Maritus.

LXXIII. And þær se *bonda* sæt unwyð ȝ unbecrafod, sitte þ̅ wif ȝ þa cild on þan ylcan unbesacen. And gif se *bonda* ær he dead wære, beclypod wære, þonne andwyrdan þa yrfeþuman, swa he sylf sceolde þeah he lif hæfde.

And where the *husband* dwelt without claim or contest, let the wife and the children dwell in the same, unassailed by litigation. And if the husband, before he was dead, had been cited, then let the heirs answer, as himself should have done if he had lived.

So the Laws of King Henry the First (who reigned 1100-35 A.D.), repeating the last provision, say :

§ 5 Et ubi *bunda* manserit sine calumpnia, sint uxor et pueri in eodem, sine querela &c.—*Ancient Laws*, i. 526.

In 1048 A.D. the Saxon Chronicle uses *bunda* for a householding cultivator or farmer :

Ða he [Eustatius] wæs sume mila oððe mare beheonan Dofran . þa dyde he on his byrnan . and his ge-feran ealle . and foran to Dofran . þa hi þider comon . þa woldon hi innian hi þær heom sylfan gelicode . þa com an his manna . and wolde wician æt anes *bundan*¹. huse, his unðances . and gewundode þone *husbunden* . and se *husbunda*² ofsloh þone oðerne. Ða weard Eustatius uppon his horse . and his ge-feoran uppon heora . and ferdon to þan *husbunden* . and ofslogon hine binnan his agenan heorðæ . and wendon him þa up to þære burge-weard . and ofslogon ægðer ge wiðinnan ge wiðutan . ma þanne xx manna.—*Saxon Chronicle*, ed. Earle, p. 177 (A.D. 1048.)

When he [Eustathius] was some miles or more beyond Dover, then put he on his armour, and all his companions (did likewise), and went to Dover. When they came thither, then would they lodge where they pleased. Then came one of his men, and would dwell at the house of a *cultivator* (or householder) against his will, and wounded the *cultivator*; and the *cultivator* slew the other. Then Eustathius got upon his horse, and his companions on theirs, and went to the *cultivator*, and slew him within his own hearth; and

¹ bundan, *gen. sing. goodman*, 1048. *Glossarial Index*.

² The equivalence of the *husbunda* with the *bunda* here is enough to ex-

plode the "moral-etymology" of a *husband* being so called because he is the band or binder-together of the house, even if Dr. Bosworth be right.

went then up to the guard of the city, and slew both within and without more than 20 men.

In a passage in *Hickes* the (no doubt) free *bunda*, paying a fine, is contrasted with the *thrwæll* who gets a flogging:

And gif hwa ðis ne zelæste . þonne gebete he ƿ swa swa hit zelægod is . *bunda* mid xxx peñ. ðræl mid his hyde . þegn mid xxx scill.—From *Hickes's Dissertatio Epistolaris*, p. 108.

And if any one does not perform this, then let him make amends for that as is laid-down-by-law: the *bonde* with xxx pence, the thrall with his hide, the thane with xxx shillings.

Thus far then the evidence—for I do not admit Bosworth's "one bound" as right—points to the *bonde* being a freeman, and if not a landed proprietor, still a free tenant. The evidence of the freedom is strengthened if we may regard the Danish-named *bonde* as a Saxon-named *churl*—the name of one seeming to be used for the other, as Mr. Thorpe observes, for the *ceorla* was a free man, the "ordinary freeman" of Anglo-Saxon society, though obliged by "the feudal system" which "may be traced throughout all Anglo-Saxon history, to provide himself with a lord, that he might be amenable to justice when called upon."¹ Still, this vassalage was no *bondage* in the later or the modern sense of the term; the vassal churl was a freeman still, if we may trust Heywood.

In Alfred's time, and later, the *ceorl* had slaves. Sec. 25 of Alfred's Laws (translated) is:

If a man commit a rape upon a *ceorl's* female slave (*mennen*), let him make bōt (amends) to the *ceorl* with 5 shillings, and let the wite (fine) be 60 shillings. *Anc. Laws*, i. 79.

The A.-S. laws of Ranks enact that,

if a *ceorl* thrived, so that he had fully five hides of his own land, church and kitchen, bell-house, and "burh"-gate-seat, and special duty in the king's hall, then was he thenceforth of thane-right worthy.—*Anc. Laws*, i. 191.

Thorpe defines *ceorl* thus:

Ceorl. O.H.G. *charal*. A freeman of ignoble rank, a churl, *twy-hinde man*, villanus, illiberalis.

Twyhynde (*Man*), a man whose 'wér-gild' was 200 shillings. This was the lowest class of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy. *Twelf-hynde*

¹ Heywood's *Distinctions in Society*, 1818, p. 325.

(*Man*), a man whose *wér-gild* was 1200 shillings. This was the highest class of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy.

The slave was a *præl* or *peow*. Mr. Thorpe considers *præl* to be a Scandinavian word.

Next comes the question, did these bondes or ceorls continue free till the time of the Conquest? Kemble says not:

'Finally, the nobles-by-birth themselves became absorbed in the ever-widening whirlpool; day by day the freemen, deprived of their old national defences, wringing with difficulty a precarious subsistence from incessant labour, sullenly yielded to a yoke which they could not shake off, and commended themselves (such was the phrase) to the protection of a lord; till a complete change having thus been operated in the opinions of men, and consequently in every relation of society, a new order of things was consummated, in which the honours and security of service became more anxiously desired than a needy and unsafe freedom; and the alods being finally surrendered, to be taken back as *beneficia*, under mediate lords, the foundations of the royal, feudal system were securely laid on every side.—Kemble, *The Saxons in England*, vol. i. p. 184.

The very curious and instructive dialogue of Ælfric numbers among the serfs the *yrðling* or ploughman,¹ whose occupation the author nevertheless places at the head of all the crafts, with perhaps a partial exception in favour of the smith's.—Ibid. p. 216.

Mr. C. H. Pearson also says not:

Not only were slaves increasing, but freemen were disappearing. The ceorl is never mentioned in our laws after Edward the elder's time. If he became the villan of a later period, he was already semi-servile before the Norman conquest. If he passed into the freeman,² sometimes holding in his own right, and sometimes under a lord's protection, the class did not number 5 per cent. of the population at the time when Domesday was compiled, was virtually confined to Norfolk and Suffolk, and had not even a representative in the counties south of the Thames. It is evident that the bulk of the Saxon people was in no proper sense, and at no time free. Even the free in name were virtually bound down to the soil with the possession of which their rights were connected, and from which their subsistence was derived; . . . the idea that any man might go where he would, live as he liked, think or express his thoughts freely, would have been repugnant to the whole tenour of a constitution which started from the Old Testament as a model, preserved or incorporated the traditions of Roman law, and regarded the regulation of life as the duty of the legislator.

¹ This should be compared with the second extract from *Havelok* below.

² Had he not always been free?

The mention of *villan* brings us to the Conquest¹ and to Domesday-book. On every page of the latter *villani* are mentioned, and the articles of enquiry for the composition of it show that the enquiry into the population and property of each district "was conducted by the king's barons, upon the oaths of the sheriff of each county, and all the barons, and their French-born vassals, and of the hundredary (reeve of the hundred), priest, steward, and *six villeins of every vill*," &c. (Heywood, p. 290, note). The question for us is, are we to take as free men or not these villans, who were to help in settling what "served for centuries as the basis of all taxation, and the authority by which all disputes about landed tenures and customs were decided," who were to state "on oath what amount of land there was in the district, whether it was wood, meadow, or pasture, what was its value, what services were due from its owners; and generally the numbers of free and bond on the estate" (*Pearson*, i. 374).

The arguments of Serjeant Heywood for the identity² of the *villein* with the *ceorl* or *twihynde man* seem to me very strong indeed; and Mr. Pearson tells me that in the earlier use of the word *villanus*, the first which he knows,—namely, that in the preamble to the Decree of the Bishops and Witan of Kent about keeping the peace under Athelstan, which speaks of *Thaini, Comites, et Villani*,—he thinks that "villan" means "ceorl" very literally.

Serjeant Heywood first shows that the *Textus Roffensis*, in explaining a passage from the *Judicia Civitatis Lundoniæ* like that quoted above from the Anglo-Saxon Laws³ "makes it

¹ Of the name *villanus* Serjt. Heywood says, "I have not met with it in any authentic documents till about the time of the Conquest, but it is found in the laws of Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, and Henry the first. Among the Saxons were many words descriptive of persons engaged in husbandry, as *ceorls*, *cyrlics* men, *geneats*, *tunesmen*, *landsmen*, &c., but the proper appellation for a villan has not been ascertained."—Pp. 290–1. But see the next paragraph above.

² Mr. Pearson says we must "understand it with the reservation that while the vast majority of the *ceorl* class had degraded into the position of villans, others were distributed in the different

ranks of society as freemen, socmen, and perhaps in some cases bordars and cottars. It must be remembered that the *Rectitudines Singularum Personarum* use the word *villanus* to translate the Saxon *geneat*, and that the word *ceorla* does not occur in the whole document."

³ De gentis et legis honoribus. Fuit quondam in legibus Anglorum ea gens et lex pro honoribus, et ibi erant sapientes populi honore digni, quilibet pro sua ratione; comes et *colonus*, thanus et rusticus (*ceorl* and *ceorl*, *thegen* and *theowen*).

Et si *colonus* tamen sit, qui habeat integras quinque hydas terræ, ecclesiam et culinam, turrim sacram (*hell hus*) et

relate to villan and not to ceorls (L. *coloni*), whence we may infer that the author considered them as the same persons" (*Dissertation*, p. 185). He next shows that the eighth law of William the Conqueror, which makes the were of a villan only 100 shillings, was probably wrongly transcribed; and that the seventieth law of Henry I. expressly defines the free twihind as a villan:—"the were of a twihind, that is, a villan, is five pounds: *twyhindi, i. villani, wera est IV lib'*;"—and the 76th law classes the twihinds among the free men. Also that

in other parts of the laws, villans are ranked with ceorls and twihinds. Moreover the weres of a cyrlisc man & [that is, or] a villan are expressly mentioned, and required to be regulated in the same manner as that of a twelfhind.¹—*Heywood*, p. 295.

Another proof may be adduced from their being liable to the payment of reliefs which never were called for from the servile class. When, therefore, provision was made in the laws of William the Conqueror for the exaction of a relief from every villan, of his best beast, whether a horse, an ox, or a cow, we must conclude that, at the time of compiling those laws, namely, about four years after the Conquest, a villan was a freeman,

and this notwithstanding the concluding words of the law, *et postea sint omnes villani in franco plegio*, which must be taken as confirming an old truth, for the payment of one relief—which villans before the Conquest had paid—could not have turned an unfree man into a free one. Serjeant Heywood adds:

Another powerful argument in favor of the supposition that villans ranked among freemen, arises from the consideration that, unless this had been the case, the bulk of the population of England must have been found in the servile class. We cannot imagine that the farmers, who held at the payment of rent, either in money or kind, could be so very numerous as to furnish victuals for the armies which were collected, provide members for all the tythings, and crowd the public assemblies which were held for judicial purposes. But upon the demesne lands of almost every lord, villans might be found, and if they were admitted to bear the name, and partake of the privileges of freemen, and rank with ceorls or twihinds, the difficulty vanishes (p. 300).

atrii sedem (*burhgeat setl*) ac officium distinctum (*sunder note*) in aula regis, ille tunc in posterum sit jure thani (*th'gen rihtas*) dignus.—*Heywood*, p. 184. *Text. Roff.* 46 has for *colonus* of the above, *villanus*. "Et si *villanus* ita crevisset sua probitate, quod pleniter

habere quinque hidas de suo proprio allodii &c. *ib.* p. 185.

¹ Eodem modo per omnia *de cyrlisci vel villani* wera fieri debet secundum modum suum, sicut de duodecies centeno diximus.—*Ll. Hen.* i. 76; *Wilkins*, 270, in *Heywood*, p. 295 n.

Professor Pearson looks on the villans as 'bond upon bond land,' and as to the numbers of them and the freemen and the population generally at Domesday, gives Sir Henry Ellis's and Sir James Macintosh's calculations as follows :

We may probably place it [the population] at rather over than under 1,800,000 ; a number which may seem small, but which was not doubled till the reign of Charles II., six hundred years later. Reverting to the actual survey, we find about two thousand persons who held immediately of the king (E 1400, M 1599), or who were attached to the king's person (M 326), or who had no holding, but were free to serve as they would (M 213). The second class, the free upon bond-land, comprised more than 50,000 ; under-tenants or vavasors (E 7171, M 2899); burghers (E 7968, M 17,105); soc-men (E 23,072, M 23,404); freemen, holding by military service, or having been degraded into tenants to obtain protection (E 14,284); and ecclesiastics (E 994, M 1564). The largest class of all was the semi-servile. Of these villeins (E 108,407, M 102,704), and bordars,¹ or cottiers (E 88,922, M 80,320), make up the mass, about 200,000 in all. They were bond upon bond-land, that is to say, their land owed a certain tribute to its owner, and they owed certain services to the land ; they could not quit it without permission from their lord. But they were not mere property; they could not be sold off the soil into service of a different kind, like the few slaves who still remained in England, and who numbered roughly about 25,000.

The large number of the middle classes, and the small number of slaves, are points in this estimate that deserve consideration. It is clear that the conquest did not introduce any new refinement in servitude. In a matter where we have no certain data, all statements must be made guardedly ; but the language of chroniclers and laws, and the probabilities of what would result from the anarchy and war that had so long desolated England under its native kings induce a belief that the conquest was a gain to all classes, except the highest, in matters of freedom. In Essex the number of freemen positively increased, and the change may probably be ascribed to the growing wool-trade with Flanders, as we find sheep multiplying on the great estates, and with the change from arable to pasture-land fewer labourers would be required. The fact that the large and privileged class of soc-men was especially numerous in two counties, Norfolk and Suffolk, in which a desperate revolt had been pitilessly put down, seems to show that existing rights were not lightly tampered with. In Bedfordshire, however, the soc-men were degraded to serfs, probably through the lawless dealing of its Angevine sheriff, Raoul Taillebois, and the county accordingly fell off in rental beyond any other in

¹ Heywood draws a distinction between the villans and bordars, cottars,

&c., who are generally mentioned after them in Domesday.

England south of Humber, though it had enjoyed a singular exemption from all the ravages of war.

The concluding paragraph of the foregoing extract is printed because in it is, for me, pointed out the true cause of the villan's hardships, of the exactions of which his class so bitterly complained, the character of the Norman baron, and his power over his dependants. The thirtieth law of Henry I. speaks in moderated phrase the spirit of the earlier time. It calls the villans with the *cocseti* and *pardingi* (probably bondmen inferior to the villans) *hujusmodi viles vel inopes personæ*, declares them disqualified to be reckoned among judges, excludes them from bringing any civil suits in the county or hundred courts, and refers them, for the redress of injuries, to the courts of their own barons (Heywood, p. 291).¹

And it is (I believe) precisely because Edward I. made a resolute attempt to break down this power of the barons over their villans,² which must have often been awfully abused,—and not only tried to, but did to some extent substitute his own judges' court for the barons' one³—thereby rescuing many a villan from a bondman's fate; it is for this reason that he is the hero of our ballad of *John de Reeve*. Not only for the long shanks with which he strode against Wales, or the hammer he wielded against Scotland, was the first king who conceived and fought for the unity of Great Britain dear to the villans of

¹ Villani vero, vel cocseti vel pardingi vel qui sunt hujusmodi viles vel inopes personæ, non sunt inter legum iudices numerandi, unde nec in hundredo vel ccmitatu pecuniam suam, vel domino- rum suorum forisfaciunt, si justitiam sine iudicio dimittant, sed summonitis terrarum dominis inforcietur placitum termino competenti, si fuerint vel non fuerint antea summoniti cum secuti jus æstimatis.—*Ll. Hen. i. c. 30*; *Wilkins*, 248, in *Heywood*, p. 292.

² One of the first Acts of his (Edward I.'s) Administration, after his Arrival from the Holy Land, was to inquire into the State of the Demesnes, and of the Rights and Revenues of the Crown, and concerning the Conduct of the Sheriffs and other Officers and Ministers, who had defrauded the King and grievously oppressed the People (*Annals of Waverley*, 235) *Hundred Rolls*, i. 10. On the

inquiries of this Commission the first chapter of the Statute of Gloucester, relating to Liberties, Franchises and Quo Warranto (by what warrant the Parties held or claimed) was founded (*ib.*).

³ See below, and also the Statute of 4 Edw. I. A Statute concerning Justices being assigned, called *Rageman*. "It is accorded by our Lord the King, and by his Council, that Justices shall go throughout the Land to inquire, hear, and determine all the Complaints and Suits for Trespasses committed within these twenty-five years past, before the Feast of Saint Michael, in the fourth year of King Edward; as well by the King's Bailiffs & Officers as by other Bailiffs, & by all other Persons whomsoever. And this is to be understood as well of outrageous Takings, and all Manner of Trespasses, Quarrels, and Offences done unto the King and others,

his own¹ and after times. His steps and his blows came nearer their homes, and did something to clear oppressors out of their path. When in easier days they could sing of olden time, they gave the long king a merry night with three of their kin, and remembered with gratitude England's "first thoroughly constitutional" sovereign. This I gather from one of a series of interesting articles on the "Rights, Disabilities, and Wages of the English Peasantry" in the new Series of the *Law Magazine and Review*. But I am anticipating.

In the time of Edward I. bondage was looked upon as no part of the common law; it existed by sufferance and by local usage, and was recognised, but only barely tolerated by the law. The law was on the side of freedom. A leaper or land-loper, as a fugitive was called, could rarely be recovered in a summary manner; if he chose to deny his bondage, the writ of *niefty* did not give the Sheriff authority to seize him; the question of his condition had to stand over until the Assizes, or had to be argued in the Court of Common Pleas.—*Law Mag.* 1862, vol. xiii, p. 38-9.

We need not attribute a long range of foresight, or very enlightened views of freedom, to the counsellors of Edward I. Their resistance to villenage was instinctive rather than deliberate. Villenage in their eyes appeared to be a consequence of those powers of local jurisdiction which had been indispensable in former times on account of the weakness of the central power, but were no longer wanted since the central power had become truly imperial. The same landlords who claimed a right to keep their dependents in bondage, usually claimed some degree of judicial power; they claimed to have a more or less extensive cognizance over crimes committed, and criminals arrested within their precincts. Such a claim could only rest upon prescription; any such pretension not

touched in the Inquests heretofore found by the King's command, as of Trespasses committed since. And the King willeth, that for Relief of the People (*pour la allegaunce del poeple*) and speedy execution of Justice, That the Complaints of every one be heard before the afore-said Justices, & determined, as well by Writ as without, according to the Articles delivered unto the same Justices; & this is to be understood as well within Franchise as without. Also the King willeth that the same Justices do hear and determine the Complaints of those who will complain of Matters done by any one contrary to the King's Statutes, as well of what concerneth the King as the people." See also the Statutes of

Gloucester or *Quo Warranto* of 6 Edw. I.

"And the Sheriffs shall cause it to be commonly proclaimed throughout their Bailliwicks, that is to say, in Cities, Boroughs, Market towns, and elsewhere, that all those who claim to have any Franchises, by the Charters of the King's Predecessors, Kings of England, or in other manner, shall come before the King, or before the Justices in Eyre, at a certain day and place, to show what sort of Franchise they claim to have, and by what Warrant."

¹ I do not forget the groans of "The Song of the Husbandman" (temp. Edw. I.) printed in Wright's *Political Songs* for the Camden Society.

supported by immemorial usage would soon be upset by the King's attorney. The general Government struggled hard to extend its jurisdiction, to extinguish the private courts, to bring as many cases as possible before the Courts at Westminster, and before the Justices in Eyre. The private courts were not abolished, but gradually superseded. After all that the lords could do to keep their villeins from Assizes, villeins constantly became jurors, and bond-lands were constantly drawn into the King's Courts, and were thus in the way to be drawn into freeholds. Perhaps every circuit of the judges emancipated a number of bondmen.—*Ib.* p. 40.

In seeking for the light in which the Norman baron would regard his Saxon villans, I think that Mr. Thomas Wright¹ is justified in his adduction of the following instances,

The chronicler Benoit (as well as his rival Wace) extols Duke Richard II. for the hatred which he bore towards the agricultural or servile class: "he would suffer none but knights to have employment in his house; never was a villan or one of rustic blood admitted into his intimacy; for the villan, forsooth, is always hankering after the filth in which he was bred."—p. 237,

pe pridde cumeð efter, & is wurst fikelare, ase ich er seide: vor he preiseð pene vuele, & his vuele deden, ase pe pe seið to pe knihte pet robbeð his poure men, "A, sire! hwat tu dest wel. Uor euere me schal pene cheorl pilken & peolien: uor he is ase pe wiði, pet sprutteð ut pe betere pæt me hine ofte cropped."

The third flatterer cometh after, and is the worse, as I said before, for he praiseth the wicked and his evil deeds; as he who said to *the knight that robbed his poor vassals*, "Ah, sire! truly thou doest well. For *men ought always to pluck and pillage the churl*; for he is like the willow, which sprouteth out the better that it is often cropped.

—*Ancren Riwele* (? ab. 1230 A.D.) p. 87, Camden Soc. 1853 (quoted in part by Wright).

and in referring to those most interesting Norman-French satires on the villans that M. Francisque Michel published, and which contain such passages as the following:

Que Diex lor envoit grant meschief,
Et mal au cuer, et mal au chief,
Mal ès bouche, et pis ès dens,
Et mal dehors, et mal dedens . . .
Et le mal c'on dist ne-me-touche,
Mal en orelle, et mal en bouche!

(*Des XXIII Manières de Vilains*, Paris, 1833, p. 12.)

¹ Paper on the political condition of the English Peasantry during the Middle Ages, in *Archæologia*, vol. xxx. p. 205-44.

"Why should villans eat beef, or any dainty food?" inquires the writer of *Le Despit au Vilain*; "they ought to eat, for their Sunday diet, nettles, reeds, briars, and straw, while pea shells are good enough for their every-day food. . . . They ought to go forth naked, on bare feet in the meadows to eat grass with the horned oxen. . . . The share of the villan is folly, and sottishness and filth; if all the goods and all the gold of this world were his, the villan would be but a villan still."—*Wright*, p. 238.¹

Though Mr. Wright's conclusion as to "the condition of the English peasant or villan during the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries" may be exaggerated, yet much truth in it there must be:

Tied to the ground on which he was born in a state of galling bondage, exposed to daily insult and oppression, he served a master who was a stranger to him both by blood and language. The object of his lord's extortions, frequently plundered with impunity, and heavily taxed by the king, he received in return only an imperfect and precarious security for his person or his property. The villan was virtually an outlaw; he could not legally inherit or hold "lordship," and he could bring no action, and, as it appears, give no testimony in a court of law. He was not even capable of giving education to his children, or of putting them to a trade, unless he had previously been able to obtain or purchase their freedom, which depended on his own pecuniary means, and on the will and caprice of the lord of the soil.

All Norman barons were not brutes of the Ivo Taillebois² type, but I look on it as certain that the bitter cry of the villans which reaches us from the pages of the old chroniclers and writers is not a mere bit of rhetoric, but speaks what the villans and poor really suffered and felt.

I also look to the generations immediately succeeding the Conquest for the growth of the legal view of villanage and its consequences which is stated by Littleton (ab. 1480 A.D.) and

¹ On the property needed for a Norman villan to marry on, see the tract *De l'Oustillement au Villain* (xiii^e siècle) Paris 1863.

² He was one of the most cruel and hateful scoundrels who ever defaced God's earth. He used to make the poor Saxons serve him on bended knee, and then in requital burned their houses, drowned their cattle, and set his bulldogs to torment them. With diabolical cruelty he made them incapable of work by breaking their limbs and backs;—

and as the Chronicle declares, "he twisted, crushed, tortured, tore, imprisoned and excruciated them." See also Henry of Huntingdon's account of Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shropshire. "He preferred the slaughter of his captives to their ransom. He tore out the eyes of his own children, when in sport they hid their faces under his cloak. He impaled persons of both sexes on stakes. To butcher men in the most horrible manner was to him an agreeable feast." (*Farrar*.)

Coke, among others, from Bracton, Fleta, &c. and which justified any amount of rapacity and exaction on the part of the feudal superior. There were two classes of villans, 1. *regardant*, attached to the soil of a manor, and sold with it like a cowshed or an ox, but seemingly not liable to be removed from it, though Littleton's words allow the removal; 2. *in gross*, landless, and attached to the person of a lord, and saleable or grantable to another lord, like a chattel.

Littleton translated (ed. 1813). § 181. Also there is a villein regardant, and a villein in gross. A villein regardant is, as if a man be seised of a manor to which a villein is regardant, and he which is seised of the said manor, or they whose estate be both in the same manor, have been seised of the villein and of his ancestors as villeins and neifs¹ regardant to the same manor, time out of memory of man. And villein in gross is where a man is seised of a manor, whereunto a villein is regardant, and granteth the same villein by his deed to another; then he is a villein in gross, and not regardant.

§ 172. Tenure in villenage, is most properly when a villein holdeth of his lord, to whom he is a villein, certain lands or tenements according to the custom of the manor, or otherwise at the will of his lord, and to do his lord villein service, as to carry and recarry the dung of his lord out of the city, or out of his lord's manor, unto the land of his lord, and to spread the same upon the land, and such like.

Or as Coke puts it, fol. 120 b.

He is called regardant to the mannour, because he had the charge to do all base or villenous services within the same, and to gard and keepe the same from all filthie or loathsome things that might annoy it: and his service is not certaine, but he must have regard to that which is commanded unto him. And therefore he is called regardant, *a quo præstandum servitium incertum et indeterminatum, ubi scire non potuit vespere quale servitium fieri debet mane, viz. ubi quis facere tenetur quicquid ei præceptum fuerit* (Bract. li. 2, fo. 26, Mir. ca. 2, sect. 12) as before hath beene observed (vid. sect. 84).

He says also at fol. 121 b.

Things incorporeall which lye in grant, as advowsons, villeins, commons, and the like, many be appendant to things corporeall, as a mannour, house, or lands.

As illustrations of the truth and the working of these legal

¹ A woman which is villein is called a *neif*, § 186.

doctrines, take the following instances out of many. About 1250 A.D., says Mr. Wright in *Archæol.* vol. xxx, quoting Madox's *Formulare Anglicanum* 318–418,

The abbot and convent of Bruerne sold "Hugh the shepherd, their naif or villan of Certelle, with all his chattels and all his progeny, for 4s. sterling;" and the abbot bought of Matilda, relict of John the physician, for 20s., "Richard, son of William de Estende of Linham, her villan, with all his chattels and all his progeny;" and for half a mark of silver, a villan of Philip de Mandeville "with all his chattels and all his progeny."

Early in Henry III. (1216–72 A.D. his reign) Walter de Beauchamp granted by charter "all the land which Richard de Grafton held of him, and Richard himself, with all his offspring." . . . In 1317 Roger de Felton gave to Geoffry Foune certain lands, tenements &c. in the town and territory of Glanton, "with all his villans in the same town, and with their chattels and offspring."

We may also note the dictum of Cowel's *Institutes*: "Villaines are not to marry without consent of their patrons."—*W. G.'s translation*, 1651, p. 24.

But the sharpest pinch of the matter lay in the theory—and practice often, I do not doubt—that all the villan's goods were his lord's,¹ that whatever the lord took from him, he had no remedy against the lord for.

Sect. 189, fol. 123 *b*. Also, every villein is able and free to sue all manner of actions against everie person, except against his lord, to whom he is villeine.

On which Coke says:

For a villeine shall not have an appeale of robberie against his lord, for that he may lawfully take the goods of the villeine as his own (18 Edw. 3, 32; 11 Hen. 4, 93; 1 Hen. 4, 6; 29 Hen. 6, tit. Coron. 17). And there is no diversitie herein, whether he be a vilein regardant or in grosse, although some have said the contrary.

And look at what early book you will,—Homilies, Political Songs, Robert of Brunne², Chaucer, Gower, &c.—if it touches the subject at all, you are sure to find the lords' and their stewards' arbitrary extortions complained of and reproved.

Before quitting this branch of the subject it may be well to quote on it the words of the editor of Domesday, Sir Henry

¹ Cp. the extract from Chaucer, p. 554–5 below.

² See the quotation from his *Handlyng Synne* below.

Ellis. After a longish quotation from Blackstone's Commentaries upon the villani, he says (*General Introduction to Domesday Book*, vol. i. p. 80):

There are, however, numerous entries in the Domesday Survey which indicate the Villani of that period to have been very different from Bondmen. They appear to have answered to the Saxon Ceorls, while the Servi answered to the Deowas or Esnen. By a degradation of the Ceorls and an improvement in the state of the Esnen, the two classes were brought gradually nearer together, till at last the military oppression of the Normans thrusting down all degrees of tenants and servants into one common slavery, or at least into strict dependance, one name was adopted for both of them as a generic term, that of *Villeins regardant*.

The next questions are, how long were the words *bonde* and *bondman* used for the villan class; and when did their bondage cease; or at least, did it continue, and if so, with what amelioration did it continue, up to the time when our ballad may be supposed to have been written?

As the names require extracts, the two questions may be treated together.

Archdeacon Hale, writing of the land and villans of the Priory of St. Mary's, Worcester, in or about 1240 A.D. says:

The quantity of land in villenage in each manor being fixed, and the quantity of labour due from it fixed also, it follows that the lords of manors were not arbitrary masters who had unlimited power over the person and property of these tenants. There is, however, too much reason to believe that, taking into account the labour of various kinds to which the holder of a small quantity of villan land was liable, he paid what was equivalent to a high rent. His position as a holder of land, which would descend to his family, was superior to that of the modern labourer; and yet he might not be better off in a pecuniary point of view. His place in society was marked also by the obligation to give "*Thac et Thol, auxilium et merchet, et in obitu melius catallum.*" (*Thac* was "Pig-money, a payment made by the villans to the lord in the autumn for every pig (the sows excepted), of a year old one penny, and under the year a halfpenny. *Thol*, the Penny paid by the villans for licence to sell a horse or ox." *Hale*, p. xx, xli. On *Thol*, see also p. lii.)

This fixity of rent, and Professor Rogers's pleasant view of things, make one side of the question; the legal power of the lord over all his villan's property, and the exactions out of him complained of by preachers, poets, and writers, the other.

In *Layamon* the word *bonde* is used once, in the de-

scription of the treacherous slaughter of Vortiger and his companions by Hengest and his:

Earlier text, 1200-20.

þer wes of Salesburi
an oht *bonde* icumen;
ænne muchelne mæin clubbe
he bar on his rugge.

Later text, bef. 1300.

þar was a *bond* of Salusburi,
þat bar on his honde
ane mochele club,
for to breke stones.

The earlier text Sir F. Madden translates:

There was a bold *churl*¹ of Salisbury come; he bore on his back a great strong club.

In one of a series of interesting articles on the "Rights, Disabilities, and Wages of the Ancient English Peasantry," in the *Law Magazine and Review*, New Series, xi. 259, &c., I find at p. 263, under the date of 1279 A.D.

At the same place [Mollond at Castle Camps, in the south-eastern corner of Cambridgeshire] there were several [27] tenants, [four of whom are women,] described as *Bondi*, bondmen.² One of them [i.e. each, except 12 who held in couples] held 16 acres of land in villenage. It does not appear that he paid any mail or gable. He returned a goose and a hen, worth 3d., 20 eggs worth $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and a quarter of oats worth 12d. He worked for the lord twice a week from Michaelmas to Pentecost, and thrice a week from Pentecost to Michaelmas, and ploughed nine acres in the year. It is plain that this man was an operative tenant.³

Havelok the Dane comes next, and in it the bondman is the peasant or ploughman:

Thider komen bothe stronge and wayke;
Thider komen lesse and more,
That in the borw thanne weren thore;
Championns, and starke laddes,
Londemen with here gaddes,
Als he comen fro the plow;
There was sembling inow:

(ed. Madden, p. 39, l. 1012-1018.)

Another drem dremede me ek,
That ich fley over the salte se
Til Engeland, and al with me
That euere was in Denemark lyues,

¹ *Coorl* is used in the book in the general sense of *man*.

² ? Bondes, who might be freemen. They are given between the Customary Tenants and the Cottars.

³ *Bondi*. Hugo Ruge tenet xvi. acras terre in villenagio, & dat j aucam et j

gallinam, & valent iij d.; xx. ova quæ valent obolum [$\frac{1}{2}$ d.], & j quarterium avenæ quod valet xij d., & facit a festo Sancti Michaelis usque Pentecostam, etc. — 2 *Hundred Rolls* (ed. 1818), 425, col. 1.

But *bondemen*, and here wines,
 And that ich kom til Engeland,
 Al closede it intil min hond,
 And Goldeboro y gaf the :—

(*The same*, p. 50, l. 1304–1311.)

In the *Song of the Husbandman*, of the reign of Edward I. (1272–1307 A.D.) in Wright's *Political Songs*, Camden Soc. p. 150, *bonde* represents the "peasant" class.

Thus me pileth the pore, and pyketh ful clene,
 The ryche raymeth withouten eny ryht ;
 Ar londes and ar leodes liggeth fol lene,
 Thorh b[i]ddyng of baylyfs such harm heth hight.
 Meni of religione we halt hem ful hene,
 Baroun and *bonde*, the clerc and the knyght.

(MS. Harl. 2253, leaf 64.)

In 1297, taking that as Robert of Gloucester's date, he says of William the Conqueror and his 'high men :'

Hii to-draweth þe sely *bonde men*, as wolde hem hulde ywys.—
 ii. 370.

which the latter reading gives as

Hii tormenteth hure *tenauntes*, as hulde hem they wolde.

Again in one of the *Lives of Saints*, said to have been written by Robert of Gloucester, is this passage :

If a *bondeman* hadde a sone : to clergie idrawe,
 He ne scholde, without his loverdes leve : not icrouned beo.

(ab. 1300–10 A.D. *Life of Beket*, l. 552.)

Robert of Brunne, in the lifelike sketch which he gives us of the England—or, at least, the Lincolnshire—of 1303, as he tells the men of his day of their sins, of course does not forget the bondman and his lord, of course remembers the poor :

Blessyd be alle poorë men,
 For God almyȝty loueþ þem.

(*Handlyng Synne*, p. 180, l. 5741–2.)

One tale that he tells shows a certain independence on the part of a bondman, and I therefore take that first, from the *Handlyng Synne*, p. 269–70. In a Norfolk village a knight's house and homestead (manor) were near the churchyard, into which his herdsman let his cattle, and they defiled the graves. A *bonde man* saw that, was woe that the beasts should there go, went to the lord, and said, "Lord, your herdsman do wrong to let your beasts defile these graves. Where

men's bones lie, beasts should do no nastiness." The Lord's answer was "somewhat vile," "A pretty thing indeed to honour such churls' bones! What honour need men pay to such churls' livid bodies?" And then the bonde-man said him words full well together laid:

The lord that made of earth-e, earls,
Of the same earth made he churls:
Earls might, and lordes stut, (strut)
As churlès shall in earth be put,
Earls, churlès, all at ones; (once)
Shall none know your, from our, bones.

Which reproof the lord took in good part (few would have done so, says Robert of Brunne ¹), and promised that his beasts should no more break into the churchyard.

But still there is evidence enough in the *Handlyng Synne* that if a lord wanted a bondman's wife or daughter, he would not only carry her off, but brag of it afterwards (p. 231, l. 7420-7); and as to the treatment of the poor by their superiors, Robert of Brunne asks—he is not here translating Wadington—

Lord, how shul þese robbers fare,
Þat þe pore pepyl pelyn ful bare,—
Erlès, knyghtès, and barouns
And ouþer lordyngès of tounnes,
Justyses, shryues and baylyuys,
Þat þe lawès alle to-ryues,
And þe pore men alle to-pyle?
To ryche men do þey but as þey wylle.—
(p. 212, l. 6790-7.)

He goes on denouncing them who "pyle and bete many pore men," and contrasts their conduct with that of Dives to Lazarus, whom Dives did not rob of gold or fee,

He dyde but lete an hounde hym to:
Ye rychē men, weyl wers ȝe do!
Ye wyl noun houndes to hem lete,
But, ȝe self, hem *ȝe and bete*.
He ne dyde but wernede hym of hys mete;
And ȝe robbe al þat ȝe mow gete.
Ye are as Dyues þat wyl naghte ȝgue;
And wers: for ȝe robbe þat þey [the poor] shulde by lyue.
(*Handlyng Synne*, p. 213, l. 6812-19.)

In a previous passage the lords' arbitrary exactions from

¹ þyr are but fewē lordēs now
þat turne a wrde so wel to prow;
But who seyþ hem any skylle,
Mysseye aȝen fouly þey wylle.

Lordynges,—þyr are ynow of þo;
Of gentyl men, þyr are but fo
[few].

men in bondage—or *vileyngage* as Wadington has it—are expressly mentioned :

And ȝyf a lorde of a tounne
Robbe his men oute of resounne,
þoghe hyt be yn *bondage*,
Aȝens ryȝt he doþe outrage.
He shal so take þat he [the bondman] may lyue,
And as lawe of londe wyl forȝyue ;
For ȝyf he take ouer mesure,
Lytyl tymè shal hyt dure.
þoghe God haue ȝeue þe seynorye,
He ȝaf hym no leue to do robborye ;
For god haþ ordeyned al mennys state,
How to lyue, and yn what gate ;
And þoȝt he ȝyue one ouer oþer myȝt,
He wyl þat he do hym but ryȝt.
þys ys þe ryȝt of Goddys lokyng :
ȝelde euery man hys owne þyng.
But God takeþ euermore veniaunce
Of lordys, for swych myschaunce,
For swych robbery þat þey make,
þat ofte of þe poure men take.

He then tells a tale of what a Knight suffered in Purgatory (or hell) fire, for robbing a poor man of a cloth, and winds up with the moral :

Certys þefte ryȝt wykkede ys . . .
Namly¹ pore men for to pele
Or robbe or bete wyþ-oute skyle.²

The next reference to the word in Stratmann's *Dictionary* is to *William and the Werwolf*, (better, *William of Palerne*: E. E. Text Soc. 1868, *Extra Series*,) of ab. 1340 A.D. l. 216.

do quickliche crie þurth eche cunstre of þi king-riche
þat barouns burgeys & bonde³ & alle oþer burnes
þat mowe wigtly in any wise walken a-boute
þat þei wende wigtly as wide as þi reaume.

(*William and Werwolf*, p. 77, ed. Madden.)

In William of Malvern's⁴ *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, about 1362 A.D. we have :

¹ especially.

² reason.

³ Bonde, n. S. Bondsmen, villains ; as opposed to the orders of barons and burgesses, 77.—*Glossary to the above*. But the *bonde* are still one of the three principal orders of men, as shown by the "other burnes" who are not worth specifying.—Skeat.

⁴ Mr. Hales's name for the author of the *Vision*, who is sometimes called Langland. As there is no real evidence for the name Langland, I prefer the vaguer title William of Malvern, though Malvern is only mentioned in the first of the poems of which the *Vision* is composed.

Barouns and Burgeis · and *Bonde-men* also
I sauȝ in þat Semble.—(p. 6, l. 96, ed. Skeat.)

In Wright's edition of the *Vision*, i. 88, l. 2859 is—

And as a *bonde*-man of his bacon his berde was bidraueled.

And part of the knight's duty is—

And misbeode þou not þi *bondemen* · þe beter þou schalt spede.
(Pas. vii. l. 45, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat, p. 76.)

In the third text of the *Vision* we read—

Bondmen and bastardes · and beggers children,
These bylongeth to labour · and lordes children sholde seruen,
Bothe God and good men · as here degree asketh
And sith, *bondemenns* barnes · han be made bisshopes,
And barnes bastardes · han ben archidekenes;
And sopers and here sones · for selver han be knyghtes,
And lordene sones here laboreres.—(ab. 1380. *Vision of Piers Plowman*.
Whitaker's text. Passus Sextus.)

Mr. Skeat says that the various readings in the MSS. of the *Vision* show that *bondage* or *bondages* was used for *bondemen*, and that *bonde* is thus connected with the verb to *bind*. Chaucer uses *bondemen* and *bondfolk*¹ as the equivalents of *churls* and *thralles* in his *Persones Tale*, *de Avaritia* (p. 282 ed. Wright, quoted below, p. 554–5), while in *The Frere's Tale* the use is of one bound :

Disposith youre hertes to withstonde
The fend, that wolde make yow thral and *bonde*.²

The year 1394, or thereabouts, gives us that wonderful picture of a bondeman or ploughman whom its painter *saw*,

¹ And fortherover, ther as the lawe
sayth, that temporel goodes of *bondfolk*
been the goodes of her lordes; ye, that
is to understonde, the goodes of the
imperour, to defende hem in here righte,
beut *not to robbe hem ne to reve hem*.

² In the Elegy on the Death of King
Edward III. the phrase "bide her
bonde" is glossed "remain as their
captive."

This goode schip, I may remene
[so]

To the Chilvalrye of this londe,
Sum time thei counted nouȝt a bene.
Beo al Ffrance Ich understonde

Thei tok & slouȝ hem with heore
honde

The power of Ffrance both smal
and grete,
And brouȝt ther Kyng hider to bide
her *bonde*.

And nou riȝt sone hit [the ship]
is forȝete.

Myrc's use of *bonde* is this:

Fyrst þow moste þys mynne,
What he ys þat doth þe synne,
Wheþer hyt be heo or he,
Yonge or olde, *bonde*, or fre,
Pore or ryche, or in offys.

(Ab. 1430, Myrc, *Instructions for
Parish Priests*, p. 47.)

and which will not be out of the mind of anyone who has studied it:

And as y wente be þe waie · wepyng for sorowe,
 [I] seiȝ a sely man me by · opon þe plow hongen.
 His cote was of a cloute · þat cary was y-called,
 His hod was full of holes · & his heer oute,
 Wiþ his knopped schon · clouted full þykke;
 His ton toteden out · as he þe londe treddede,
 His hosen ouerhongen his hokschynes · on eueriche a side,
 Al beslombred in fen · as he þe plow folwede;
 Tway myteynes, as mete · maad all of cloutes;
 Þe fyngers weren for-ward · & ful of fen honged.
 Þis whit waseled in þe [fen] · almost to þe ancle,
 Foure roþeren hym by-forn · þat feble were [worþen];
 Men myȝte reken ich a ryb · so reufull þey weren.
 His wijf walked him wiþ · wiþ a longe gode,
 In a cutted cote · cutted full heyȝe,
 Wrapped in a wynwe schete · to weren hire fro weders,¹
 Barfote on þe bare iȝs · þat þe blod folwede.
 And at þe londes ende laye · a litell crom-bolle,
 And þeron lay a litell childe · lapped in cloutes,
 And tweyne of tweie ȝeres olde · opon a-no þer syde,
 And alle þey songen o songe · þat sorwe was to heren;
 Þey crieden alle o cry · a carefull note.

(*Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, l. 420–441, ed. Skeat, 1867.)

Those last two lines sum up for me the English history of the English poor (as has been said elsewhere), it was "full of care."

Frater Galfridus, about 1440, has in the Promptorium

Bonde, as a man or woman, *Servus, serva*.

Bondman. *Servus, natus* [neif.]

Bondschepe. *Nativitas*: but Bondage. *Servitus*.

That the lord's power over his bondmen was a reality, and that he "frequently took advantage of his power to tyrannize, is proved by the example of Sir Simon Burley, the tutor of Richard II., who seized forcibly an industrious artizan at Gravesend, on the plea of his being his escaped bondsman, and, when his exorbitant demand was refused, threw him into the prison of Rochester Castle."—(Wright in *Archæol.* xxx. 235.) And that the Lord's power over his bondman existed into the 16th century is shown by the following extracts.²

¹ It is a wyues occupation, to *wynowe* all manner of cornes, to make malte, to washe and wrynge, to make heye, shere corne, and in time of nede to helpe her husbände to fyll the mucke-wayne or dounge-carte, *dryue the ploughe*, to loode

hay, corne, and suche other. ? 1523. —Fitzherbert's *Husbandry*, ed. 1767, p. 92.

² Mr. Wright says, "We can trace these charters of manumission [of villans] down to a very late period. In 2

In 1519 among the Duke of Buckingham's payments in Prof. Brewer's *Calendar*, iii., Pt. i. p. 498, is—

25 March, to Walter Parker, 40*£*, "restored to him for a fine by him made to me, for that he was my *bondman*, and made free during his life, for that I gave him a patent."

In 1521 on

"The Duke's Lands . . at Caurs (in Wales) are "Many *bondmen* both rich and poor.—*ib.* p. 509.

In 1523 (?), Fitzherbert says :

Customary tenauntes/ are those that holde their landes of their lorde by cople of courte role/ after the custome of the manere. And there may be many tenauntes with-in the same manere y^t have no copyes/ and yet holde be lyke custome and seruyce at the wyll of the lorde. and in myne opinyon/ it began soone after the conquest/ whan Wyllyam Conquerour had conquered this realme/ he rewarded all those that came with hym in his voyage royall accordyng to their degre. And to honourable men he gaue/ lordshippes/ maners/ landes/ and tenementes/ with all the inhabytauntes/ men and women dwell-yng in the same/ to do with them at their pleasure. And those honourable men thought y^t they must nedes haue seruauntes and tenauntes/ and their landes occupied with tyllage. Wherfore they pardoned the inhabytauntes of their lyues/ and caused them to do all maner of seruyce that was to be done/ were it neuer so vyle/ and caused them to occupye their landes and tenementes in tyllage and toke of them suche rentes/ customes/ and seruyces/ as it pleased them to haue. And also toke all their goodes & catell at all tymes at their pleasure/ and called them their *bonde men*. and sythe that tyme/ many noble men bothe spirytual and temporall, of their godly disposycion/ haue made to dyuers of the sayd *bonde men* manumissions, and graunted them fredome and lybertie. and set to them their landes and tenementes to occupy/ after dyuers maners of rentes/ customes/ and seruyces, the whiche is vsed in dyuers places vnto this daye. how be it in some places the *bonde men* contynue as yet/ the whiche me semeth is the grettest inconuenient that nowe is suffred by the lawe. That is, to haue any christen man bonden to another/ and to haue the rule of his body/ landes and goodes/ that his wife chyldren and seruauntes have laboured/ for all their lyfe tyme/ to be so taken/ lyke as and it were extorcion or bribery. And many tymes

Ric. II., just before the peasants' insurrection, John Wyard or 'Alspach' manumits a female villan, and gives her, with her liberty, her goods and chattels, and the liberty of all her offspring : and

we have a charter of affranchisement by the priory of Beauvalle in 6 Hen. V. A.D. 1419, and another by George Nevile, lord Bergevenny, as late as 2 Hen. VIII., A.D. 1511."

by colour therof/ there be many fre men taken as *bonde men*/and their landes and goodes taken fro them/ so that they shall not be able to sue for remedy' to prove them selfe fre of blode. And that is moost commenly/ where the fre men have the same name as the *bonde men* haue/ or that his auncesters of whome he is comen/ was manumised before his byrthe. In suche cause there can nat be to great a punysshement. for as me semeth there shulde no man be bonde but to god/ and to his king and prince ouer hym. Quia deus non facit exceptionem personarum. For god maketh no excepcyon of any person.—Fitzherbert's *Boke of Surveyeng & Improumentes* Cap. xiii. fol. xxvi.

I do not carry these extracts further, because those that have been given—and they might be ten-folded with ease—sufficiently prove the reality of the hardships which the bondmen suffered, and that certain of these hardships were in being as late as Fitzherbert's time, about 1520. Vague talk that the doctrine of the law-books was never carried out in practice, that monkish writers exaggerated a molehill into a mountain &c., will not do in the face of the evidence that literature supplies. "Master Fitzherbarde" was not a sentimentalist, but a practical horsebreeder, farmer and surveyor,¹ and spoke of the bondmen's evils as he would speak of his broodmares' ailments. There is no need for us then to imagine—as Professor Rogers does, in his very valuable and interesting *History of Prices*, i. 81—a cause, of which no trace has come down to us, for Wat Tyler's rebellion. Cause enough, and to spare, there was in the condition of the men, if only that shown in their demand "that we, our wives and children, shall be free." Granted that the students of literature and charters alone get from them too dark a view of the state of the early poor,—as Mr. Wright may have done—yet we must declare that the student of prices on college lands alone gets a too rose-coloured view, and that the wrongs of the bondmen were real and deep; even Chaucer and Froissart witness it.

On this *bonde* and *bondeman* question I conclude then, though with much diffidence, and acknowledging the insufficiency of the evidence for some points: 1, that the *bonde* was originally free, that he was the Saxon *ceorl* or *twihind*, with a Danish name; 2, that if not partially before, yet wholly after, the Conquest, his class, or the greater part of it, became bondmen or villans, bond on bond-land; 3, that gradually they threw off their ser-

¹ It must be a mistake to identify him with Sir Anthony Fitzherbert.

vice and signs of bondage, taking the first decided step in advance in Edward I.'s time, the second and more decided one in Edward III. and Richard II.'s time; 4, that in 1520 the burden of bondage was still heavy. (It gradually disappeared,¹ except so far as our present copyhold fines and heriots represent it. Slavery was abolished by a statute of Charles II. The attempt to abolish it in 1526 proved a vain one. *Wright.*)

But our bondman was John *the Reeve*, though no special duties of his as Reeve are alluded to in the Ballad. On those duties in Anglo-Saxon times the reader may consult the references in Thorpe's Index to the *Ancient Laws*, vol. i., and section 12 of the *Institutes of Polity*, in vol. ii. p. 320-1. The office of Reeve was one that every villan was bound to serve, and although the *Law Magazine* says it was one which the villan rather declined and avoided,² it must have been one which, in later times at least, helped to fill its holder's pockets. The Reeve's duty was to manage his lord's demesne, to superintend the service-tenant's work on it, to collect the lord's dues and rent in money and kind, and submit his accounts yearly to the auditor. As the Sloane MS. *Boke of Curtesye* says of the greve or reve—

*Grauyes, and baylys and parker,
Schone come to acountes euery yere
Byfore þo auditour of þo lorde onone,
þat schulde be trew as any stone,
Yf he dose hom no ryȝt lele,
To a baron of chekker þay mun hit pele.*
(*Babees Book*, p. 318, l. 589-94.)

And as William of Malvern says—

¹ The name seems to have lasted longer in Scotland than in England; see Jamieson's Dictionary, 4to, 1825, Supplement:

"BONDAGE, Bonnage, *s.* The designation given to the services due by a tenant to the proprietor, or by a cottager to the farmer. [Used in] Angus."

"Another set of payments consisted in services, emphatically called *Bonage* (from bondage). And these were exacted either in seed-time, in ploughing and harrowing the proprietor's land,—or in summer, in the carriage of his coals, or other fuel; and in harvest, in cutting down his crop."—*Agricultural Survey of Kincardineshire*, p. 213.

The late abridgement of Jamieson gives "*Bonday Warkis*, the time a tenant or vassal is bound to work for the proprietor."

² The chief incidents of base tenure which affected the villein's person are collected in one of Edward II.'s Year-books. (5 Ed. II.) They were,—1. The blood fine, or marriage ransom; 2. the taille or tallage, a variable charge, supplanted by regular taxation, unless it endured under the name of chevage; 3. the obligation of undertaking the office of reeve or bailiff, an invidious dignity which the villein rather declined and avoided.—*Law Mag. & Rev.* xiii. 41.

I make Piers the Plowman my procuratour and my reve,
And registrar to receyve.¹

Redde quod debes (v. ii. p. 411, ed. Wright).

And again—

Thanne lough ther a lord, and "by this light" seide,
"I holde it right and reson, of my reve to take
Al that myn auditour, or ellis my steward
Counseileth me bi hir acounte and my clerkes writyng.
With *spiritus intellectus* thei seke the reves rolles;
And with *spiritus fortitudinis* fecche it I wole after."

(*Vision*, ii. 423.)

Need one quote Chaucer's sketch of the Reeve—

Wel cowde he kepe a gerner and a bynne;
Ther was non auditour cowde on him wynne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the reyn,
The yeeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes scheep, his neet, [and] his dayerie,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrie,
Was holly in this reeves governynge,
And by his covenant yaf the rekenynge,
Syn that his lord was twenti yeer of age;
Ther couthe noman bringe him in arrerage.
Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That they ne knewe his sleight and his covyne;
They were adrad of him, as of the deth.
His wonyng was ful fair upon an heth;
With grene trees i-schadewed was his place.
He cowde bettre than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was i-stored prively,
His lord wel couthe he plese subtilly,
To geve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, a cote, and eek an hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mester;
He was a wel good wright, a carpenter.
This reeve sat upon a well good stot,
That was a pomely gray, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers uppon he hadde,
And by his side he bar a rusty bladde.

Our Reeve too has "a rusty bladde," rides a good horse, has a fair dwelling, and is "ful riche istored prively," but Hodgkin Long and Hob of the Lathe are "not adrad of him as of the deth." As he was the King's reeve and should have collected taxes² as well as dues and rents,³ he ought to have been a good scribe and summer-up, but the ballad does not read as if he was. His

¹ See the extract at the end of this paper, line 12 from foot.

² If Mr. Toulmin Smith be right in his view, p. 557 note below.

³ Toulmin Smith's *Parish*, p. 506, refers to a rentcharge paid to the King's reeve.

enemy is not the auditor, of whom we hear nothing, but the courtier or purveyor who could report his wealth to the King, and get leave, or take it, to put the screw on him. He sells his wheat (l. 144) to get it out of sight (?);—money could be more easily hidden;—and he has a thousand pounds and some deal more.

The supper of his pretended poverty—bean-bread, rusty bacon, broth, lean salt beef, and sour ale, may well have been bondman's food in Edward I.'s time, better than many got in Edward III.'s, as William of Malvern shows (*Vision*, Passus VII. l. 267–82, ed. Skeat, p. 88–9, text A); but could the supper of his actual wealth, boar's head and capons, woodcocks, venison, swans, conies, curlews, crane, heron, pigeons, partridges, and sweets of many kinds, have been ever Reeve's food then? I trow not. Chaucer's Frankeleyn couldn't have given a better spread in Richard II.'s time, and John Russell's Franklen in Henry VI.'s days (ab. 1450–60 A.D., say,) hardly exceeded it:

A Feste for a Franklin.

“ **A** Frankleñ may make a feste Improberabille,
brawne with mustard is concordable,
bakon ser ued with pecon,

beef or moton stewed seruysable,
Boyled Chykon or capon agreable,
convenyent for þe seson;

Rosted goose & pygge fulle profitable,
Capon / Bakemete, or Custade Costable,
whēn eggis & crayme be geson.

þerfore stuffe of household is behoveable,
Mortrowes or Iusselle ar delectable
for þe second course by reson.

Thañ veel, lambe, kyd, or cony,
Chykon or pigeon roasted tendurly,
bakemetes or dowcettes with alle.

þeñ followynge frytours, & a leche lovely;
suche seruyse in sesoun is fulle semely
To serue with bothe chambur & halle.

Theñ appuls & peris with spices delicately
After þe terme of þe yere fulle deyntheithly,
with bred and chese to calle.

Spised cakes and wafurs worthily
with the bragot & methē, þus meñ may meryly
plese wells bothe gret & smalle.”

(*Babees Book*, p. 170–1.)

Edward I.'s order for his own coronation feast was 380 head of cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 fitches of bacon, and 19,660 capons and fowls (Macfarlane, *Cab. Hist.* iv. 11, referring to Rymer). Only in bacon, boar, and capons could the king have come up to his reeve. To what date then are we to bring the ballad down? I don't know, and, if the reason I have assigned for its being tacked on to Edward I. be the right one, I don't care; for the main point to me is its connection with him. But taking the ballad as it stands, the mention of the *Galliard* in it, l. 530, p. 579, shows that it was recast, if not composed, after 1541, when that dance was introduced. Also the Northern forms *baine*, l. 504, *gange*, l. 209, 343, 864, *strang*, l. 332, *seile*, l. 502, *ryke*, l. 263, *farrand*, l. 353, 358, &c., the present no-rhymes of *both* and *lath*, l. 623-4, 641-2, *arse* and *worse*, l. 668-9, *kneele* and *soule*, l. 806-7, &c., show that our version is an altered copy of a Northern original, or Northern copy. I say copy, because if *lathe* is the Anglo-Saxon *læð*, a division of the county peculiar to Kent, the scene of the ballad must have been Kent; but Chaucer's use of the word in its sense of barn, in his *Reeve's Tale*—

Why nad thou put the capil in the *lathe*?¹

and Brockett's in his *Glossary of North Country Words*,

Lathe or *Leathe*, a place for storing hay and corn in winter—a barn.

saves us from the necessity of supposing a double transformation of the ballad, though this would be authorised by the ascription of it to "the south-west country" in l. 909. The Northern saint sworn by in l. 744, St. William, Archbp. of York in the 12th century, tends to confirm the Northern origin, as does the "clerke out of Lancashire" who read the roll that contained the tale, l. 8-12.

¹ The *Promptorium* gives "Berne of lathe (or lathe P.), *Horreum*," p. 33, and Mr. Way says, "Lathe, which does not occur in its proper place in the *Promptorium*, is possibly a word of Danish introduction into the eastern counties," Lade, *horreum*, Dan. Skinner observes that "it was very commonly used in Lancashire." At p. 288 he also says that Bp. Kennett notices it also as a Lincolnshire word, and that Harrison,

speaking of the partition of England into shires and lathes, says "Some, as it were roming, or rouing at the name Lath, do saie that it is derived of a barn, which is called in Old English a *lath*, as they coniecture." "*Horreum est locus ubi reponitur annona*, a barne, a lathe. *Grangia*, lathe or grange.—*Ortus*. *Orreum*, *granarium*, lathe."—*Vocab. Roy. MS.*, 17, C. xvii. Way.

If asked to guess a date for the composition of the ballad, I should guess the earlier half of the 15th century, while for the recast of it I should guess the latter half of the 16th, or the former half of the 17th. The tradition embodied in it is, I doubt not, of the 13th century.

Let me add, before ending this long rigmarole,¹ that John the Reeve was a well-known typical personage, like Piers Plowman, &c., as is shown by the following extract from a discussion on the Real Presence in the Harleian MS. 207 :

[leaf 1],

Bonum est sperare in domino quem et sperare
[1532.]

The Banckett of Iohan the Reve. Vnto peirs ploughman. Laurens laborer. Thomlyn Tailyor. And hobb of the hille. with other.

[leaf 2]

[A] relacion maide. by hobb of the hille vnto Sir Iohañ the pariche preste vpon A communicacion. Betwene. Iacke Iolie Servyngman of thone partie. And. Iohañ the reve. Peirs plowghman. Lawrence Laborer. Thomlyn tailyor. And hobb of the hille of thother partie. Wherin the said Sir Iohan wold maike none Awnswer vnto he knewe the olde vecar mynde. the wiche saide vecar wrote lyenge in his bedd veray seeke. and delyuerde hys mynde in wrytynge. vnto his pariche preste. And the said prest delyuerd the same booke to hobb of the hille. counsellynge hym to learne it. wherebye he myght be more able to maike better Answeres to suche light fellows if he chaunced to here any suche Communicacion in tyme to come. Hobb of the hille said vnto sir Iohañ .;. Good morow Sir Iohan .;. And he Answered .;. Good morrowe hobb .;. Hobb said .;. Sir Iohan I am veray glade of our metyng .;. For I am desirouse of your counselle in a weightie matter Sir Iohañ said. Marie ye shalle haue the beste councelle that is in me .;. What is your matter Bie my faithe Sir .;. yesterdaie My master [leaf 2 b.] and Iohan the reve maid a feaste. And piers plewghman. Laurence laboror. And Thomlyn tailyor was at dyner at our house, And I serued them at dyner. And or halfe dyner was done. comme in a Servynge man called Iacke Iolie. Rent getherar vnto my ladie. For my master Iohan the reve was Receuor this yeare : And when Iack[e] Iolie was sett downe. He demaünded whether we had any messe or no .;. And my master saide

¹ I ought to apologise for its shortcomings. It has been put together in great haste, Mr. Hales having been unfortunately unable to treat its subject, for which Part II. has been kept back four months. Feeling obliged to say something on the question to excuse

the delay named, I have set down opinions, many of which, though hastily expressed, have not been hastily formed, as my long connection with working men and with Early English may guarantee.

we hadde, and trustede to haue .;. Than saide Iacke Iolie that we war blynded for waunt of teachynge. for it is plane ydolatrie to beleue *that* the bodie and bloude of criste ar in firme of breade and wyne ministrede in the alter, And for his purpose he Aleged Many Sayenges, As of Martyn luther. Eocolampadius. Caralstadij. Iohan Firtz Malangton, with many dyuerse other .;. Than peirs ploughman waxed woundrus Angrie. and called Iacke Iolie. fals heritike. Than my master desired them bothe to be content in his house. and to reason the matter gentlie. And thei warre bothe contente So to doo.;

NOTES.



- p. xxx. "Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, Ritson." Here *Hurd* is a mistake for *Herd*, who published two vols. of Scottish Ballads.—D. (= Alexander Dyce.)
- p. 1, *Chevy Chase*. See Mr. Maidment's comments on this "modern version" in his *Scottish Ballads*, 1868, i. 81.—F.
- that "expliceth," quoth Richard Sheale, does *not* mean that Sheale was the *author*, but the *scribe*. So one of the Piers Plowman MS., (Harl. 3954) ends—*quod Herus*, &c.—Skeat.
- p. 2, "*That day*" &c. In the "Complaynt of Scotland," which was not written before 1547, mention is made of the "Hunttiss of Chevot," and of "The persee and mongumrye met," as if these were the titles of two separate ballads. That these were two distinct ballads founded on the battle of Otterbourne, and known in Scotland by the above titles, is extremely probable; for though, in the Scottish ballad of the "Battle of Otterbourne" the line "The Percy and Montgomery met" occurs, the name of Cheviot is never mentioned. Dr. Percy, in quoting the above line from the "Complaynt of Scotland," gives "That day, that day, that gentil day" as the following one; but that is, in fact, the title of another ballad or song. Dr. Rimbault. *Musical Illustrations*, p. 1.
- p. 5, *Battle of Otterbourne*. See Mr. Robert White's full account of it, with an appendix and illustrations. London, 1857.—F.
- p. 6, l. 7 from foot: *for Wold read Henry Bold*. Another edition, says Mr. E. Peacock, is a fcp. 8vo. of 89 pages. "*Chevy Chase*, a ballad, in Latin Verse, by Henry Bold, accompanied by the original English Text. London, Printed by Henry Bryer, Bridge St. Blackfriars, 1818."
- p. 8, l. 30, read *fat buccas*.—Ch. (= F. J. Child.)
- p. 11, l. 123, *lyons woods*, beyond doubt.—Ch. *layd on lode* (= a load), as Skeat explains, is, I think, certain.—Ch.
- p. 12, l. 143, "*which struck*," (as in *Old Ballads*, 1723) is certainly the reading.—Ch.
- p. 14, l. 198: *sorry you left too full*: no doubt of *doleful*.—Ch.
- p. 17, *When Loue with unconfin'd wings*. This version is very corrupt, and inferior to the printed copy of 1649. See my edition of *Lovelace*, 1864.—Hazlitt.
- p. 20, l. 8, 16, 24, *enjoyes*. This is exactly the reverse of what the poet meant and wrote.—Hazlitt. The right burden is, "Know no such Liberty," but the 4th or last stanza has "Injoy such Liberty."—F.

- p. 21, *Cloris*. See my communication to *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series viii. 435, and Bell's edition of Waller.—Hazlitt.
- p. 24, l. 3. The Percy Society reprinted the edition of 1686, but imperfectly.—Hazlitt.
- p. 28, l. 13, *read* yeelded.—Ch.
- p. 30, In Scots poems, &c., as Percy says, we find "Hollow, my Fancie:" but there are 17 stanzas, and many differences. The last 9—including only the last of those in the MS. which is also the last in the Scots Poems copy—are said to have been "writ by Colonel Clealand of my Lord Augus's regiment, when he was a student in the College of Edinburgh, and 18 years of age."—Ch.
- p. 35, l. 2. 1639 as the date of Carew's death is only conjectural.—H. (= W. C. Hazlitt.)
- p. 37, l. 6. 1731. This *Collection* was printed in 1662, 8vo, and again, with some changes, in 1731, 2 vols. 12mo.—H.
- p. 38, l. 22, for *soine* read *sinne* (the idea is that the Lower House sinnes when it *does* sit).—Ch.
- p. 39, note. Percy's *Lumford* is of course a penslip for *Lunsford*. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to chap. xx. of *Woodstock*, gives another version of the 2nd verse of this Ballad, and an account of Lunsford, but there are mistakes in it. Scott's verse is—

The post who came from Coventry
Riding in a red rocket,
Did tidings tell, how Lunsford fell,
A child's hand in his pocket.

The same child-eating scandal is noticed in *Rump Songs*, pt. i. p. 65:

From Fielding and from Vavasour,
Both ill-affected men;
From Lunsford eke deliver us,
That eateth up children.

The best account of Lunsford that I know is in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 106, pt. i. 350, 602; pt. ii. 32, 148; vol. 107, pt. i. 265. Cf. *Rushworth Hist. Col.*, vol. iii. pt. i. p. 459; Add. MSS. 1519 f. 26, 6358 f. 50, 5702 p. 118.

There is an engraving among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum—I cannot give the press mark—representing Sir Thomas Lunsford at full length. In the background is a church in flames, and a soldier with a drawn sword pursuing a woman; a companion is catching another woman by her hair. Under the engraving are these lines:

I'll helpe to kill, to pillage, and destroy
All the opposers of the Prelacy.
My fortunes are grown small, my friends are less,
I'll venture, therefore, life to have redress;
By picking, stealing, or by cutting throates,
Although my practise cross the kingdom's votes.

- p. 45, l. 32, for *witt* read *woe*.—Ch.
- p. 50, *How fayre shes be*. The earliest appearance of this song of Wither's was in *A Description of Love*, 1620; then again it appeared at the end of *Faire Virtue &c.*, 1622, unless the undated sheet in the Pepysian Library be older, which is more than possible.—Hazlitt.

- p. 52, l. 2, read *hollydom* (halidom); Note the rhyme.—Ch.
l. 3, omit *I*.—Ch.
- p. 53, l. 12, Percy is right, and Mr. Chappell wrong: the rhyme is with *braines*, not *square*.—Ch.
l. 19, *drouth*, for rhyme, as Percy suggests.—Ch.
l. 25, drop *of*, hurts metre and sense: 'will you be the taster?' is the meaning.—Ch.
l. 28, Exus = Naxos of course: 29, coyle, *rare*.—Ch.
l. 29, *coyse* should be *coyle*: compare l. 2.—D.
l. 34, for *of* read *on*.—Ch.
- p. 54, l. 42, read *toward*: 50, *sword's*.—Ch.
l. 54, read *Cynthia's fellow*, *Muses' decree*, i.e. (Diana's mate, darling of the Muses).—Ch.
- p. 55, l. 72, *grace*: some word like *care* is wanted.—Ch.
- p. 56, *The Grene Knight*. Gascoigne the poet, when he was on service in the Low Countries, tells us that he acquired the nickname of *The Green Knight* under circumstances of a peculiar character.—Hazlitt.
- p. 63, l. 123, note, Percy's '*gas*' is wrong.—Ch.
l. 126, *thy* should be *thee*: you can do nothing with the Sax. *þy*.—Ch.
l. 146, 147, read *praye*, *blin*; (transpose the ; and ,).—Ch.
- p. 64, 163 (he had *said* nothing), qy. *hele*? (i.e. so have I *hele*).—Ch.
- p. 65, note 4, read *Egilsson*: *braid* is well enough explained by the A.-Sax. *brædan*, here, *gripe*.—Ch.
- p. 67, l. 255, *kell*, i.e. caul, net-work for a lady's head. The note on this word is quite from the purpose. [So it is]. Compare—
Faire be thy wives, right lovesom, white, and small:
Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under *kellys*.
London! thowe art the flowre of cities all.
Dunbar. *Reliq. Ant.* i. 206.—F.
The line describes *Bredbeddle's wife*, not Sir Gawaine: see it referred to in Madden's *Glossary*, to *Syr Gawayne*, under "*kell*."—D.
- p. 67, l. 236, *rougt* = were sorry for, Sax. *hreoŵian*.—Ch.
- p. 71, l. 349, *frauce*, apparently from French *froisser*, clash, dash, &c.—Ch.
l. 355 and note. How *could* "*beleene*" be right? To say nothing of l. 478, the rhyme required proves it to be wrong.—D.
- p. 72, l. 364, *tho* seems to me more likely to be right.—Ch.
- p. 74, l. 429: the meaning can hardly be *proved* about Gawaine: *proved by* is gone through by, performed by, I should say.—Ch.
- p. 75, l. 461, *throe*: rightly explained in note. Icel. *þrár* has the same meaning as *thra* in G. Doug.: and so Sax. *bræd*, found only in composition.—Ch.
- p. 76, l. 496, *other* = second, as in Sax. So l. 523.—Ch.
- p. 82, l. 68, "& heard them speake" should be "& heard *him* speake."—D. and Ch.
- p. 83, l. 75, *the* = thy.—Ch.

- p. 86, l. 177, *noe more*, read *noe moe*.—D.
- p. 88, l. 211, *some spending money*. The author must have written something like *money for spending*.—D. Read *money for spending*.—Ch.
- l. 214, *you heyre*, read *your heyre*.—D.
- p. 90, l. 273, drop *g* (caught from l. 271 or 268); *thereto* makes sense.—Ch.
- p. 92, l. 336, for *said* read *had*.—Ch.
- p. 94, l. 399, *fone* should be *foe* (unless in the concluding line of the stanza *goe* be an error for *gone*).—D.
- l. 402, read *go[n]e*.—Ch.
- p. 96, l. 523, *other* = second: cf. l. 496.—Ch.
- l. 534, *soe bee*, read *soe beene*.—D.
- p. 99, l. 556, "for to his graue he rann" ought manifestly to be "for to his *masters* graue he rann": compare l. 543.—D.
- l. 557, read *followed*.—Ch.
- p. 104, l. 693, *thither wold he wend*, ? read *thither wold he right*.—D.
- p. 108, l. 800, read *rest*.—Ch.
- l. 807, why not read *shivver*? *shimmer* makes no sense.—Ch.
- p. 111, l. 895, *noe more*, read *noe moe*.—D. and Ch.
- p. 112, l. 919, *in the crye*, an undoubted error for *in the stowre*.—D.
- p. 113, l. 964, *was past*, read *was gane*, or *gaen* (i.e. gone).—D.
- p. 117, l. 1048, read *with thee*.—Ch.
- l. 1067, I should understand *yerning* as eager, &c. It is very expressive of the noise of a dog who wants a thing very much.—Ch.
- p. 119, l. 1125, for *his heire*, read *is neire*.—Ch. I took it for *is here*.—F.
- p. 120, l. 1165, read *come*.—Ch.
- p. 122, l. 1202, *busled*, ? *bustled*, made a stir, made a "towre".—Ch.
- l. 1207, read *fyery wood*?—Ch.
- p. 125, l. 1300, read *moe*.—Ch.
- l. 1305, *feelds*, certainly *fells*.—D.
- p. 128, l. 1403, *blithe*, read *blius* (i.e. quickly).—D.
- p. 132, l. 1496, *affrayd* should be *aghaste*—Copland's ed. having the right reading in l. 1494, *wonder faste*, and *brast* being the final word of l. 1500.—D.
- p. 133, l. 1528, *Sir Marrocke the hight*. If this be right, it means "they called him Sir Marrock": but qy. *he hight* (i.e. he was called)?—D. Why not, *he hight*?—Ch.
- p. 136, *Guye and Amarant*. This is a portion of *The Famous Historie of Guy Erle of Warwicke*, &c., by S. Rowlands; and I cannot but think that Mr. F. mistakes the nature and intention of it. Rowlands is evidently imitating the serio-comic romance poetry of Italy, a kind of writing which has been popular in that country, from Pulci down to Fortiguerra.—D.

- p. 136. I do not understand note 3, "torn out &c."—Ch. Page 253 of the MS. was torn out, Percy said, to send *King Estmere*, which was on it, to press.—F.
- p. 137, l. 45, *recovers* = *recover his*, of course.—Ch.
- p. 139, l. 92, *this coward art*, read *this coward act*.—D.
- p. 140, l. 135, (probably) *den[a]yd*.—Ch.
- p. 145, l. 2, *Rhé*. "The Duke of Buckingham's Manifestation of Remonstrance, with a Journal of his Proceedings in the Isle of Ree, 1627, 4to." An unhappy View of the whole Behaviour of my Lord Duke of Buckingham at the French Island called the Isle of Rhee, discovered by Colonel William Fleetwood, an unfortunate commander in that untoward service, 1648. This most fierce and prejudiced impeachment of an expedition, ill planned and unhappily terminated, is reprinted in the fifth volume of the *Somers Collection of Tracts. Lowndes. The Expedition to the Isle of Rhe*, by Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Edited by Lord Powis for the Philobiblon Soc. 1860.—F.
- p. 147, *King and Miller*, the first *known* edition was imprinted at London, by Edward Allde [*circa* 1600].—Hazlitt.
- p. 148, l. 2, read *the* Reeve.—Ch.
- p. 155, l. 186, read *a botts*.—Ch.
- p. 160, l. 1, for *is* read *It is*.
l. 2, for *differen* read *different*.
- p. 163, l. 13, }
p. 169, l. 72, } 60,000 is evidently the right reading, as the metre shows.—Ch.
- p. 168, l. 57, *and last*, read *at last*.—D.
- p. 172, the last line of notes, *hurms* should be *harms*.—D.
l. 135. In Rymer, ix. 317–18, is Robert Waterton's petition to be repaid the costs of the Duke of York, and the prisoners (1) Count de Ewe, (2) Arthur de Bretagne, (3) le Mareschall Buchecaud, Perron de Lupe, and Cuchart de Sesse, these 3, at s. 23, 4d. a day, and other travelling expenses. At p. 334, Rymer, ix, are "Beds, curtains, &c. for the Dukes of Orleans and Burbon, at Eltham, the Tower of London, Westminster, Windsor, and diverse other places." p. 360 is, de Domino de Lyne, prisonaris.—F.
- p. 174, *Conscience*. Compare *The Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience*, ? about 1550; and Allde's edition before 1600, printed in Halliwell's *Contributions to Early English Literature*, 1849, and with 4 additional stanzas in Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, iii. 221. Compare also *A piece of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads Prophecies*, 1604, (Percy Society, 1844,) Lauder's poem on *the Nature of Scotland twiching the Intertainment of virtewus men that lacketh Ryches, &c.*, and Martin Parker's *Robin Conscience*, or Conscionable Robin. His Progresse thorow Court, City, and Countrey: with his bad entertainment at each severall place. Very pleasant and merry to bee read. Written in English by M. P.
Charitie's cold, mens hearts are hard,
And most doores against Conscience bard.
London 1635, 8vo., 11 leaves, *Bodleian*. (Burton's Books) *Hazlitt's Handbook*.—F.
- p. 186, l. 49, read *denide*.—Ch.

- p. 188, l. 104, *sore* should be dropped and the line not indented: *sore* is evidently caught from the line above.—Ch.
- p. 190, Harl. MS. 4843 (paper). Article 11 is "Anno Domini millesimo cccxvi die Martis, in vigilia Lucæ Evangelistæ, hora Matutina ix. commissum fuit bellum inter Anglos et Scotos non longe a Dunelmia, in loco ubi nunc stat crux vulgariter dictus Nevillcrosse" Poema rhythmicum, [leaf] 241. Harl. Catal.
- p. 191, l. 2, hearken to me a litle [while?].—Ch.
- p. 199, l. 245, read *brother*, ("to the King of ffrance" is a marginal gloss).—Ch.
 l. 245, &c., *brothers* should be *brother*; and the words *to the King of ffrance* is a gloss crept into the text.—D.
- p. 200, last line but two of note, for 63-6 read 63-8. (Durham Feilde is likely enough by the author of Flodden Field).—Ch.
- p. 201, See the "Discendants from Guy, Earl of Warwick; i.e. of the family of Arden of Parke-Hall in Com. Warwic. who were indeed descended from the Great Turchil, who lived at the time of the Conquest." Harl. MS. 853, leaf 113. Mr. Halliwell in his *Descriptive Notices of Early English Histories*, p. 47-8, says of the story of Guy: "This tale was dramatized early in the 17th century, and Taylor mentions having seen it acted at the Maidenhead of Islington." "After supper we had a play of the life and death of Guy in Warwicke, played by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie his men." *Pennilesse Pilgrimage*, ed. 1630, p. 140." Dr. Rimbault prints the tune of the ballad at p. 46-7 of his *Musical Illustrations*, from the Ballad Opera of "Robin Hood," performed at Lee and Harper's Booth in 1730. The ballad, he says, "was entered on the Stationers' books, 5th January, 1591-2."—F.
- p. 202, l. 37, *the grave* is a ridiculous blunder for *the cave*.—D.
 l. 47, *ingrauen in Mold* should be *ingrauen ins tone*. Here the scribe repeated by mistake the word *Mold* from the first line of the stanza.—D.
- p. 203, last line but 4, read "Mangertoun."—Ch.
- p. 203, l. 5 from foot. *Nephew to the Laird of Mangertoun* (misprinted Margertoun). This reference to the nephew of the Lord of Mangerton, the chief of the Armstrongs, leads to the inference that the circumstances on which the ballad is founded had occurred previous to the rescue of William Armstrong of Kinmont, as Sir Richard Maitland was born in 1496, and died at the advanced age of ninety, on the 20th of March, 1586. Jock, in 1569, gave protection to the Countess of Northumberland, after the unfortunate rising and defeat of her husband and the Earl of Westmoreland, when they were both compelled to fly from England. After an unsuccessful attempt to take refuge in Liddesdale, they were compelled to put themselves under the protection of the Armstrongs of the Debateable land. The Countess, who did not accompany them, her tire-woman and ten other persons who were with her, were unscrupulously despoiled by the Liddesdale reivers of their horses, so that the poor lady was left on foot at John of the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog-kennel in England." Maidment's *Scottish Ballads*, i. 182-3. Maidment also gives the ballad of *Hobbie Noble* at p. 191, showing how he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by the Armstrongs, whose Jock he had rescued.—F.
- p. 204, l. 4, *he is gone*, read *he is gane* or *gaen* (i.e. gone).—D.
 l. 6, (of Maitland) read *ane* for *and*.—Ch.

p. 217, l. 14, *has received*, read *had received*.—D.

p. 222, l. 106, *fface* seems to be an error for *eye*.—D.

l. 126, . after "yee."—Ch.

p. 226, l. 214, for *land* read *man*? (Percy has *laird*, but that reading is not likely in this English ballad).—Ch.

p. 235, note 5, "and *delend*." Perhaps so; but in old ballads *and* is sometimes redundant.—D.

p. 237, l. 232, *soe fast runn*, read *soe fast rinn*.—D.

p. 240, l. 63, *with speares in brest*. This, of course, should be *with speares in rest*.—D. (?—F.)

l. 64, . after "flight."—Ch.

p. 279, *Bessie off Bednall*. There are several plays on this subject. The earliest is *The Blind Beggar of Bednal-Green, with the merry humor of Tom Stroud the Norfolk Yeoman, as it was divers times publickly acted by the Princes Servants. Written by John Day, 1659, 4to*. The latest was by my friend Sheridan Knowles.—D.

p. 292, l. 56, for *skinne*, read, as in the next stanza, *shoone*.—D.

p. 297, l. 35, *pinn*. I prefer *pin* as a corruption of *point*, as in "He's but one *pin* above a natural." Cartwright. Cf. our use of *peg*.

The calendar, right glad to find
His friend in *merry pin*.

John Gilpin.—Skeat.

p. 306, l. 43, *wadded*. Surely the context, "gaule" and "greene" and "black," shows that "*wadded*" should be "*watchet*" (i.e. pale blue).—D. (? *woaded*.—F.)

p. 313, l. 13, *sonne*. Here, to be consistent, we must read *sonne[s]*.—D.

p. 315, l. 70, "*scarlett and redd*," a blunder for "*scarlett redd*."—D.

p. 319, l. 200, *giusts*; of course, "*giusts*" should be "*giufts*" (gifts).—D.

p. 323, l. 30, "itt is now but a *sigh* clout, as you may see." The note on this line is strangely wrong. "*A sigh clout*" is a clout for *sighing* (or, more properly, *sieing*), i.e. straining milk.—D. I only know *siling* for straining.—F.

p. 328, l. 22, for *Lay*, ? read *he laines* (i.e. conceals).—D.

p. 341, *Sir Eglamore*. "Sir Eglamore" must have been originally written in Northern rather than in Southern English, as appears from internal evidence. We find innumerable rimes which are *no* rimes, but which become so at once when translated into a Northumbrian dialect. Is it not clear that such rimes as *taketh* and *goeth* should be *tais* and *gais*? That for *tane* and *bone* we should read *tane* and *bane*? So, too, *rere* (riming to *were*) ought to be *rair*. *Driueth* and *cliffes* should be *driffis* and *cliffis*. *Drew* and *loughe* (laughed) should be *dreuch* and *leuch*. *Abode* must be *abaid*, if it is to rime with *made* (or *maid*). And finally, as a crucial instance, it is almost impossible to believe that the *four* words in stanza 75—*pace*, *rose*, *was*, and *taketh*, were not intended to rime together in the forms *pas*, *ras*, *was*, and *tais* or *tas*. To take one more case, for *rest*, *trust*, *cast*, and *last* (st. 4), read

rest, trist, kest, lest. And when we further observe that the rimes may be thus emended throughout the *whole poem*, surely the inference that it was of Northern origin becomes almost a certainty.—Skeat.

p. 343, l. 65, for “& show your hart & love,” ? read “—hart and love *her to*” ?—D.

p. 344, l. 93,
p. 345, l. 132,
p. 352, l. 320,
p. 355, l. 403, } In these lines, *more* should be *mair*.—D.

p. 359, l. 505, for *home* read *hame*.—D.

p. 367, l. 702, *head*. There the rhyme determines that for “head” we must substitute the A.-S. *heved*.—D.

p. 369, l. 766, for *yeelde* read *yode* (not, as Percy says, *yeede*).—D.

p. 369, *A Cauileere*. See Gervase Markham’s chapter “Of Hawking with all sorts of Hawkes,” &c., in his *Countray Contentments*, 1615, Bk. I, p. 87–97. “The pleasure of hawking . . is a most Princely and serious delight.”—F.

p. 373, l. 856, for *ross* read *rasc*.—D.

p. 382, l. 1119, for *more* read *moe*.—D.

p. 384, l. 1117, for *went hee* read *hee gone*.

p. 387, note 1. As the true reading is undoubtedly “*man*,” why say anything about the meaning of “*May*”?—D.

p. 388, l. 1235, for *dwel* read *wend*.—D.

p. 390, *The Emperour and the Childe*, or Valentine & Orson. See Halliwell’s *Descriptive Notices*, 1848, p. 29–30, as to the Romance, and the prose story.

p. 401, l. 12, “that *ginnye* his ffilly wold haue her owne will.” Here “*Ginnye*” is the name of “his ffilly.” If the MS. has “grimye,” it is an error.—D.

p. 419, l. 106, for *young* read *ying*.—D.

p. 432, l. 439, “& said, Cozen will!
who hath done to you this shame?”

Here “will” sounds very ridiculously, as if the 3 knights were using the familiar abbreviation of their cousin’s name! Read undoubtedly (comparing Ritson’s text of the passage),

“& said, Cozen *William*,
who hath done to you this shame?”—D.

p. 454, l. 1078, “both old & young.” } In both places “young” should be
p. 496, l. 2223, “both old and young.” } “*ying*.”—D.

p. 493, note 1. *Wivre*. See a drawing of one at p. 9 of the *Bestiaire d’Amour* of Richard de Fournival, Paris, 1860; and Mons. Hippeau’s note at p. 103–4.—F.

p. 500, *Childe Maurice*. See R. Jamieson’s notes to this ballad in his *Pop. Bal. and Songs*, i. 16–21.—F.

p. 505, l. 98, *and dryed it on the grasse*. Jamieson compares

Hom gan his sword gripe
Ant on his arm hit woype:
The Sarazyn he hit so,
That his hed fel to ys to.

Ritson's *Met. Rom.* vol. ii. p. 116.—F.

p. 506, l. 117, *wicked be my merry men all*. Jamieson compares with this the last 3 stanzas of Little Musgrave (i. 122, note): "Woe worth you, woe worth my merry men all," and says, "The same kind of remonstrance with those about him occurs in Lee's tragedy of 'Alexander the Great' after the murder of Clitus." Most men want to put their sins on other people's shoulders.—F.

p. 521, the extract from Lane's MS. Harl. 5243, is only his address to the reader, before his Poem on Guy.—F.

p. 536, l. 234, for *noone* read "*noone time*." (Compare, *ante*, p. 468, l. 1441,—

"ffro: the hower of *prime*
till it was *euensong time*.")—D.

p. 536, l. 290, for *there* read *thore*.—D.

p. 541, l. 432. There is a church in Winchester called St. Swithin's, which is merely a large room over the archway of King's Gate, but it has no pretensions to the antiquity mentioned in your letter. The sword and axe of the giant were probably ordered to be hung up in the cathedral church, which was originally dedicated under the title of St. Peter and St. Paul; but the body of St. Swithin having been transferred from the churchyard into the sumptuous shrine built for its reception, the cathedral from thenceforth down to the time of Henry VIII. was distinguished by the name of *Saint Swithin*, and this is no doubt the church alluded to.—Walter Bailey.

p. 579, l. 529, *John de Reeve*. The mention of the *galliard* here, a dance not introduced into England till about 1541, confirms what the language shows, that our version of the poem is a late one.—F.

p. 582, l. 606, On *Chape*, see Wedgwood's Dict. i. 321.

Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

Ballads and Romances.



Cheup Chase : ¹

THERE are two principal versions of this well-known ballad—an old, and a modern one. The copy preserved in the Folio is a slightly various form of the latter.

The oldest copy of the old version is preserved in a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. This was printed by Hearne, in 1719, in the Preface to his edition of Gulielmus Neubrigiensis. “To the MS. copy,” says Percy, “is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale [expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale]; whom Hearne had so little judgement as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheal, who was living in 1588.” The general character of the language, if there were no other proof, proves that the ballad is of a much earlier date than 1588; but probably Hearne is right in identifying the subscribed “R. Sheale” with the well-known ballad-singer of that name, who flourished, or more truly withered, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This Sheale was in some sort the last of the minstrels. There are

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Ballads. 1727. Vol. 1. p. 108. No. xiv. N.B. The Readings in the Margin [here transferred to the foot-notes] are taken from the Scotch Edition printed at

Glasgow 8^{vo} 1747.—Which is remarkable for the wilful Corruptions made in all y^e Passages which concern the two Nations.—P.

extant some lines of his, of very inferior merit, wherein he bewails his miserable condition. He narrates with many sighs and groans how he has been robbed, left destitute, and no man gave unto him. Certainly, if these lines are a fair specimen of his talents, one cannot wonder that he found the world somewhat cold. And certainly the author of those lines could never have written "The Hunting of the Cheviot." But he may have sung it many and many a time, and passed with many an audience for the author. And hence, perhaps, the subscription of his name to the Ashmolean copy. The ballad in his time was extensively popular. Sir Philip Sidney refers to it in a well-known passage (though, as Prof. Child suggests, it is not impossible that he may mean the "Battle of Otterbourne"), as commonly sung by "blind crowders." Many years before Sidney wrote his *Defence of Poetry*, the *Complaint of Scotland*, written in 1548, speaks of "The Huntis of Chevot," and quotes the line,

That day, that day, that gentill day,

which is apparently a memory-quotation, or perhaps a Scotch version of

That day, that day, that dredfull day.

This evidence of its popularity in the middle of the sixteenth century, coupled with the antiquity of the language (though much of that "antiquity" belongs to the dialect in which, rather than to the time at which, it was written), justify the assigning of the ballad to the fifteenth century.

This ballad is historically highly valuable for the picture it gives of Border warfare in its more chivalrous days, when ennobled by generosity and honour. The hewing and hacking lose their horrors in the atmosphere of romance thrown around them. And the main incidents of the piece are no doubt generally true.

Such fierce collisions as here represented must often have

occurred, and from the same cause here given. "It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies." This permission the high-spirited Borderer was not always disposed to ask. He did not care to beg for favours. He would make no secret of his purposed sport, so that if the warden of the March about to be trespassed upon chose to oppose him, he was not prevented from doing so by ignorance of his intention. In this way the proclamation of a hunting expedition across the Borders was in reality a challenge to a contest. An excellent illustration of the perpetual possibility of an encounter, which attended and recommended these defiant expeditions, is to be found in the *Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth*. Carey was Warden of the Marches in Queen Mary's time, and gives the following account :

"There had been an ancient custom of the borders, when they were at quiet, for the opposite border to send the warden of the Middle Marche, to desire leave that they might come into the borders of England, and hunt with their greyhounds for deer, towards the end of summer, which was denied them. Towards the end of Sir John Foster's government, they would, without asking leave, come into England and hunt at their pleasure, and stay their own time. I wrote to Farnehurst, the warden over against me, that I was no way willing to hinder them of their accustomed sports; and that if, according to the ancient custom, they would send to me for leave, they should have all the contentment I could give them; if otherwise, they would continue their wonted course, I would do my best to hinder them. Within a month after, they came and hunted as they used to do, without leave, and cut down wood, and carried it away. Towards the end of summer, they came again to their wonted sports. I sent my two deputies with all the speed they

could make, and they took along with them such gentlemen as were in their way, with my forty horse, and about one o'clock they came up to them, and set upon them. Some hurt was done, but I gave especial order they should do as little hurt, and shed as little blood as possible they could. They took a dozen of the principal gentlemen that were there, and brought them to me to Witherington, where I then lay; I made them welcome, and gave them the best entertainment I could; they lay in the castle two or three days, and so I sent them home, they assuring me that they would never hunt again without leave. The Scots king complained to Queen Elizabeth very grievously of this fact."

"Mr. Addison, in his celebrated criticism on that ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, *Spect.* No. 20, mistakes the ground of the quarrel. It was not any particular animosity or deadly feud between the two principal actors, but was a contest of privilege and jurisdiction between them, respecting their offices, as lords wardens of the marches assigned." Extract from the Report of Sir Thomas Carlton, of Carlton Hall, 1547, in Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, pp. 28-9.

The general spirit of the ballad then is historical. But the details are not authentic. "That which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Cheviot," says Godscroft, writing in his James VI.'s time, and apparently referring to a version of the ballad then circulating in Scotland, "seemeth indeed poetical and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either in Scottish or English Chronicle." An event to which it might possibly refer according to Collins, in his *Peerage*, was the Battle of Pepperden, fought in 1436, as Hector Boethius informs us, "not far from the Cheviot hills, between the Earl of Northumberland, and Earl William Douglas of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the Borders,

rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy Chase; which to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." But in any case these were great Border names. Percy and Douglas were typical chieftains. Moreover on the field of Otterbourne a Percy and a Douglas had fought fiercely together, man against man, under very similar circumstances. That field was much celebrated in Border poetry, and elsewhere. The ballad on the Hunting of the Cheviot,—borrowed largely from that on the Battle of Otterbourne,—was, in fact, in course of time believed to celebrate the same event. Observe these lines of it:

This was the Hontynge of the Cheviat;
 That tear began this spurn:
 Old men that knowen the grownde well yenough;
 Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

This attempt made at the identification of two actions is noticeable. We are afraid that the "old men" scarcely knew the ground well enough. Otterbourne is but some 30 miles from Newcastle. Douglas met Percy, the "Hunting" tells us, in Teviotdale. In a word, the two ballads represent two different features of the old Border life—the Raid and the defiant Hunt. But they had much in common, and so were soon confused together.

Of the battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, there are historical accounts in abundance—Fordun's, Froissart's, Holinshed's, Godscroft's. See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Of the ballad concerning it—whose account is mainly accurate—indeed the facts somewhat trammel the poet's wings,—there are three versions: the English one, given by Percy in his *Reliques*, from a Harl. MS. in the earlier editions, from a more perfect Cotton MS. (Cleop. iv. f. 64) in the fourth, and two Scotch ones, to be found, one in the *Minstrelsy*, the other in Herd's *Scottish*

Songs. The differences between the English and Scotch versions are such as might be expected—are of a patriotic kind. The main difference between the two Scotch versions relates to the death of Douglas.

Of the versions of “the Hunting of the Cheviat,” that preserved in the Folio is, as we have said, the modernised one; not that heard by Sidney, who calls what he heard “the rude and ill-apparelled song of a barbarous age;” a description not applicable to the present version. When this modernisation was made, cannot be said exactly. “That it could not be much later than Queen Elizabeth’s time,” says Percy, “appears from the phrase ‘doleful dumps;’ which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been the least exceptionable [in “a song to the lute in Musicke” from the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1596], yet in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. *Vide* Hudibras, Pt. i. c. iii. v. 95.” Its presence in the Folio MS. shows that it was not made later than the first half of the seventeenth century. It soon became the current version. Addison in his *critique* in the *Spectator* knows of no other. A comparison of it with the old versions will show, besides one or two verbal blunders, that much of its vigour has been lost in the process of translation.

Of all our ballads this perhaps has enjoyed the widest popularity, both North and South of the Tweed. This popularity has scarcely ever decayed. It was translated into rhyming Latin verses by a Mr. Wold of New College, Oxford, at the instance of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, in 1685.

Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
Omnis in tuto sit;
Venatus olim flebilis
Chevino luco fit.

It circulated on many a broad sheet. It was eulogised in

the *Spectator* in Queen Anne's reign. It was printed wherever anything of the kind was printed in the succeeding years, when such things were held in but slight esteem. It is as it were the *Epic* of Border poetry.

	GOD Prosper long our noble <i>King</i> ,	[page 188]	
	our liffes & saftyes all !		
	a woefull hunting once there was		A woeful
4	in Cheuy Chase befall.		hunt was
			held in
			Chevy
			Chase.
	to drine the deere with hound and horne		
	Erle Percy took the way :		Earl Percy
	the Child may rue <i>that</i> is vnborne		
8	the hunting of <i>that</i> day !		
	the stout Erle of Northumberland		
	a vow to god did make,		vowed to
	his pleasure in the Scottish woods		kill Scotch
12	3 sommers days to take ;		deer for
			three days.
	the cheefest harts in Cheuy C[h]ase		
	to kill & beare away.		
	these tydings to Erle douglas came		Douglas
16	in Scotland where he Lay,		
	who sent Erle Percy present word		said he'd
	he wold prevent his sport.		stop that
	the English Erle, not fearing that, ¹		sport.
20	did to the woods resort		But Percy
			went to his
			hunt
	with 1500 ² bowmen bold,		with 1500
	all chosen men of Might,		bowmen,
	who knew ffull well in time of neede		
24	to ayme their shafts arright.		

¹ this.—P.² 2000.—P.

the Gallant Greyhound ¹ swiftly ran
 to Chase the fallow deere ;
 and on Monday began his hunt. 28 on Munday they began to hunt
 ere ² daylight did appeare ;

 By noon 100 bucks are slain. & long before high noone thé had
 a 100 fatbuckes slaine.
 After dinner, they 32 then hauing dined, the drouyers went
 to rouze the deare ³ againe ;

 The Bowmen mustered on the hills,
 well able to endure ;
 theire backsids all with speciall care
 36 that they ⁴ were gwarded sure.

 hunt again, the hounds ran swiftly through the woods
 the Nimble deere to take,
 and the hills echo their cries. 40 that with ⁵ their cryes the hills & dales
 an Eccho shrill did make.

 Percy Lord Percy to the Querry ⁶ went
 to veiwe the tender deere ;
 wonders whether Douglas will appear. 44 quoth he, " Erle douglas promised once
 this day to meete me heere ;

 " but if I thought he wold not come,
 noe longer wold I stay."
 with that a braue younge gentlman
 48 thus to the Erle did say,

 " There he is, " Loe, yonder doth Erle douglas come,
 hys men in armour bright,
 with 2000 men ! " 52 full 20 hundred ⁷ Scottish speres
 all Marching in our sight,

¹ greyhounds.—P.² when.—P.³ them up.—P.⁴ that day.—P.⁶ And with.—P.⁶ Quarry.—P.⁷ 15,00.—P.

- “ all pleasant men of Tiuydale ¹
 fast by the riuer Tweede.”
 “ O ceaze your sportts ! ” ² Erle Percy said, Percy calls
on his men
 56 “ and take your bowes with speede,
 “ & now with me, my countrymen,
 your courage forth advance ! to be brave ;
 for there was neuer Champion yett ³
 60 in Scotland nor in ffrance
 “ *that* euer did on horsbacke come,
 & if my hap ⁴ it were, he will fight
anyone,
 I durst encounter man for man, man to man.
 64 with him to breake a spere.”
 Erle douglas on his ⁵ Milke white steede, Douglas
 Most Like a Baron bold,
 rode formost of his company,
 68 whose armour shone like gold : [page 189]
 “ shew me,” sayd hee, “ whose men you bee asks whose
men they are
that hunt
that hunt soe boldly heere,
that without my consent doe chase
 72 & kill my fallow deere.” his deer.
 the first man *that* did ⁶ answer make
 was noble Percy hee, Percy
 who sayd, “ wee list not to declare, will not tell,
 76 nor shew whose men wee bee,
 “ yett wee will ⁷ spend our deerest blood but will
fight for the
right to
hunt.
 thy cheefest ⁸ harts to slay.” Douglas
 then douglas swore a solempne oathe, declares
 80 and thus in rage did say,

¹ men of pleasant Tiviotdale.—P.² Then cease sport.—P.³ For ne’er was there a champion.—P.⁴ but if my hap.—P.⁵ a.—P.⁶ man that first did.—P.⁷ will we.—P.⁸ the choicest.—P.

that one of
them must
die,

“ Ere thus I will outbraued bee,
one of vs tow shall dye !
I know thee well ! an Erle thou art,
84 Lord Percy ! soe am I ;

and as it
would
be wrong to
kill their
guiltless
men,

“ but trust me, Pearcy, pittye it were,
& great offence, to Kill
then any of these our guiltlesse ¹ men,
88 for they haue done none ill ² ;

he chal-
lenges Percy
to single
combat.
Percy
accepts.

“ Let thou ³ & I the battell trye,
and set our men aside.”
“ accurst bee [he !] ” Erle ⁴ Pearcy sayd,
92 “ by whome it is denyed.”

A squire,
Withering-
ton,
protests

then stept a gallant Squire forth,—
witherington was his name,—
who said, “ I wold not haue it told
96 to Henery our King, for shame,

that he'll
not look on
while Percy
fights :

“ *that* ere my captaine fought on foote,
& I stand looking on :
you bee 2 Erles,” ⁵ quoth witherington,
100 “ & I a Squier alone,

he'll fight
too.

“ Ile doe the best *that* doe I may,⁶
while I haue power to stand !
while I haue power to weeld my ⁷ sword,
104 Ile fight with hart & hand ! ”

The English
archers
shoot, and
kill 80 Scots.

Our English archers bend ⁸ their bowes—
their harts were good & trew,—
att the first flight of arrowes sent,
108 full foure score scotts ⁹ thé slew.

¹ harmless.—P.

² no ill.—P.

³ thee.—P.

⁴ he, Lord.—P.

⁵ Lords.—P.

⁶ that e'er I may.—P.

⁷ a.—P.

⁸ Scottish bent.—P.

⁹ they 4 score English.—P.

to drine the deere with hound & horne,
 dauglas ¹ Bade on the bent ;
 2 Captaines ² moned with Mickle might, ³
 112 their speres to shiners went.

they closed full fast on euerye side,
 noe slacknes there was found,
 but ⁴ many a gallant gentleman
 116 Lay gasping on the ground.

The foes
 close,

and many
 are slain.

O Christ! it was great greene ⁵ to see
 how eche man chose his spere, ⁶
 & how the blood out of their brests ⁷
 120 did gush like water cleare! ⁸

Christ! it
 was sad to
 see.

at last these 2 stout Erles ⁹ did meet
 Like Captaines of great might ;
 like Lyons moods ¹⁰ they Layd on Lode, ¹¹
 124 thé made a cruell fight.

Percy and
 Douglas

fight

thé fought, vntill they both did sweat,
 with swords of tempered steele,
 till blood [a-]downe their cheekes like raine
 128 thé trickling downe did feelee. ¹²

till their
 blood drops
 like rain.

“ O yeeld thee, Pearcy ! ” ¹³ Douglas sayd,
 “ & ¹⁴ infaith I will thee bringe
 where thou shall high advanced bee
 132 by Iames our scottish King ;

Douglas
 calls on
 Percy to
 yield.

¹ The Scotch Editor thinks this sh^d be Piercy.—P.

² a cap^t.—P.

³ pride.—P.

⁴ and.—P.

⁵ grief.—P.

⁶ And likewise for to hear.—P.

⁷ The Cries of Men lying in their gore.—P.

⁸ And lying here & there.—P.

⁹ Lords.—P.

¹⁰ mov'd.—P. ? for *woode*, wild.—F. or 'the *mood* or pluck' of lions.—Skeat.

¹¹ ? A.-S. *leód*, a man ; or for *hlude*, loudly.—F. or (*a*)load, laid on heavily.—Skeat.

¹² Until the blood like drops of rain They trickling down did feel.—P.

¹³ yield the Lord P.—P.

¹⁴ d.—P.

“thy ransome I will freely giue,
 & this ¹ report of thee,
 thou art the most couragious *Knight*
 136 [that ever I did see.²]”

Percy will
 never yield
 to a Scot.

“Noe, Douglas!” quoth Erle³ Percy then, [page 190
 “thy *profer* I doe scorne;
 I will not yeelde to any scott
 140 *that euer yett was borne!*”

An English
 arrow

kills
 Douglas,

with *that* there came an arrow keene
 out of an english bow,
 who ⁴ *scorke* Erle douglas on the brest ⁵
 144 a deepe and deadlye blow;

exhorting
 his men to
 fight.

who neuer sayd ⁶ more words then these,
 “fight on, my merrymen all!
 for why, my life is att [an] end,
 148 Lord Percy sees my ⁷ fall.”

Percy

laments
 over his
 dead foe;

then leauing life, Erle Percy tooke
 the dead man by the hand;
 who ⁸ said, “Erle dowglas! for thy ⁹ sake
 152 wold I had lost my Land!

a braver
 knight ne’er
 died.

“O christ! my verry hart doth bleed
 for ¹⁰ sorrow for thy sake!
 for sure, a more redoubted ¹¹ *Knight*,
 156 Mischance cold ¹² neuer take!”

¹ thus.—P.

² That ever I did see.—P.

³ Lord.—P.

⁴ which.—P. *scorke*, for *storke*, stroke,
 struck; *skorke* means scorch; see
skorche in Halliwell’s Gloss.—F.

⁵ to y^e heart.—P.

⁶ spake.—P.

⁷ me.—P.

⁸ And.—P.

⁹ life.—P.

¹⁰ with.—P.

¹¹ renowned.—P.

¹² did.—P.

a *Knight* amongst the scotts there was,
 which ¹ saw Erle Douglas dye,
 who streight in hart did vow revenge
 160 vpon the Lord ² Pearcy;

A Scotch
 knight,
 Sir Hugh
 Montgom-
 ery, vows
 revenge on
 Percy,

[Part II.]

2^d parte. { Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,
 who, with a spere full bright,
 well mounted on a gallant steed,
 ran feircly through the fight,

gallops to

And ³ past the English archers all
 without all dread or feare,
 & through Erle Percyes Body then
 168 he thrust his hatfull spere

him, and
 runs him

with such a vehement force & might
 that his body he did gore,⁴
 the staff ran ⁵ through the other side
 172 a large cloth yard & more.

right
 through the
 body.

thus ⁶ did both those Nobles dye,
 whose courage none cold staine.
 an English archer then perceined
 176 the Noble Erle was slaine,

An English
 archer

he had [a] good bow ⁷ in his hand
 made of a trusty tree;
 an arrow of a cloth yard long ⁸
 180 to the hard head haled ⁹ hee,

¹ that.—P.

² Earl.—P.

³ He.—P.

⁴ His body he did gore.—P.

⁵ spear went.—P.

⁶ So thus.—P.

⁷ a bow bent.—P.

⁸ length.—P.

⁹ unto the head drew.—P.

- shoots Mont-
gomery against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye ¹
his shaft full right ² he sett ;
the grey goose winge *that* was there-on,
through the heart. 184 in his harts bloode ³ was wett.
- The fight
lasts all day. this fight from breake of day did last ⁴
till setting of the sun,
for when the rung the Euening bell
188 the Battelle scarce was done.
- Names of
the English
knights
slain. with ⁵ stout Erle Percy there was slaine ⁶
Sir Iohn of Egerton,⁷
Sir Robert Harcliffe & Sir William,⁸
192 Sir Iames that bold barron ;
- & with Sir George & ⁹ Sir Iames,
both *Knights* of good account ;
& good Sir Raphe Rebbye ¹⁰ there was slaine,
196 whose prowesse ¹¹ did surmount.
- Withering-
ton fights on
his stumps
when his
legs are cut
off. for witherington needs must I wayle
as one in too full ¹² dumpes,
for when his leggs were smitten of,
200 he fought vpon his stumpes.
- Names of
the Scotch
knights
slain. And with Erle dowglas there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
¹³ & Sir Charles Morrell ¹⁴ *that* from feeldo
204 one foote wold neuer flee ;

¹ then.—P.
² so right his shaft.—P.
³ heart-blood.—P.
⁴ did last from break.—P.
⁵ the.—P.
⁶ There is a dot for the *i*, but nothing more in the MS.—F.
⁷ Ogerton.—P.

⁸ Ratcliffe & Sir John.—P.
⁹ Sir George also & good.—P.
¹⁰ Good . . . Rabby.—P.
¹¹ courage.—P.
¹² doleful.—P.
¹³ d.—P.
¹⁴ Murray.—P.

Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe tow,—¹
 his sisters sonne was hee,—
 Sir david Lambwell well ² esteemed,
 208 but saved he cold ³ not bee;

& the Lord Maxwell in like case ⁴
 with Douglas he did dye; ⁵
⁶ of 20 ⁷ hundred scottish speeres,
 212 scarce 55 did flye;

Of 2000
 Scotch
 scarce 55
 were left;

of 1500 Englishmen
 went home but 53 ⁶;
 the rest in Cheuy chase were slaine,
 216 Vnder the greenwoode tree.

of 1500
 English,
 only 53.

[page 191]

Next day did many widdowes come
 their husbands to bewayle;
 they washt ⁸ their wounds in brinish teares,
 220 but all wold not ⁹ prevayle.

Next day
 the widows
 come,
 and weep,

theyr bodyes bathed in purple blood,
 thé bore with them away,
 they kist them dead a 1000 times
 224 ere thé ¹⁰ were cladd in clay.

and carry
 the corpses
 off

to the grave.

the ¹¹ newes was ¹² brought to Eddenborrow
 where Scottlands King did rayne,
 that braue Erle Douglas soddainlye
 228 was with an arrow slaine.

¹ Sir Cha. Murray of Ratcliffe too.—P.

² Lamb so well.—P.

³ yet saved could.—P.

⁴ wise.—P.

⁵ did with Earl D^e die.—P.

^{6—7} Of 1500 Scottish spears
 went home but 53,

Of 20,00 Englishmen

scarce 55 did flee.—P.

⁷ 15.—P.

⁸ MS. they washt they.—F. d.—P.

⁹ could not.—P.

¹⁰ when they.—P.

¹¹ These.—P.

¹² were.—P.

King James laments the loss of Douglas. No such captain has he left.	232	“ ¹ O heany newes ! ” <i>King</i> James can say, “ Scotland may wittennesse bee I haue not any <i>Captaine</i> more of such account as hee ! ”
King Henry laments Percy's loss ;	236	like tydings to <i>King</i> Henery came within as short a space, <i>that</i> Percy of Northumberland in Cheuy chase was slaine. ²
he has 500 as good still left,	240	“ Now god be with him ! ” said our <i>King</i> , “ sith it will noe better bee, ³ I trust I haue within my realme 500 as good as hee ! ”
but he will take ven- geance for Percy's death.	244	“ ⁴ yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say but I will vengeance take, & be revenged on them all for braue Erle Percyes sake.”
And he did on Humble Downe, killing Lords, and	248	⁴ this vow the <i>King</i> did well performe after on humble downe ; in one day 50 <i>Knights</i> were slayne, with Lords of great renowe,
hundreds of less account.	252	& ⁵ of the rest of small ⁶ account, did many hundreds dye : thus endeth the hunting in ⁷ Cheuy Chase made ⁸ by the Erle Pearcy.
God grant that strife between noble men may cease !	256	God saue our ⁹ <i>King</i> , and blesse this ¹⁰ land with plentye, Ioy, & peace ; & grant hencforth <i>that</i> foule debate twixt noble men may ceaze ! ffins.

¹ Now God be with him, *cried* our king,
Sith will no better be !
I trust I haue &c.—P.
² Was slain in Chevy Chase.—P.
³ O heavy news, K. Henry said,
Engl^d can witness be.—P.

⁴ These 2 stanzas omitted in y^e Scotch
Edition.—P. See note, p. 1.—F.
⁵ Now.—P. ⁶ mean.—P.
⁷ of.—P. ⁸ led.—P.
⁹ the.—P. ¹⁰ the.—P.

When Love with unconfined.¹

LOVELACE's songs were in great request in his day. They were set to music by popular composers of the time,—by Dr. John Wilson, by Mr. John Lanier, by Mr. Henry Lawes whom Dante was to give Fame leave to set higher than his Casella—and circulated widely in Royalist Society. Till 1649—the author was born in 1618—they led a scattered and wandering life. In that year they were gathered together and published in a volume entitled “Lucasta, Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. to which is added Aramantha a Pastorall, by Richard Lovelace, Esq.” Meanwhile there were, no doubt, in vogue many versions of the greater favourites, more or less inaccurate. The copy of the exquisite song beginning “When Love with unconfined wings,” here printed from the Folio MS., is one of these.

Of all the Cavalier poets Lovelace is the most charming. He is a true cavalier; he is a true poet. The world, that has long turned away its ear from Cowley and Cleveland, still listens to his sweet voice. Are there any gems brighter than his song “to Lucasta on going to the Wars,” or that to “Althea from Prison”? How chivalrous the thought of them! How tremulously delicate the expression!

His life was full of sadness. The son of a Kentish knight, educated at the Charterhouse and at Gloucester Hall, Oxford,

¹ Written by Col. John Lovelace [t.i. Richard Lovelace]. See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. 2^d Written by the Author when imprison'd.—P.

“the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment, which made him then [at Oxford], but especially after, when he retired to the great city, most admired and adored by the female sex.” Thus physically endowed, thus happily circumstanced, he was yet crossed in love, and died in a state of destitution.

Lucy Sacheverell—the *Lux Casta* or *Lucasta* of his poems, from the nunnery of whose chaste breast and quiet mind he had fled to war and arms, that “dear” whom he loved so much because he loved honour more—misled by a report that he had died of wounds received at Dunkirk while commanding a regiment, of his own forming, in the service of the French king, became the wife of somebody else. The close of the civil war, in which he had devoted both his services and his fortunes to his king’s cause, found him beggared. His loyalist zeal got him twice into prison. “During the time of his confinement,” says Wood of the first imprisonment, “he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the king’s cause by furnishing men with horses and arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, &c.; also by furnishing his two brothers Colonel Franc. Lovelace, and Capt. Will. Lovelace (afterwards slain at Caermarthen) with men and money for the king’s cause, and his other brother called Dudley Posthumus Lovelace with monys for his maintenance in Holland to study tactics of fortification in that school of war.” “After the murther of King Charles I., Lovelace was set at liberty [from his second captivity], and having by that time consumed all his estate, grew very melancholy (which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloaths (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants, &c. . .

He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder alley near Shoe-lane, and was buried at the west end of the church of St. Bride alias Bridget in London, near to the body of his kinsman, Will. Lovelace of Gray's Inn, Esq."—"Richard Lovelace, Esq.," says Aubrey, "obiit in a cellar in Long Acre, a little before the restauration of his ma^{tie}. Mr. Edm. Wyld, &c., had made collections for him and given him money. . . . Geo. Petty, haberdasher, in Fleet Street, carryed XXs to him every Munday morning from Sir —— Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months, but was never repay'd." He died in 1658, and so was saved from experiencing Stuart gratitude. These accounts of his dismal indigence may perhaps be coloured. But there can be no doubt he ended in extreme poverty, in a sad contrast to the brilliancy of his early days.

The following song was written during his first captivity. He had been chosen by his county to present a Petition to the House of Commons "for the restoring of the king to his rights, and for settling the government." He presented it, and by way of answer was committed to the Gate House at Westminster. But his mind, innocent and quiet, took his prison for a hermitage. His gaolers heard him singing in his bonds. Love with wings that brooked no confinement hovered near him. Brought by that chainless spirit, the divine Althea came to visit him in his durance. She led away the captive into a second captivity. With her fair hair she wove fresh bonds for him; she laid on new fetters with her eyes. But he revelled in these chains. Having freedom in his soul, angels alone that are above enjoyed such liberty.

WHEN Love with vnconfined wings

hovers within my gates,

& my divine Althea brings

4 to whisper at my grates,

When my
love visits
my prison,

I am free
as a bird.

when I lye tangled in her heere
& fettered with her eye,
the burds *that* wanton in the ayre
8 enioyes¹ such Lybertye.

When I,
confined,
sing my
king's
goodness,

When, Lynett like confined, I
with shriller note shall sing
the mercy, goodnesse, maiestye
12 & glory of my kinge,
when I shall voice aloud how good
he is, how great shold bee,
the enlarged winds *that* curles the floods²
16 enioyes such Lybertye.

I am free as
the winds.

When I
drink with
boon com-
panions

to our cause,

When flowing cupps run swiftly round
with woe-allaying theames,
our carlesse heads with roses crowned,
20 our harts with Loyall flames,
when thirsty soules in wine wee steepe,
when cupps and bowles goe free,
ffishes *that* tyle in the deepe
24 enioyes such Lybertye.

I am as free
as a fish.

Though in
prison,

yet with a
pure soul

and free
love,

I am free as
an angel.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
nor Iron barrs a cage,
the spotlesse soule an[d] Inocent³
28 Calls this an hermitage.³
if I haue freedome in my loue,
& in my soule am free,
angells alone *that* sores aboue
32 enioyes such Lybertye!

ffins.

[page 192]

¹ This final *s* and several others have
been marked through by a later hand.
—F.

² flood.—P.

³ These lines differ from the usual
reading.—Skeat.

Cloris.¹

SEVERAL collections of Waller's Poems appeared as early as 1645, while he was living in France. The first edition "corrected and publish'd with the approbation of the Author" came out in 1664. "When the Author of these verses," says the Printer to the Reader in this one, "(written only to please himself and such particular persons to whom they were directed), returned from abroad some years since, He was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered, that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter, *male dum recitas, incipis esse tuum*. Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors) his answer was, That he made these when ill verses had more favour and escaped better than good ones do in this age, the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by these faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old raggs (or such like ugly things) upon their fairest Horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for those of a more confind understanding (who pretend not to censure) as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (mained to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them), might that way at least have a title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, that the

¹ An elegant old song written by Mr. Waller. See his Poems.—P.

aim of Orators is Victory, of Historians Truth, and of Poets Admiration; He had reason, therefore, to indulge those faults in his Book whereby It might be reconciled to some, and commended to others." But the considerations expressed in this longwinded and somewhat confusing manner, were overcome by the importunity of the worthy Printer, and the Poet at last gave leave "to assure the Reader, that the Poems which have been so long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them, as also to add some others which have since been composed by him." The following song does not occur in this edition; nor in that of 1682, "the Fourth Edition with several Additions never before printed." It appears in that of 1711, "the eight edition, with additions," and no doubt in several of the preceding editions.

The song is a fair specimen of Waller's average style. It exhibits his faults, and his merits—his affectation, and strained gallantry, with something of his elegance and grace.

His life was not a noble one. He was not inspired by that spirit which enabled Lovelace to sing that

Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage.

He lived from 1605 to 1687, from the year of the Gunpowder Treason to the year before the Revolution. He sat in Parliament, for various places, from his nineteenth year to his death, except from 1643 to the Restoration, in which period his connection with the Royalist Plot of 1643 suspended his public life.

Cloris, I
must go,

or lose my
sight.

CLORIS, farwell! I needs must goe!
for if with thee I longer stay,
thine eyes prevayle upon me soe,
4 I shall grow blynd & lose my way.¹

¹ Lines 2, 3, 4, are almost all eaten away by the ink of the title at the back.—F.

ffame of thy bewty & thy youth,
 amongst the rest me hither brought ;
 but finding fame fall short of truth,
 8 made me ¹ stay longer then I thought.

Report
 brought me
 hither ;
 your beauty
 keeps me.

ffor I am engaged by word [and] othe
 a servant to anothers will ;
 but for thy loue wold forfitt both,
 12 were I but sure to keepe itt still.

Though I
 am be-
 trothed,
 I'd break
 my troth if
 I could
 secure you ;

But what assurance can I take,
 when thou, fore-knowing this abuse,
 for some [more ²] worthy louers sake
 16 mayst leaue me with soe Iust excuse.

but how
 could I ?

You'd jilt
 me, and

ffor thou wilt say it, "it was ³ not thy fault
 that I to thee ⁴ vnconstant proue,
 but were by mine ⁵ example taught
 20 to breake thy othe to mend thy loue."

plead my
 example as
 your excuse.

Noe, Cloris, Noe ! I will returne,
 & rayse thy story to that height
 that strangers shall att distance burne,
 24 & shee distrust thee ⁶ reprobate.

No ! I'll go,
 and praise
 your beauty
 from afar,

Then shall my loue this Doubt displace,
 & gaine the trust *that* I may come
 & sometimes banquet on thy face,
 28 but make my constant meales att home.

seeing you
 sometimes
 but loving
 my own
 love.

¹ my. Qu.—P.

² more.—P. A *may* that precedes *for*
 in the MS. is crossed out.—F.

³ is.—P.

⁴ thou to me. Qu.—P.

⁵ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

⁶ mee. Qu.—P.

The kinge enioyes his righ[ts againe.]¹

THIS song occurs in the *Roxburghe Collection of Ballads*, iii. 256, in the *Loyal Garland containing choice Songs and Sonnets of our late Revolution* (London, 1671, Reprinted by the Percy Society), in a *Collection of Loyal Songs*, in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 434–9, gives the air to which it was sung, along with much information concerning it (which should be read), and nine more stanzas than are included in our Folio. It was written by Martin Parker, as appears from the following extract from the *Gossips' Feast or Morall Tales*, 1647: "The gossips were well pleased with the contents of this ancient ballad, and Gammer Gowty-legs replied 'By my faith, Martin Parker never got a fairer brat; no,' not when he penn'd that sweet ballad, *When the King injoyes his own againe.*'" It was an extreme favourite with the Cavaliers.

Booker, Pond, Rivers, Swallow, Dove, Dade, and Hammond, were eminent astrologers and almanack-makers. See *Ritson*, and *Chappell*, ii. 437, note ^a.

Who can foretell	. 4 8	<p>WHAT Booker can prognosticate, consider[i]ng now the kingdomes state? I thinke my selfe to be as wise as he that gaseth ² on the skyes; my skill goes beyond the depth of Pond ³ or Riuers in the greatest raine, wherby I can tell <i>that</i> all things will goe well when the King will enjoy his own againe?</p>
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¹ An old Cavilier Song.—P.

² gazeth.—P.

³ ponds.—P.

- There is neither swallow, doue nor dade,
 can sore more high, or deeper wade
 to shew a reason from the starres,
 12 what causeth these our ciuill warres.
 the man in the moone may weare out his shoo[ne ¹]
 in running after Charles his wayne;
 but all is to noe end, for the times will not me[nd ²]
 16 till the *King* enioyes his right againe.

No stargazer
 can tell
 what causes
 our civil
 wars.

The times
 won't mend
 till the King
 has his own.

- ffull 40 yeeres his royall crowne
 hath beene his fathers and his owne,
 & is there any more nor ³ hee
 20 that in the same shold sharrers ⁴ bee,
 or who better may the scepter sway
 then he that hath such rights to raine?
 there is noe hopes of a peace, or the war to ce[ase ⁵],
 24 till the *King* enioyes his right againe.

Who has
 better right
 to the crown
 than our
 King?

- Although for a time you see Whitehall
 with cobwebbs hanging on the wall
 instead of silkes & siluer braue
 28 which fformerly ['t] was ⁶ wont [to] haue,
 with a sweete perfume in euerye roome
 delightfull to *that* princely traine:
 which againe shalbe when the times you see
 32 *that* the King enioyes his right againe.⁷
 ffins.

[page 193] Though
 Whitehall is
 all cobwebs
 now,
 soon it will
 be silks

and per-
 fumes,

when the
 King enjoys
 his right
 again.

¹ shoone.—P.

² mend.—P.

³ than.—P.

⁴ sharers.—P.

⁵ cease.—P.

⁶ formerly 't was.—P.

⁷ This fourth stanza is put before the
 third in the copy that Mr. Chappell
 prints, ii. 438.

The Ægyptian Quene.¹

THIS song under the title of *Mark Anthony* is found, *minus* vv. 13–20 inclusive, in *Poems by J. C.* 1651, the first edition of Cleveland's Poems, and in such of the many subsequent ones as we have examined, those of 1654 (B. in the notes below), of 1677 (C. in the notes), and of 1687 (D. in the notes). Our copy is probably a bad one of the verses before they were printed, when lines 13–20 were cut out. The song is marked by Cleveland's characteristic vigour and tendency to "conceits."

John Cleveland sang and suffered much in the Royal cause. Educated at Christ's College, elected a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge—"To cherish such hopes," says an old biographer of him, "the Lady Margaret drew forth both her breasts"—he joined the King at Oxford when the breach with the Parliament became irreparable, and gallantly adhered to the King's fortunes to the end. After the capture of Newark, when he was Judge Advocate, he seems to have led, for some years, a life of wretched vagrancy. In 1655 he was taken prisoner. He made an appeal to Cromwell, which was heard. He did not live to see the restoration of the race which he had served with all his trenchant wit, with the truest devotion. April 29, 1659, is the date of his death.

As the copy in our folio MS. is corrupt in many places, we give here the copy from the first edition of 1651, collated with the editions of 1654, 1677, and 1687.

MARK ANTHONY.

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' Evening whispers,
4 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd :

¹ Not an inelegant old song. Corrected by an Edition in Cleveland's Poems. 12^{mo} 1687. p. 65.—P.

Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content
8 Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

12 First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Then¹ fear of surfeiting made me retire:
Next on her warm² lips, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made³ active as fire.

16 Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no smart:
Sweet lips and smiles between,
20 Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glass to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier then *Juno* wears when as she graces
24 *Jove* with embraces more stately than warm.
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour Christalline ;
I in her eyes was seen,
28 As if we one had been.
Never Mark, &c.

Mystical Grammar of amorous glances,
 Feeling of pulses the Physick of Love,
 32 Rhetorical courtings and Musical Dances ;
 Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.
 Eyes like Astronomy,
 Streight limb'd Geometry :
 36 In her heart's ingeny
 Our wits are sharp and keen.
 Never Mark, &c.

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her vesper,⁴ At eve
 & the wyld fayryes lay coucht⁵ on the ground,
 Venus invited me to an euening Wisper,⁶ my Love
 4 to fragrant field⁷ with roses crounde to toy with

Thence.—B. C. D.

² warmer.—B. C. D.

3 made me.—C. D.

⁴ her vespers.—P.

forrester coucht. I w^d read here

forresters, i.e. the deer, the Inhabitants of the forrest.—P.

• in th' evening whispers.—P.

' Unto a frag^t. field.—P.

her in the fields. which ¹ shee before had sent her cheefest complement,
 Vnto my ² harts content sport ³ with me on the
 greene ;
 We dallied like Antony and Cleopatra. Neuer marke Anthony dallyed more wantonly
 8 With his fayre Ægipsian queene ⁴ !
 I looked at her cheeks,
 first on her Cherry cheekes I my eyes ⁵ feasted ;
 thence feare of surffetting made me retyre,
 kissed her lips,
 then to her warmed [lips], ⁶ which when I tasted,
 12 my spiritts duld were made actiue by ⁷ fyer.
 pressed her hand,
 ⁸ this heat againe to calme, her moyst hand yeelderd
 balme ;
 whilest wee Ioyned ⁹ palme to palme as if wee one
 had beene,
 Neuer marke Anthony dallyed more wantonly
 16 with his fayre Cor ¹⁰ egyptian queene !
 twined mine in her hair,
 Then in her golden heere ¹¹ I my hands twined ;
 shee her hands in my lockes twisted againe,
 as if her heere had beene fetters assigned,
 20 Sweet litle Cupid ¹² Loose captiue ¹³ to chayne ;
 gazed in her eyes.
 soe did wee often dart one at anothers hart
 arrows *that* felt ¹⁴ noe smart, sweet lookes and
 smiles ¹⁵ between.
 Neuer, &c.
 Her tresses deckt my 24 Wa[yting a glass to platt] those amorus tresses ¹⁶
 which like a [bracelet] deckt richly mine arme,

¹ Where.—P. For her cheefest *Percy* puts my wishes.—F.

² And to my. query.—P.

³ Play'd.—P.

⁴ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁵ mine eyes.—P.

⁶ warmer lips.—P.

⁷ active as.—P.

⁸ N.B. from hence to [So did we often dart] is wanting in the printed Copy.—P.

⁹ A *t* is between *Ioyned* and *palme* in the MS. *as if wee one had beene* has been first written as a separate line, then

struck out and written after *palme* ; then *one had bee* was struck out, and copied in again by Percy.—F.

¹⁰ ? MS.—F.

¹¹ haire.—P.

¹² After the *d* Percy puts *'s*.—F.

¹³ After the *e* Percy adds *s*.—F.

¹⁴ fett, fetch'd.—query: it is knew no sm^t in print.—P.

¹⁵ Lipps and smiles.—P.

¹⁶ Wayting a glass to platt (plait) her amber tresses.—P. The ink of the heading *The king enioyes* on the back has eaten the MS. away.—F.

- gandyer then Iuno was *which* ¹ when shee blessed ² arm like a
bracelet ;
 Ione with Eners races ³ more richly ⁴ thein warme.
 28 shee sweetely peept in eyne *that* was more cristalline,
 which by reflection shine ech eye and eye was seene. she peept
sweetly at
me,
 Nener, &c.
- Misticall grammers ⁵ of ⁶ amorus glances,
 32 feeling of pulses, the phisicke of lone, and in her
glances
 Retoricall courtings & musicall dances,
 numbring of kisses arithemeticke proues ⁷ ;
 Eyes like astronomy, strayght limbes geometry, I saw kisses
alone.
 36 in her harts enginy ⁸ ther eyes & eyes were seene.⁹
 Nener, &c.

ffins.

- | | |
|--|--|
| ¹ Juno wears.—P. | Astronomy, Geometry.—Skeat. |
| ² presses (graces) Pr. Copy.—P. | ⁶ are. query.—P. |
| ³ So in the MS.—F. embraces.—P. | ⁷ prove. p.c.—P. |
| ⁴ stately. P.C.—P. | ⁸ Arts Ingeny.—P. |
| ⁵ <i>grammars</i> ; grammar of: pr. Copy. | ⁹ our wits were sharp and keen. |
| —P. Note the Seven Sciences—Grammar,
Physic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, | Printed Copy.—P. |

[“*The Mode of France*,” and “*Be not affrayd*,” printed in Lo. and
 Hum. Songs, p. 45–8, follow here in the MS.]

Hollowe me ffancye.

THIS song, says Percy's marginal note, is "printed in a collection of Scots Poems, Edingboro', 1713, pag. 142."

Mens prætrepidans avet vagari. Led by Fancy, it throws off for the nonce the fetters of the body, and "dances through the welkin." It inspects the phenomena of cloudland, rejoices *rerum cognoscere causas*. Then, turning its gaze downwards, it studies that great ant-hill the earth. It sees mankind rushing to and fro upon it, with all their various pursuits, humours, passions. At last the much-travelled spirit wearies. Its wings droop, and it implores its ever-vigorous guide to lead it no further. The great world-prospect, with its tumult and turmoil, is too tremendous a vision. So the spirit hies it back to its home, the body.

<p>Melancholy, I dance</p> <p>like an elf</p> <p>over moun- tains, plains, and woods.</p>	<p>4</p> <p>8</p>	<p>IN: a Melancholly fancy, out of my selfe, thorrow the welkin dance I, all the world survayinge, noe where stayinge ; like vnto the fierye elfe,¹ over the topps of hiest mountaines skipping, ouer the plaines, the woods, the valleys, tripping,² ouer the seas without oare of³ shipping, hollow, me fancy ! wither wilt thou goe ?</p>
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¹ fairy elfe.—P.

² Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

³ oare or.—P.

- Amydst the cloudy vapors, faine wold I see
 what are those burning tapors
 which benight vs and affright vs,
 12 & what the Meetors ¹ bee.
 ffaine wold I know what is the roaring thunder, [page 195]
 & the bright Lightning which cleenes the clouds in
 sunder, what the
 thunder,
 lightning,
 & what the cometts are att which men gaze & wonder. and comets.
 16 Hollow, me &c.
- Looke but downe below me where you may be bold,
 where none can see or know mee ;
 all the world of gadding, running of madding,
 20 none can their stations hold :
 One, he sitts drooping all in a dumpish passion ;
 another, he is for Mirth and recreation ;
 the 3^d, he hangs his head because hees out of fassion.
 24 Hollow, &c.
- See, See, See, what a bustling !
 Now I descry one another Iustlynge !
 how they are turmoyling, one another foyling,
 28 & how I past them bye !
 hee *thats* aboue, him *thats* below ² despiseth ;
 hee *thats* below, doth enuye him ² *that* ryseth ;
 euerye man his plot & counter ² plott deviseth.
 32 Hollow.
- Shipps, Shipps, Shipps, I descry now !
 crossing the maine Ile goe too, and try now
 what they are *proiecting* & *protecting* ;
 36 & when thé turne againe.
 One, hees to keepe his country from inuadinge ;
 another, he is for Merchandise & tradinge ;
 the other Lyes att home like summers cattle shadding.³
 40 Hollow.

I'd like to
 see what the
 stars and
 meteors are ;

what the
 thunder,
 lightning,

and comets.

I'd like to
 look down
 on the bust-
 ling world,

and see one
 man in the
 dumps,
 another all
 mirth ;

others jost-
 ling their
 fellows,

high de-
 spising low,
 low envying
 high ;

shipmen

projecting

defence
 from foes
 or gain in
 trade.

¹ meteors.—P.

² MS. blotted.—F.

³ ? getting into a shed or the shade.—F.

I can't go
on.
Fancy, come
back to me;

leave off
soaring,
and keep to
your book.

Hollow, me fancy, hollow!

I pray thee come vnto mee, I can noe longer follow!

I pray thee come & try [me]; doe not flye me!

44 Sithe itt will noe better bee,

come, come away! Leave of thy Lofty soringe!

come stay att home, & on this booke be poring!

for he *that* gads abroad, he hath the lesse in storinge.

46 welcome, my fancye! welcome home to mee!

ffins.

Newarke.¹

THIS song may very well have been written, as Percy suggests, by Cleveland to cheer the garrison of Newark; when, during the Royalist occupation of it, he was Judge Advocate. See Introduction to "Egyptian Queen."

"In the reign of Charles I. Newark was garrisoned for the King, and held in subjection the whole of this country, excepting the town of Nottingham; and a great part of Lincolnshire was laid under contribution; here that unfortunate sovereign established a mint. . . . During this contest the town sustained three sieges: in the first, all Northgate was burnt by order of the governor, Sir John Henderson; in the second, when under the government of Sir John, afterwards Lord, Byron, the town was relieved by the arrival from Chester of Prince Rupert, who, according to Clarendon, in an action between his forces and the parliamentarians under Sir John Meldrum, on Beacon Hill, half a mile eastward of the town, took four thousand prisoners and thirteen pieces of artillery; in the third siege, after the display of much prowess and several vigorous sallies, the fortress remained unimpaired; afterwards Lord Bellasis, then governor, surrendered the town to the Scottish army, by the King's order, on the 8th of May, 1646. At the close of this siege, the works and circumvallations were demolished by the country people, with the exception of two considerable earth-works, which are now nearly perfect, and are called the King's Sconce and the Queen's Sconce; about this time the castle also was destroyed." (Lewis' *Topogr. Dict. of England*.)

¹ Very probably writ by Jack Cleveland during the siege of Newark upon

Trent; to Chear the Garrison: where he was judge advocate.—P.

Fill us a
cup!

Here's a
health to
King
Charles.

We dread
not our foes.

If Leslie gets
hold of 'em
he'll play
the devil
and all.

Drink to our
garrison.

I fear no foe,

for our
Maurice is
coming.

OUR: braines are asleepe, then fyll vs¹ a cupp
of capping sacke & clarett;
here is a health to King Charles! then drinke it all vp,
4 his cause will fare better for itt.
did not an ould arke saue noye² in a fflood?
why may not a new arke to vs be vs³ good?
wee dread not their forces, they are all made of wood,
8 then wheele & turne about againe.

Though all beyond trent be sold to the Scott,
to men of a new protestation
if Sandye come there, twill fall to their Lott
12 to haue a new signed possession;
but if once Lesly gett [them] in his power,
gods Leard! heele play the devill & all!
but let him take heed how hee comes there,
16 lest Sweetelipps ring him a peale in his eare.

Then tosse itt vp merrilye, fill to the brim!
wee haue a new health to remember;
heeres a health to our garrisons! drinke it to them,
20 theyle keepe vs all warme in December.
I care not a figg what enemy comes;
for wee doe account them but hop-of-my-thumbes;
for Morrise⁴ our prince is coming amaine
24 to rowte & make them run againe.

ffins.

¹ MS. vis or vus.—F.

² Old Ark—Noë.—P.

³ as.—F.

⁴ Maurice.—P.

Amongst the mirtles.¹

THE first collection of Carew's poems was made in 1640, the year after his death. But many of them had been set to music during his life; others no doubt had circulated in MS.

"He was a person," says Clarendon, "of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way), which for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior to any of that time: but his glory was that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with great remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire."

<p>AMongst the Mirtles as I walket, lone & my thoughts sights this ² inter-talket: "tell me," said I in deepe distresse, 4 "Where may I find [my sheperdesse.³]</p> <p>"Thou foole!" said lone, "knowes thou not this? in euerye thing <i>thats</i> good shee is. in yonder tulepe goe & seeke, 8 there thou may find her lipp, her cheekes;</p> <p>"In yonder enameled Pancye, there thou shalt haue her curyous eye; in bloome of peach & rosee ⁴ budd, 12 there waue the streamers of her blood;</p>	<p>Where can I find my shepherdess?</p> <p>[page 196]</p> <p>She's in all that's good, her hue in the tulip,</p> <p>her eye in the pansy,</p>
---	---

¹ A very elegant old song. Writ by Mr. Thomas Carew. See his poems, b? L. 1640.—P.
² thus.—P.; and sights marked for

omission by Percy.—F.

³ The MS. is cut away.—F.

⁴ rosee.—P.

her hand in
the lily,

the scent of
her bosom
on the hills.

I went to
pluck these
flowers,

but all
vanished.

So shall pass
my joy!

“ In ¹ brightest Lylyes *that* heere stand,
the ² emblemes of her whiter hands ;
in yonder rising hill, their smells ³
16 such sweet as in her bosome dwells.”

“ It is trew,” said I ; & therevpon
I went to plucke them one by one
to make of parts a vnyon ;
20 butt on a sudden all was gone.

With *that* I stopt, sayd, “ loue,⁴ these bee,
fond man, resemblance-is of thee ⁵ ;
& as these flowers, thy Ioyes shall dye
24 Euen in the twinkling of an eye,

“ And all thy hopes of her shall wither
Like these short sweetes soe knitt together.”

ffi[ns.]

¹ The.—P.

² are.—P.

³ there smells.—P.

⁴ stop'd. S^d Love &c.—P.

⁵ resemblances of thee.—P.

The worlde is changed.¹

SONGS of a very similar kind are common enough in the collections of Royalist poems: as, for instance, "The Humble Petition of the House of Commons" in *A Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament between the years 1639 and 1661, 1731.*

If Charles thou wilt but be so kind
To give us leave to take our mind,
Of all thy store;
When we thy Loyal Subjects, find
Th'ast nothing left to give behind
We'll ask no more.

and "Pym's Anarchy" in the same collection:

Ask me no more, why there appears
Daily such troops of Dragoons?
Since it is requisite, you know,
They rob *cum privilegio*.

Ask me no more, why from Blackwall
Great Tumults come into Whitehall?
Since it's allow'd, by free consent,
The Privilege of Parliament.

Ask me no more, for I grow dull,
Why Hotham kept the Town of Hull?
This answer I in brief do sing,
All things were thus when Pym was King.

THE: world is changed, & wee haue choyces,
not by most reason, but most voyces;
the Lyon is trampled by the Mouse,
4 the lower is the vpper house,
& thus from laus² orders come,
but now their orders laus² frome.

Not Reason,
but most
voices rule.

The lower
house is the
upper.

¹ A good old Cavilier song.—P.

² qu. Caus.—F.

They want
to enslave
their king,

and put him
under Pym.

Charles
would rather
not.

No petitions
are to be
presented
but their
own.

In all humilitie they craue
8 theire soueraigne to be their slaue,
beseeching him *that* hee wold bee
betrayd to them most Loyallye ;
for it were Meeknesse soe in him
12 to be a vice-Roy vntoy Pyim.¹

If *that* hee wold but once Lay downe
his scepter, maiestye, & crowne,
hee shalbe made in time to come
16 the greatest prince in christendome.
Charles, att this time hauing noe neede,
thankes them as much as if they did.

Petitions none must be presented
20 but what are by themselves inuented,
that once a month *thé* thinke it ffitting
to fast from soine ² because from sittinge ;
Such blessings to the Land are sent
24 by priuiledge of Parlaiment.

ffins.

¹ unto Pym.—P.

² ? MS. *sone*, with a dot over the first stroke of the *n*.—F.

The tribe off Banburpe.¹

THIS song, not before printed so far as we know, gives an insolent Cavalier account, put in the mouth of a Puritan, of the occupation of Banbury by a Royalist force. Banbury was visited more than once by such a force during the Civil War of 1642-6. The visit here referred to was paid in the very beginning of the disturbances, some seventeen days before the Royal Standard was set up at Nottingham. When the King and the Parliament each insisted on having the management of the militia, the former appointed the Earl of Northampton to "array" it in Warwickshire, the latter Lord Brook. In July the Parliament granted its deputy six pieces of ordnance to strengthen his castle, at Warwick. These were conveyed as far as Banbury by the 29th. The attempt to convey them on to Warwick was barred by Lord Northampton. The two lords at last agreed that they should be carried back to Banbury, and that neither party should remove them without giving the other three days' notice. On the 6th and 7th of August great alarm began to prevail in the town, that the enemy was meditating an assault, and a seizure of the said ordnance. On Sunday night, the 7th, the enemy was discovered by a scout, coming down Hardwick lane in great force. But "the night growing extreme dark, they forbore all that night." Then next morning a parley was held, when the Cavaliers by turns cajoled and threatened the fearful citizens. At last :—

The town being in a sad case, not knowing how they would deal with them, exposed themselves and town on Munday morning [the 8th], and in a while after they came in with about 5 or 600 horses,

¹ An old Cavilier Song on the Taking of Banbury by Colonel Lumford.—P.

but 300 good ones, and the rest sorry jades, anything [they] could get from the poor countrey men, some at work; and as beggarly riders set on them, though for the present they flourished with money, yet their cloths bewrayed them to be neither gentlemen nor Cavaliers. And having fil'd the town with horses the chief of them came to the Red Lion Inne, and desired to speak with Colonell Feines and Captaine Vivers, who were in the Castle, to whom reply was made, they should, if they would send two as considerable men in lieu, which they did; then they produced the Commission of Array, and required them to deliver the Ordnance, otherwise they would take them by force, and fire the town. And having obtained that they came for, the ordnance and ammunition thereunto belonging, they clear'd the town againe, and were all departed before night, who carried them to the E. of Northampton's house [Compton Wyngate], and it was thought they intended to goe to Warwicke castle the next day, but the Lord Brooke had noe notice from the Earle of three dayes warning, as was agreed between them; There was also Colonell Lunsford, and divers Lords too long to name; There was the Lord Wilmot, who kept backe the town of Atherbury from coming in to aide Banbury, and threatned he would hang up the men and send the souldiers to their wives and children; There was also the Lord Dunsmore.—“Proceedings at Banbvry since the Ordnance went down for the Lord Brooke to fortifie Warwick Castle,” 4to, 1642. Among the King's Pamphlets in the Brit. Mus. *apud* Beesley's “*History of Banbury*,” p. 302.

On July 7

ON : the 7th day on the 7 month,
most Lamentablie

the Cavi-
liers took
Banbury.

the men of Babylon did spoyle
4 the tribe of Banburye.

We had news
of Lunsford's
coming,

A brother post from couentry
ryding in a blew rockett,¹
sayes, “Colbronde Lunsford comes, I saw,
8 with a child's arme hang in his pockett.”

¹ A.-S. *roc*, clothing, an outer garment, a coat, jacket, vest: Bosworth, Germ. *rock*, a coat. Chaucer describes dame Fraunchise in a *rocket*, see Fairholt's Glossary:

Fulle wel [y-] clothed was Fraunchise,
For ther is no cloth sittith bet
On damyselle, than doth *rocket*.
A womman wel more fetys is

Then wee called up our men of warr,
 younge Viuers, Cooke & Denys,¹
 whome our Lord Sea² placed vnder
 12 his Sonne Master ffyenys.³

and called
 out our men
 of war,

When hee came neere, he sent vs word
 that hee was coming downe,
 & wold, vnles wee lett him in,
 16 Granado⁴ all our towne.

but Lunsford
 said he'd

grenado our
 town,

Then was our Colbronde—fines,⁵—& me,
 in a most woefull case ;
 for neither he nor I did know
 20 who this granado was.

wee had 8 gunnes called ordinance,⁶
 & foure score Musquetiers,⁷
 yett all this wold not serue to stop
 24 those Philistime cauileeres.

and our guns
 and men

[page 197] couldn't stop
 him.

Good people, thé did send in men
 from Dorchester & Wickam ;
 but wher this Gyant did them see,
 28 good Lord, how he did kick han⁸ !

In *rocket* than in cote, ywis.

The whyte *rocket* rydled faire, &c.

Romaunt of the Rose, l. 1238-43, Poet.
 Works, ed. Morris, vi. 38.

"Rocket, a surplys:" Palsgrave.

"Skeltcn describes Elinor Rumming
 the Alewife in a gray russet *rocket*."

Rocket, a cloak without a cope: Randle
 Holme;" in Fairholt.

Rocket, a frocke; loose gaberdine, or
 gowne of canuas or course linnen, worne
 by a labourer over the rest of his clothes;
 also, a Prelates Rocket: Cotgrave. See
 the woodcut in Fairholt, p. 220.—F.

¹ There is a dot over the stroke follow-

ing the *e* in the MS.—F.

² Say.—P.

³ Fiennes.—P.

⁴ Fr. *Grenade*. A Pomegranet; also,
 a ball of wild-fire, made like a Pome-
 granet: Cotgrave. An iron case filled
 with powder and bits of iron, like the
 seeds in a pomegranate: Wedgwood.
 —F.

⁵ Fiennes.—P.

⁶ Ordinance, all sorts of Artillery, or
 great Guns us'd in War. Phillips.—F.

⁷ Musquetiers.—P. The last *e* is made
 over a *y* in the MS.—F.

⁸ kick 'em.—P.

He swore
and threat-
ened us so

"You round heads, rebells, rougs,¹" quoth hee,
"He crop & slitt eche eare,
& leane you neither arme nor lege
32 much longer then your heere²!"

that we
opened our
gates,

Then wee sett ope our gates³ full wyde;
they swarmed in like bees,
& they were all arraydd in buffe
36 thicker then our towne cheese.⁴

and his
blood-
thirsty men

Now god deliuer vs, we pray,
from such blood-thirstye men,
forom⁵ Lenyathan Lunsford
40 who eateth our children!

hung us and
plundered
us.

ffor Banburye, the tinkers crye,
you hanged vs vp by twelues;
now since Lunsford hath plundred you,
44 you may goe hang your selues.

ffins.

¹ rogues.—P.

² haire. N.B. The Roundheads were
so called from wearing their hair cropt
short.—P.

³ gater in the MS.—F.

⁴ Banbury Cheese.—P.

⁵ this.—P.

[*"Doe you meane to overthrowe me," and "A Maid & a Younge Man,"*
printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 49–52, follow here in
the MS.]

Ap : me : Ap me :

THE Editors have not found any printed copy of this song. Mr. Chappell informs them that there is a tune in the *Dancing Master* of 1657 entitled "Ay me, or the Symphony," but it requires words of a different metre to that of this song.

"A fling at the Scots, probably writ in James I. time" is Percy's MS. note; or, as Mr. Halliwell says of *Joky will prove a gentillman*,¹ a "satire . . doubtlessly levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who wisely emigrated to England in the time of James I., in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign." Poor Sisly, the chief speaker in the piece, laments the dropping off of her suitors. She once had twelve, and now she has but one. The first was handsome; the ten following were all well-to-do in the world in one way or another; the one that yet remains has no merit of either sort. The others were Welsh, Dutch, French, or Spanish; this one is a sorry Scotchman. A doleful state of things; but the best must be made of it. At any rate, as this last lingering wooer is a beggar, he can never be declared bankrupt. But indeed begging is the way to wealth now-a-days—begging for appointments, &c. In *Joky will prove* such begging is introduced as the cause of the marvellous change of the hero's cowhide shoes into Spanish-leather ones decked with roses, of his twelvepenny stockings into "silken blewe," of his list garters into silk tasselled with gold and silver, &c.

¹ Reprinted from *The Archæologist in Satirical Songs* (Percy Society), p. 127.

Thy hose and thy dublett, which were full plaine,
 Whereof great store of lice [did] containe,
 Is turned nowe. Well fare thy braine
That can by begginge this maintayne!
 By my fay, and by Saint Ann,
 Joky will prove a gentilman!

Moved by this disinterested consideration—that begging is the winning game—Sisly resolves to give the constant Scot the right to beg for her as well as himself.

Oh dear!
 I had twelve
 suitors,

and all are
 gone but
 one,
 the worst of
 all,

a regular
 weed.

The rest
 were good,

this one's
 naught,

“AY: me, ay me, pore sisley, & vndone¹!
 I had 12 sutors, now I have but one!
 they all were wealthy; had I beene but wise;
 4 now haue all left me since I haue beene soe nice,²
 but only one, and him all Maidens scorne,
 for hees the worst I thinke *that* ere was borne.”
 “peace good sisley! peace & say noe more!
 8 bad mends in time; good salue heales many a sore.”
 “ffaith such a one as I cold none but loue,³
 for⁴ few or none of them doe constant proue;
 a man in shape, proportion, looke, and showe,
 12 much like a Mushroome in one night doth grow;
 proud as a Iay *thats* of a comely hew,
 cladd like a Musele in a capp of blew.⁵”
 “peace, good sisley! peace, & say noe more!
 16 be Merry, wench, & lett the welkin rore!”
 “The first I had was framed in bewtyes mold,
 the second: 3^d and 4th had store of gold,
 the 5. 6. 7. 8th had trades eche one,
 20 the best had goods & lands to liue vpon;
 Now may I weepe, sigh, sobb, & ring my hands,
 since this hath neither witt, trade, goods, nor Land[s.]”

¹ I'm vndone.—P.

² Particular; not Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, vnexperienced gull. *Nice*, dull, simple: Cotgrave.—F.

³ As none but I *could* love.—P.

⁴ But.—P.

⁵ The Scotch cap. See *Blew-cap for me* in *Sat. Songs*, p. 130, &c.—F.

“ peace, good sisley ; peace & take *that* one
24 *that* stayes behind when all the rest are gone ! ”

“ He [is,] as ¹ turkes doe say, noe renegatoe,²
noe Portugall, Gallowne, or reformato ³ ;
but in playne termes some say he is a scott,
28 *that* by his witts some old cast suite hath gott,
& now is as ⁴ briske ⁵ as my ⁶ Bristow Taylor,
& swaggers like a pander or a saylor.⁷ ”

a Scot,
in a cast-off
suite.

“ kisse him, sisley, kisse him, he may proue the best,
32 & vse him kindly, but witt bee all the rest. ”

“ One was a welchman, her wold ⁸ scorne to crye ;
& 3 were Dutchmen *that* sill ⁹ drunke wold bee ;
& 6 were frenchemen *that* were pockye proude ;
36 & one a spanyard *that* cold bragg alowd.
Now all are gone, & way ¹⁰ not me a figge,
but one poore Scott who can doe nought but begg. ”
“ take him, sisley ! take him, for itt is noe doubt,
40 his trades *that* beggs, heele neuer prooffe ¹¹ banquerout. ”

My other
sultors were
Welch,
Dutch, &c.

This one is a
poor begging
Scot.

“ Nay, sure, Ile haue him, for all people say
that men by begging grow rich now a day,
& *that* oftentimes is gotten with a word
44 att great mens hands *that* neuer was woone by sword.
then welcome Scotchman, wee will weded bee,
& one day thou shalt begg for thee and mee. ”
“ well sayd, sisley ! well said ! on another day,
48 by begging thou maist weare a garland gay ! ”

But I'll take
him ;
begging's a
good trade
now ;

and he'll beg
for us both.

¹ He is, as, &c.—P.
² renegado.—P.
³ reformado.—P. Sp. *reformado*, reformed. Minsheu. *Reformado*, or *Reformed Officer*, an Officer whose Company or Troop is disbanded, and yet be continu'd in whole or half Pay; still being in the way of Preferment, and keeping his Right of Seniority: Also a Gentleman who serves as a Volunteer in a Man of War, in Order to learn Experience, and

succeed the Principal Officers. Phillips.—F.

⁴ It may be *al* in the MS.—F.

⁵ And now's as brisk.—P.

⁶ any.—P.

⁷ ? MS. Jaylor.—F.

⁸ hur wold, &c.—P.

⁹ still.—P.

¹⁰ weigh.—P.

¹¹ The Man that begs will ne'er prove.—P.

faine : wolde : I change :

[page 199]

THIS is the song of one who entertains a supreme horror of living and dying an old maid. She has been told by old wives, no doubt well informed on the subject, that those who do so are employed subsequently in "leading apes in hell;"¹ after which singular occupation she feels no great hankering. "To the church," then, is the word. Ding-dong away, Marriage bells.

I want to
change my
maiden life,

4 "FAINE wold I change my maiden liffe
to tast of lounes true Ioyes."
"What? liffe! woldest² thou chuse to bee a wiffe?
4 maids wishes are but toyes."
"how can there bee a greater hell then lue a maid
soe long,³
a mayd soe long?
to the church ring out the Marriage bells,
8 ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!"

"Beffore *that* 15 yeeres were spent,
I knew, & haue a sonne."
for I'm
nearly six-
teen, 12 "how old art thou?" "sixteene next Lent."
"alas, wee are both vndone!"
how can there bee &c.

¹ Mr. Dyce says: "The only instances of the expression *leading apes in* (or *into*) *hell*, which at present occur to me, are these:—

"— and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and *lead his apes into hell*."—Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1.

"— but keeping my maidenhead till it was stale, I am condemned to *lead apes in hell*."—Shirley's *Love-Tricks*, act iii.

sc. 5; *Works*, vol. i. p. 53, ed. Gifford and Dyce.

"This phrase, which is still in common use, never has been (and *never will be*) satisfactorily explained. Steevens suggests, 'That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution.'"—F.

² why would'st.—P.

³ ? MS.—F. so long.—P.

“Besides, I heard an old wiffe tell
that all true maids must dye.”
 16 “what must they doe? ” “lead apes in hell!
 a dolefull destinye.”

and true
 maids die
 and lead apes
 in hell.

“& wee will lead noe apes in hell;
 · ¹ weele change our maiden song, our maiden song;
 20 to the church ring out the Marriage bells,
 wee haue liued true mayds to ² longe.”

I won't do
 that,

but will off
 to church.

ffins.

¹ “Weele change” is in the 18th line in the MS.—F.

² too.—P.

When first I sawe.

THIS song occurs, as Mr. Chappell remarks, in the *Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, 3rd edition, 1620. Mr. Chappell adds a fourth stanza from later copies, “such as *Wit's Interpreter*, third edition, 8vo. 1671 :”

If I have wronged you, tell me wheroin,
And I will soon amend it ;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart, I'll send it.
If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not ;
Then, O then, torment me still,
And take my life and spare not.

He gives the tune to which the song was sung, composed by Thomas Ford (one of the musicians in the suite of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I.), who published it in his *Musick of Sundrie Kindes*, in 1607.

I loved you
at first sight,

and you bade
me love ;

WHEN first I saw her face, I resolved ¹
to honor & renowne thee ;
but if I be disdayned, I wishe
4 that I had neuer knowne thee.
I asked leaue ; you bade me loue ;
is itt now time to chyde mee ?
O : no : no : no ! I loue you still, what fortune euer
betyde mee !
8 If I admire or praise you too much,
that fortune [you] might ² forgiue mee ;
or that my hand hath straid but to touch,³
thenn might you iustly leaue mee,

¹ thee I resolv'd.—P. ² that fault you might.—P. ³ MS. teach.—F. to touch.—P.

12 but I that liked, & you *that* loued,
is now a time to wrangle?

O no: no: no, my hart is ffixt, & will not new
entangle.

will you
now quarrel
with me?

The sun, whose beames most glorious are,
16 rejecteth ¹ noe beholder;
your faire face, past all compare,
makes my faint hart the bolder.

Your beauty

when bewtye likes, & witt delights,
20 & showes of Loue doe bind mee;
there, there! O there! whersoener I goe,
He leaue my hart behind mee!

has stolen
my heart.

ffins.

¹ MS. & reacheth.—F.

[“*A Creature for Feature,*” and “*Lye alone,*” printed in
Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 53–56, follow here in the MS.]

How fayre shee be.¹

THIS well-known song by George Wither (1590–1667) appeared in 1619, appended to his *Fidelia*, and again in *Juvenilia*, in 1633, in “Fair Virtue the Mistress of Philarete.” It was reprinted again and again, sometimes with another stanza. The version here given is slightly corrupt. “A copy of this song,” says Mr. Chappell, “is in the Pepys collection, i. 230, entitled A new song of a young man’s opinion of the difference between good and bad women. To a pleasant new tune. It is also in the second part of the Golden Garland of Princely Delights, third edition 1620, entitled The Shepherd’s Resolution. To the tune of The Young Man’s Opinion.”

Shall I kill
myself

because my
love doesn’t
care for me?

Not I.

SHALL: I, wasting in dispayre,
dye because a womans fayre?
or make pale my cheekes with care?²
4 because anothers rose-ye³ are?
Be shee fairer then the day
or the flowry Meads in may,
if shee thinke not well of mee,
8 What care I how fayre shee bee?

Shall my foolish hart be pind
because I see a woman kind,
or a well disposed nature
12 with⁴ a comlye feature?

¹ An elegant old Song by Withers. This song is in *the Tea Table Miscellany* of Allan Ramsay, 1753, page 304. But the Printed Copy wants the 2^d stanza:—it containing only three. It is also in Dryden’s *Misc.* V. 6. p. 335, with the

omission of St. 2^d—P.

² shall my Cheeks look pale with care (printed Copy).—P.

³ rosie are.—P.

⁴ matched or joined.—P.

Be shee Meeker, kinder, then
 the turtledoue or Pelican,
 if shee be not soe to me,
 16 what care I how kind shee bee ?

If she's not
 kind to me,
 let her go.

Shall a womans vertues ¹ moue
 me to perish for her loue,
 or her worthy merritts knowne
 20 make me quite forgett mine owne ?
 were shee with *that* goodness blest,
 as may meritt name of best,
 if shee be not soe to me,
 24 what care I how good shee bee ?

Shall I
 perish for
 her love ?

Not I.

²Be shee good or kind or fayre,
 I will neuer more disp[air ;]
 if shee loue me, this beleene,
 28 I will dye ere shee shall g[reine ;]
 if shee slight me when I woe,
 I will scorne & lett her goe.
 or if shee be not ³ for mee,
 32 what care I ⁴ for whom shee bee ?

If she slight
 me,
 let her go.

What care I ?

¹ goodness (printed Copy).—P.

² The following four lines are written
 in two in the MS.—F.

³ Percy inserts *fit*.—F.

⁴ A *whom* struck out follows *I* in the
 MS.—F.

[“*Downe sate the Shepard,*” and “*Men that more,*” printed in
 Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 57–60, follow here in the MS.]

Come : Come : Come :¹

[page 202]

THIS is, says Percy in his marginal note in the Folio, "A curious old drinking song, supposed to be sung by an old gouty Bacchanal." Not content with fellow mortal toppers, the old roisterer calls on all the Gods to join him in his carouse. Not his the Lotus-eater's conception of the Deities. He does not think that "careless of mankind they lie beside their nectar . . where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands," smile at the music centred in the doleful song of lamentation, the ancient tale of wrong, from the "ill-used race of men that cleave the soil." He sees them madding their brains for "a little care of the world's affair," "utterly consumed with sharp distress" at the world's misery; and he calls on them to be such fools no longer—to "let mortals do as well as they may"—while they, the Gods, take up their wine and drink with him. Mars, Momus, Mercury, Apollo, Vulcan, the great Jove himself, dread Juno, and Venus, Goddess of Love—none are excused—all must join; the grape is sweet, and wine for them as well as men: let all quaff, and sing fa la la!—F.

Let's be jolly!

COME: Come, come! shall wee Masque or mum?
by my holly day,² what a coyle is heere!

some must³ sway, & some obay I,

4 or else, I pray, who stands in feare?

Though
we have
the gout,

though⁴ my toe, *that* I limpe on soe,⁵

doe cause my woe & wellaway,

wine'll make
us sing.

yett this sweet spring & another thing

8 will make you sing fa.la.la.la.la.

¹ A curious old drinking song, supposed to be sung by an old gouty Bacchanal.—P.

² Dame.—P.

³ *mist* in the MS.—F.

⁴ what tho'.—P.

⁵ sc. with the Gout.—P.

ffellow gods, will you fall att odds ?

what a fury madds *your* morttall¹ braines !
for a litle care of the worlds affare,

Don't bothe r
about
business.

12 will you fret, will you square,² will you vex, will
you vai[r ?]³

No, gods ! no ! let fury go,⁴

& Morttalls doe as well as they may !
for this sweet &c.

16 God of Moes,⁵ with thy toting Nose,
with thy mouth *that* growes to thy Lolling eare,
stretch thy mouth from North to south,
& quench thy drought⁶ in vinigar !

Momus,

drink
vinegar !

20 though thy toung be too Large & too Longe
to sing this song of fa la la la la,
Ioyne Momus grace to vulcans pace,
& with a filthy face crye "waw waw waw !"

Sing with us
somehow !

24 Brother Mine, thou⁷ art god of wine !
will you tast of the wine⁸ to the companye ?
King of quaffe, carrouse & doffe
your Liquor of, and follow mee !

Bacchus,

join me in a
bowl !

28 ⁹ Sweete soyle of Exus Ile,
wherin this coyse¹⁰ was euery day,
for this sweet &c.

Mercurye, thou Olimpian spye !

Mercury,

32 wilt thou wash thine eye in this fontaine cleere ?
when¹¹ you goe to the world below,
you shall light of noe such Liquor there,

drink !

¹ immortal, qu.—P.

² i. e. quarrel.—P.

³ will you vex *your* vaines.—P. *Vair*
for *veer*, turn. It should rhyme with
square.—Chappell.

⁴ ? MS. *gott*, with *t t* blotched out.—F.

⁵ Mows, i. e. Mockery. Sc. Momus.—P.

⁶ drowth.—P.

⁷ that.—P.

⁸ vine.—P.

⁹ To the.—P.

¹⁰ ? MS. *coyle*.—F. ? *coyse*, body.—
Halliwell.

¹¹ whene'er.—P.

- though¹ you were a winged stare
 36 & flyeth² farr as shineth day ;
 Wine'll wing your heart. yett heeres a thing your hart will wing,
 & make you sing &c.
- Mars,
 40 You *that* are the god of warr,
 a cruell starr peruerse & froward,
 Mars ! prepare thy warlicke speare,
 & targett ! heers a combatt towards !
 3 then fox⁴ me, & Ile fox thee ;
 stop strife, and drink. 44 then lets agree, & end this fray,
 since this sweet &c.
- Venus,
 Venus queene, for bewtye seene,
 in youth soe greene, & loued soe young,
 48 thou *that* art mine owne sweet hart,
 you drink too! shalt haue a part in Cuppe [&] songe⁵ ;
 though my foot be wrong, my swords full long
 & hart full strong; cast care away,
 52 Since this sweet &c.
- Apollo,
 Great Appollo, crowned with yellow,⁶
 Cynthius, fellow⁷-muses deere !
 here's wine for you !
 It will refine your music. 56 heere is wine, itt must be thine,
 itt will refine thy Musicke cleere ;
 to the wire of this sweet lire
 you must aspire another day,
 for this sweet &c.
- Juno, 60 Iuno clere, & mother dere,
 you come in the rere of a bowsing feast ;

¹ Altho', or even tho', or perhaps
 What tho' you are a winged star
 And fly as far.—P.

² and flew as, as, That flyeth.—P.

³ Do thou fox me.—P.

⁴ a toping Word.—P. *Fox*, to make
 tipsy. A cant term. See Hobson's Jests,

1607, repr. p. 33. Halliwell.—F.

⁵ Cup & song.—P.

⁶ Cloath'd in yellow.—P.

⁷ Cease to follow, *or* Quit thy fellow,
or With thy fellow.—P. Apollo was
 surnamed *Cynthius*, and Diana *Cynthia*,
 as they were born on Mount Cynthus,
 which was sacred to them. Lempriere.—F.

thus I meet, your grace to greet ;
the grape is sweet & the last is best.

64 now let fall your angry brawlee ¹
from immortall & wayghtye sway ;
tis a gracious thing to please your King,
& heare you sing &c.

**leave your
anger,**

**drink and
sing!**

68 Awfull sire, & king of fire !
 let wine aspire to thy mighty throne,
 & in this quire of voices clere

Jove,

**drink,
and join our
song!**

Come thou, & beare an imorttall drame²; [page 208]

72 for fury ends, & grace d[e]sends
with Stygian feinds to dwell for aye.
lett Nectar spring & thunder ring
when Ioue³ doth sing &c. &c.

76 Vulcan, Momus, hermes, Bacchus,
Mars & Venus, 2 and tooe,
Phebus brightest, Iuno rightest,
& the mightiest of the crew,

**Vulcan and
all you gods,**

80 Ioue, and all the heauens great⁴ hall,
keepe festiuall & holy-day !
since this sweete spring with her blacke thing
will make you sing fa la la la.

rejoice
and drink
wine.

ffins.

¹ brawle.—P.

² drone, i. e. bass.—P.

³ Jove.—P. MS. Iohue, with perhaps the *h* marked out.—F.

⁴ *full* here, struck out.—F.

The Grene Knight.¹

[In 2 Parts.—P.]

THIS is a late, popular version of the old romance of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," preserved amongst the Cottonian MSS. (Nero A. X. fol. 91) edited by Sir Frederick Madden for the Bannatyne Club in 1839 and by Richard Morris Esq. for the Early English Text Society in 1864.² The old romance, written, according to Mr. Morris, about 1320 A.D., by the author of the Early English Alliterative Poems also printed by the E. E. Text Society, is lengthy, is written in alliterative metre, and is as difficult as the old alliterative poems usually are. To dissipate this besetting obscurity, to relieve this apparent tediousness, the present translation and abridgement was made. The form is changed; the language is modernised. In a word, the old romance was adapted to the taste and understanding of the translator's time. Moreover, it was made to explain a custom of that time—a custom followed by an Order that was instituted, according to Selden and Camden, some three-quarters of a century (A.D. 1399) after the time when, according to Mr. Morris, the poem first appeared. It explains why

Knights of the bathe weare the lace
Untill they have wonen their shoen,
Or else a ladye of hye estate
From about his necke shall it take
For the doughtye deeds hee hath done.

On this point SOMERSET HERALD has kindly furnished us with the following note :

¹ A curious adventure of Sir Gawaine, explaining a custome used by the Knights of the Bath.—P.

N.B. See a Fragment p. 29 [of MS.; vol. i. p. 70, l. 213 of text] wherein is mention of a Green Knight & decapita-

tion p. 29–31 [of MS.; pp. 70–3 of text]. —P.

² In his edition of *Syr Gawayne*, Sir F. Madden printed the present poem as No. III. in his Appendix, p. 224–242.

College of Arms, June 8.

It appears to have been the custom of Knights of the Bath, from at least as early as the reign of Henry IV., to wear a lace or shoulder knot of white silk on the left shoulder of their mantles or gowns, ("theis xxxii nw kniztes preceding immediately before the king in theire gownis,¹ and hoodis, and tookins of whizte silke upon theire shouldeirs as is accustumid att the Bath:" MS. *temp.* Edw. IV., fragment published by Hearne at the end of Sprott's Chronicle, p. 88). This lace was to be worn till it should be taken off by the hand of the prince or of some noble lady, upon the knight's having performed "some brave and considerable action," vide Anstis's History of the Order. What this custom originated in does not appear, and the writer of the poem has only exercised the allowed privilege of his craft, in attributing the derivation to the adventure of Sir Gawaine and "the Lady gay" in this legend of "The Green Knight."

In the Statutes of the Order, 11th of George I. 1725, it is commanded that they shall wear on the left shoulder of their mantle "the lace of white silk antiently worn by the said knights," but there is no mention of its being taken off at any time for any reason.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

The recast belongs then to an age which was beginning to study itself, and to enquire into the origin of practices which it found itself observing. It is an infant antiquarian effort. But the poem has lost much of its vigour in the translation. It is in its present shape but a shadow of itself. Moreover, the following copy appears much mutilated. Several half-stanzas have dropped out altogether, probably through the sheer carelessness of the scribe.

The two leading persons of the romance are the well-known Sir Gawain, of King Arthur's court, and Sir Bredbeddle of the West country—the same knight who appears in *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, vol. i. p. 67. The main interest rests upon Sir Gawain. His "points three"—his boldness, his courtesy, his hardiness—are all proved. He is eager for adventures; he unshrinkingly pursues them to the end; he bears extreme hardships patiently; his courtesy is shown in his nobly

¹ Froissart says, "un double cordeau de soye blanche a blanches louppettes pendans."

resisting the overtures made him by his host's wife, whom Agostes has brought to his bedside.

The ladye kissed him times three,
 Saith, "Without I have the love of thee,
 My life standeth in dere."
 Sir Gawaine blushed on the Lady bright,
 Saith, "Your husband is a gentle Knight,
 By Him that bought mee deare!
 To me itt were great shame,
 If I shold doe him any grame,
 That hath beene kind to mee."

All these provings are given much more fully in the original romance. But enough is given here to uphold the fame of the chivalrous knight. See the *Turk and Gowin*.

When
 Arthur
 lived, he
 ruled all
 Britain,

LIST! wen¹ Arthur he was King,
 he had all att his leadinge
 the broad Ile of Brittain;

4 England & Scotland one was,
 & wales stood in the same case,
 the truth itt is not to layne.²

and lived, for
 a time, in
 peace.

8 he drive allyance³ out of this Ile,
 see Arthur liued in peace a while,
 as men⁴ of Mickle maine,
 knights strong of⁵ their degree
 [strove] which of them hiest shold bee;
 12 therof Arthur was not faine;

he made the
 Round
 Table,

that all

hee made the round table for their behoue,
 that none of them shold sitt aboue,
 but all shold sitt as one,⁶

¹ when.—P.

² without layne, i.e. without lying.—
 or without altering the line (only dele it
 is) it is "Not to conceal the truth."—P.
 Old Norse *leyna*, to hide.—F.

³ drave aliens.—P.

⁴ man.—P.

⁵ Knth strove of (about) &c.—P.

⁶ at one.—P. Compare *Arthur*, E. E.
 Text Soc., p. 2, l. 43–53:

At Cayrlyone, wythoute fable,
 he let make þe Rounde table:

16 the *King* himselfe in state royall,
 Dame Gueneuer our queene withall,
 seemlye of body and bone.

might be
 equal.

itt fell againe the christmase,
 20 many came to *that* Lords place,
 to *that* worthy one
 with helme on ¹ head, & brand bright,
 all *that* tooke order of *knight*;
 24 none wold linger att home.

One Christ-
 mas many
 knights
 came to
 Arthur's
 court.

there was noe castle nor manour free
that might harbour *that* companye,
 their puissance was soe great.
 28 their tents vp th^e pight ²
 for to lodge there all *that* night,
 therto were sett to meate.

No house
 could hold
 all of them,

so they
 pitched their
 tents,

Messengers there came [&] went ³
 32 with much victualls verament
 both by way & streete;
 wine & wild fowle thither was brought,
 within they spared nought
 36 for gold, & they might itt gett.

and food
 was served
 to them.

Now of *King* Arthur noe more I mell ⁴;
 but of a venterous *knight* I will you tell ⁵
 that dwelled in the west countrie ⁶;
 40 Sir Bredbeddle, for sooth he hett ⁷;
 he was a man of Mickele might,
 & Lord of great bewtye.

But I shall
 leave
 Arthur,
 and tell you
 about
 Sir Bred-
 beddle.

And why þat he maked hyt þus,
 þis was þe reson y-wyss,
 þat no man schulde sytt aboue oþer,
 ne haue indignacioun of hys broþer;
 And alle hadde .oo. seruyse,
 For no pryde scholde aryse
 For any degree of syttyng
 Oþer for any seruyng.—F.

¹ MS. &.—F.
² pitched, or put.—P.
³ and went.—P.
⁴ mell, meddle, fr. mêler. Urry.—P.
⁵ I tell.—P.
⁶ See line 515.—F.
⁷ hight, was called.—P. The earlier
 romance makes the knight's name "Bern-

- he had a lady to his ¹ wiffe,
 He loved his 44 he loued her deerlye as his liffe,
 wife dearly, shee was both blyth and blee ² ;
 but she loved Sir Gawaine. because Sir Gawaine was stiffe in stowre,
 shee loued him priuilye paramour,³
 48 & ⁴ shee neuer him see.
- Her mother Agostes dealt in witchcraft,
 itt was Agostes *that* was her mother ;
 itt was witchcraft & noe other
that shee dealt with all ;
- could trans- 52 shee cold transpose *knights* & swaine
 form men, like as in battaile they were slaine,
 wounded ⁵ both Lim & lightt,⁶
 and told Bredbeddle shee taught her sonne the *knight* alsoe
 to go, trans- 56 in transposed likenesse he shold goe ⁷
 formed, both by fell and frythe ;
- to Arthur's court to see adventures.
 shee said, " thou shalt to Arthurs hall ;
 for there great aduentures shall befall
 60 That euer saw *King* or *Knight*." [page 204]
 all was for her daughters sake,
 that which she ⁸ soe sadlye spake
 to her sonne-in-law the *Knight*,
 This was in order to get
 Gawaine 64 because Sir Gawaine was bold and hardye,

lak de Hautdesert" (p. 78, l. 2445); it does not make his wife fall in love with Gawain, but Bernlak sends her to tempt him (p. 75, l. 2362). Gawain comes out of the temptation as one of the most faultless men that ever walked on foot, and as much above other knights as a pearl is above white pese (l. 2364). The enchantress is *Morgne la Faye*, Arthur's half-sister and Gawaine's aunt; and she sends Bernlak to Arthur's court in the hope that his talking with his head in hand would bereave all Arthur's knights of their wits, and grieve Guinevere, and make her die (p. 78, l. 2460). The description of *Morgne la Faye* (p. 30-1) is

very good, with her rough yellow wrinkled cheeks, her covered neck, her black chin muffled up with white vails, her forehead enfolded in silk, showing only her black brows, eyes, nose, and lips "sowe to se and sellyly blered."—F.

¹ MS. wis.—F.

² so bright of blee, *blee* is colour, complexion, bleo S. Color. Urry.—P.

³ I w^d read par amour.—P.

⁴ and yet.—P.

⁵ and wound.—P.

⁶ lythe, a joint, a limb, a nerve, Sax. lix, artus. Urry.—P.

⁷ to go.—P.

⁸ MS. *that* theye which.—F.

- & therto full of curtesye,¹
to bring him into her sight.
- brought to
her daugh-
ter.
- the knight said "soe mote I thee,
68 to Arthurs court will I mee hye
for to praise thee right,
& to prone Gawaines points 3;
& *that* be true *that* men tell me,
72 by Mary Most of Might."
- Bredbeddle
agrees to go,
- and prove
whether
Gawaine is
so good.
- earlye, soone as itt was day,
the *Knight* dressed him full gay,
vmstrode² a full good steede;
76 helme and hawberke both he hent,
a long fauchion verament
to fend them in his neede.
- Bredbeddle
starts next
day
on horse-
back.
- that*³ was a lolly sight to seene,
80 when horsse and armour was all greene,
& weapon *that* hee bare.
when *that* burne was harnisht still,
his countenance he became right well,
84 I dare itt safelye sweare.
- He was a
goodly sight,
in his green
armour, and
on his green
horse.
- that* time att Carleile lay our *King*;
att a Castle of flatting was his dwelling,
in the fforrest of delamore.⁴
88 for sooth he⁵ rode, the sooth to say,
to Carleile⁶ he came on Christmas day,
into *that* fayre cuntrye.⁷
- Arthur is at
Carleile,
at Castle
Flatting,
in Delamere
Forest.
- Bredbeddle
arrives on
Christmas
day.

¹ "bat fyne fader of nurture" the old romance calls him, p. 29, l. 919.—F.

² and strode, i.e. bestrode.—P. *um* = round. See the elaborate description of the knight, his armour and horse, in the old romance, p. 5-6, l. 151-202.—F.

³ Yt, i.e. *it*.—P.

⁴ Delamere.—P. In Cheshire.—H.

⁵ for soe hee.—P.

⁶ Camylot, in the old romance.—F.

⁷ cuntrye faire.—P.

- The porter
asks
him where
he's going to.
- 92 when he into *that* place came,¹
the porter thought him a Maruelous groome :
he saith, " Sir, wither wold yee ? "
hee said, " I am a venterous *Knight*,
& of your *King* wold haue sight,
96 & other Lords *that* heere bee."
- The porter
tells Arthur
- 100 noe word to him the porter spake,
but left him standing att the gate,
& went forth, as I weene,
& kneeled downe before the *King* ;
saith, " in lifes dayes old or younge,
such a sight I haue not seene !
- of the Green
Knight's
arrival,
- " for yonder att your gates right ; "
104 he saith, " hee is ² a venterous *Knight* ;
all his vesture is greene."
then spake the *King* proudest in all,³
saith, " bring him into the hall ;
108 let vs see what hee doth meane."
- Bredbeddle
comes,
- wishes
Arthur God
speed,
- 112 when the greene *Knight* came before the *King*,
he stood in his stirrops streching,
& spoke with voice cleere,
& saith, " *King* Arthur, god saue thee
as thou sittest in thy prosperitye,
& Maintaine thine honor ⁴ !
- and says he
has come
- 116 " why ⁵ thou wold me nothing but right ;
I am come hither a venterous [*Knight*,⁶]
& kayred ⁷ thorow cuntrye farr,⁸
to proue poynts in thy pallace
that longeth to manhood in euerye case
120 among thy Lords deere."
- to challenge
his lords to
a trial of
manhood.

¹ come or was come.—P.² there is.—P.³ first or foremost of all.—P.⁴ honnere.—P.⁵ for why, because.—F.⁶ Knight.—P.⁷ have gone ; A.-S. *cérran*, *cirran*, to turn, pass over or by.—F.⁸ farre, or perhaps faire.—P.

- the King, he sayd ¹ full still ²
 till he had said all his will ;
 certein thus can ³ he say :
- 124 “ as I am true knight and King,
 thou shalt haue thy askinge !
 I will not say thy nay, ⁴
- “ whether thou wilt ⁵ on foote fighting, •
 128 or on steed backe ⁶ iusting
 for loue of Ladyes gay.
 If & thine armor be not fine,
 I will giue thee *part* of mine.”
- 132 “ god amercy, Lord ! ” can he say,
- “ here I make a challenging
 among the Lords both old and younge
that worthy beene in weede,
 136 *which* of them will take in hand ⁷—
 hee *that* is both stiffe and stronge
 and full good att need—
- “ I shall lay my head downe,
 140 strike itt of if he can ⁸
 with a stroke to garr ⁹ itt bleed,
 for this day 12 monthe another at his :
 let me see who will answer this,
 144 a knight ¹⁰ *that* is doughtye of deed;
- “ for this day 12 month, the sooth to say,
 let him come to me & seicth his praye ;
 rudlye, ¹¹ or euer hee blin, ¹²

Arthur

consents to
let him try

on foot,

or horse-
back.Bredbeddle
challenges
Arthur's
lords :he'll let any
one[page 205] cut his head
off,for a return
cut at his
executioner's
head a year
hence

¹ satt.—P.
² quietly.—P.
³ certes then 'gan.—P.
⁴ say thee nay.—P. *þy* is the abla-
 tive of the A.-Sax. demonstrative pro-
 noun, *se*, *sco*, *þæt*.—F.
⁵ wilt be.—P. wilt = wishest, pre-
 ferest.—H.

⁶ on steed-back, i.e. on horse-back.
 —P.
⁷ hond.—P.
⁸ con.—P.
⁹ *gar*, cause.—F.
¹⁰ perhaps To a kt.—P.
¹¹ redlye, i.e. readily. Vid. G.D.—P.
¹² *blin*, linger, delay.—P.

at the
Greene
Chappell.

148 whither to come, I shall him tell,
the readie way to the greene chappell,
that place I will be in."

Kay

the King att ease sate full still,
152 & all his lords said but litle ¹
till he had said all his will.
vpp stood Sir Kay *that* crabbed knight,
spake mightye words *that* were of height,
156 *that* were both Loud and shrill ;

accepts the
challenge.

The other
knights tell
Kay to be
quiet ;
he's always
getting into
a mess.

" I shall strike his necke in tooe,
the head away the body free."
thé bade him all be still,
160 saith, ² " Kay, of thy dints make noe rouse, ³
thou wottest full litle what ⁴ thou does ⁵ ;
noe good, but Mickle ill."

Sir Gawaine

says it will
be too bad if
Arthur
doesn't let
him take the
adventure.

Eche man wold this deed haue done.
164 vp start Sir Gawaine soone,
vpon his knees can kneele,
he said, "*that* were great villanye
without you put this deede to me,
168 my leege, as I haue sayd ;

Arthur
consents,

but not till
after dinner.

" remember, I am your sisters sonne."
the King said, " I grant thy boone ;
but mirth is best att meelee ;
172 cheere thy guest, and giue him wine,
& after dinner, to itt fine,
& sett the buffett well ! "

¹ littel.—P.

² i. e. they say.—P.

³ praise, extolling, boast.—Jun. per-

haps *roust*, noise. G. Doug.—P.

⁴ that.—P.

⁵ doest.—P.

now the greene *Knight* is set att meate,
 176 seemlye ¹ serued in his seate,
 beside the round table.
 to talke of his welfare, nothing he needs,
 like a *Knight* himselfe he feeds,
 180 with long time reasnable.²

Bredbeddle
dines.

when the dinner, it was done,
 the *King* said to Sir Gawaine soone,
 withouten any fable
 184 he said, "on ³ you will doe this deede,
 I pray Iesus be your speede !
 this *knight* is nothing vnstable."

Arthur
wishes
Gawaine

God speed.
Bredbeddle
is a stiff one.

the greene *Knight* his head downe layd ;
 188 Sir Gawaine, to the axe he braid ⁴
 to strike with eger will ;
 he stroke the necke bone in twaine,
 the blood burst out in euerye vaine,
 192 the head from the body fell.

Gawaine

chops off
Bredbeddle's
head.

the greene *Knight* his head vp hent,⁵
 into his saddle wightilye ⁶ he sprent,
 spake words both Lowd & shrill,
 196 saith : "Gawaine ! thinke on thy couenant !
 this day 12 monthes see thou ne want
 to come to the greene chappell !"

Bredbeddle
picks it up,
jumps into
his saddle,

reminds
Gawaine to
meet him
twelve
months
hence,

¹ MS. *seemlye*, with a horizontal line and two vertical strokes over the *n*, denoting a contraction, and showing that I ought to have read as *m* the similar *n* in the heading of "Eger and Grine," vol. i. p. 341. The title would then have corresponded with the text; but never having noticed the contraction before, I hesitated to alter the MS.—F.

² reasonable.—P.

³ an.—P.

⁴ See Herbert Coleridge's *Glossary* on this word, Old Norse *bregða*. He abstracts from Egilson. As a neuter verb it is used "of any violent motion of body, as to leap."—F.

⁵ took.—P. The old romance makes some of the knights kick the head with their feet, l. 428.—F.

⁶ actively.—P.

- All had great maruell, *that* thé see
 200 *that* he spake so merrilye
 & bare his head in his hand.
 rides off, forth att the hall dore he rode right,
 and *that* saw both *King* and knight
 204 and Lords *that* were in land.
- puts his
 head on
 again,
 and promises
 Gawaine
 a better
 buffet. without the hall dore, the sooth to saine,
 hee sett his head vpon againe,¹
 saies, "Arthur, haue heere my hand!
 208 when-soeuer the *Knight* cometh to mee,
 a better buffett sickerlye
 I dare him well warrand."
- the greene *Knight* away went.
 212 all this was done by enchantment [page 206]
 that the old witch had wrought.
 Arthur is
 very sorry
 for Gawaine,
 sore sicke fell Arthur the *King*,
 and for him made great mourning
 216 that into such bale was brought.
- so is Lance-
 lot. the *Queen*, shee weeped for his sake;
 sorry was Sir Lancelott dulake,
 & other were dreery in thought
 220 because he was brought into great perill;
 his mighty manhood will not availe,
 that before hath freshlye fought.
- Gawaine
 cheers them
 up, Sir Gawaine comfort *King* and *Queen*,
 224 & all the doughtye there be-deene²;
 he bade thé shold be still;
 said, "of my deede I was neuer feard,³
 nor yett I am nothing a-dread,
 swears that 228 I swere by *Saint* Michaell;

¹ The old romance makes the head open its eyelids and speak while it's on the knight's hand, l. 446.—F.

² immediately.—P. or all together.—F.

³ fraid.—P.

- “ for when draweth toward my day,
I will dresse me in mine array
my promise to fulfill.
- 232 Sir,” he saith, “ as I haue blis,
I wott not where the greene chappell is,
therefore seeke itt I will.”
- the royall Couett ¹ verament
236 all rought ² Sir Gawaines intent,
they thought itt was the best.
they went forth into the feild,
knights *that* ware both speare and sheeld
240 thé priced ³ forth full prest ⁴ ;
- some chuse them to Iustinge,
some to dance, Renell, and sing ;
of mirth thé wold not rest.
- 244 all they swore together in fere,
that and Sir Gawaine ouer-come were,
thé wold bren all the west.
- Now leaue wee the King in his pallace.
248 the greene Knight come home is
to his owne Castle ;
this folke frend ⁵ when he came home
what doughtye deeds he had done.
- 252 nothing he wold them tell ;
- full well hee wist in certaine
that his wiffe loued Sir Gawaine
that comelye was vnder kell.⁶
- 256 listen, Lords ⁷ ! & yee will sitt,
& yee shall heere the second ffitt,
what adventures Sir Gawaine befell.

he'll keep
his pledge,

and will
seek out
the Green
Chapel.

The court
approve,

and go forth

to ioust,
revel,
and sport,

swearing to
revenge
Gawaine if
he's killed.

Bredbeddle
reaches his
home,

tells no one
what he has
done,

but knows
that his wife
loves
Gawaine.

¹ royall Courtt.—P. ? covey, Fr.
couée.—F.

² ? reached, took in.—F.

³ pricked.—P.

⁴ ready.—P.

⁵ His folke freyn'd, i.e. inquired.—P.

⁶ A child's caul, any thin membrane.
“Rim or *kell* wherein the bowels are
lapt.” Florio, p. 340. Sir John “rofe
my kell” (deflowered me) MS. Cantab.
Ff. v. 48, fo. 111, Halliwell's Gloss.—F.
⁷ Lordings.—P.

[Part II.]

The year is
up, and
Gawaine
must go.

260

2^d parte.

The king
and court
grieve.

264

The day is come *that* Gawaine must gone;
Knights & Ladyes waxed wann
that were without in *that* place;
the King himselfe siked ill,
ther *Queen* a swounding almost fell,
to *that* Iorney when he shold passe.

When he was in armour bright,
he was one of the goodlyest *Knights*
that euer in brittaine was borne.

His steed
was dapple-
grey,

268

they brought Sir Gawaine a steed,
was dapple gray and good att need,¹
I tell withouten scorne;

his bridle
jewelled,

272

his bridle was with stones sett,
with gold & pearle ouerfrett,
& stones of great vertue;
he was of a furley² kind;

his stirrups
silke;

276

his stirropps were of silke of ynd;
I tell you this tale for true.

he glittered
like gold.

280

when he rode ouer the Mold,
his geere glistered as gold.
by the way as he rode,
many furleys³ he there did see,
fowles by the water did flee,
by brimes & bankes soe broad.

¹ Gryngolet is the steed's name in the old romance, but his colour is not given. All the jolly bits about his trappings, and Gawaine's armour, with its pentangel devised by Solomon, and called in English "the endeles knot," are omitted

here.—F.

² *ferlie*, wonder, wonderful; Sax. *ferlic*, repentinus, horrendus, Gl. ad G.D.—P.

³ ? MS. *furlegs*, for *ferlies*, wonders.—F.

many furleys there saw hee
 284 of wolues & wild beasts sikerlye;
 on hunting hee tooke most heede.
 forth he rode, the sooth to tell,
 for to seeke the greene chappell,
 288 he wist not where ¹ indeed.

Gawaine sees
 wondrous
 beasts;

As he rode in an ene[n]ing late,
 riding downe a greene gate,²
 a faire castell saw hee,³
 292 that seemed a place of Mickle pride;
 thitherward Sir Gawaine can ryde
 to gett some harborrowe.⁴

[page 207]

discerns a
 castle,

rides to
 it,

thither he came in the twylight,
 296 he was ware of a gentle Knight,
 the Lord of the place was hee.
 Meekly to him Sir Gawaine can speake,
 & asked him, "for King Arthurs sake,
 300 of harborrowe I pray thee!

and asks its
 lord

lodging

"I am a far Labordd Knight,
 I pray you lodge me all this night."
 he sayd him not nay,
 304 hee tooke him by the arme & led him to the hall.
 a poore child ⁵ can hee call,
 saith, "dight well this palfrey."

for the night.

The lord
 leads him in,

into a chamber thé went a full great speed;
 308 there thé found all things readye att need,
 I dare safelye swere;

¹ The *h* is made over an *er* in the MS.
 —F.

² gate, way, Isl. Gata, *via*. Gl. ad G.D.
 —P.

³ hee saw, or saw he there.—P.

⁴ *harbures* or *harbere*. Lodging. Urry.
 —P.

⁵ "Sere segges," several men, "stabeled
 his stede, stif men in-noze." Old Rom.
 which has a fine description of the
 castle and room, &c.—F.

- fier in chambers burning bright,
 candles in chandlers ¹ burning light ;
 and they go to supper. 312 to supper *thé* went full yare.²
 The lord's wife he sent after his Ladye bright
 to come to sup with *that* gentle Knight,
 & shee came blythe with-all ;
 316 forth shee came then anon,
 her Maids following her eche one
 in robes of rich pall.³
 as shee sate att her supper,
 sups with them, 320 euer-more the Ladye clere
 Sir Gawaine shee looked vpon.
 when the supper it was done,
 and then retires. shee tooke her Maids, & to her chamber gone.⁴
 324 he cheered the Knight & gaue him wine,
 The lord asks Ga- & said, "welcome, by St. Martine !
 waine I pray you take itt for none ill ;
 328 one thing, Sir, I wold you pray ;
 what he has come there for. what you make soe farr this way ?
 the truth you wold me tell ;
 "I am a Knight, & soe are yee ;
 He will keep his counsel. 332 Your concell, an you will tell mee,
 forsooth keepe itt I will ;
 for if itt be poynt of any dread,
 perchance I may helpe att need
 336 either lowd or still."
 for ⁵ his words *that* were soe smooth,
 Gawaine tells him all, not knowing he was in had Sir Gawaine wist the soothe,
 all he wold not haue told,

¹ Candlesticks.—P.

² *Yare*, acutus, ready, eager, nimble.—P.

³ any rich or fine Cloth, but properly purple: taken from the Robe worn by Bishops.—P. See the description of the

Ladye in the old romance, with "Hir brest & hir bryzt prote bare displayed," (p. 30-1).—F.

⁴ Next line wanting in the MS.—F.

⁵ for all.—P. The old romance keeps the secret till the end.—F.

340 for *that* was the greene *Knight*
that hee was lodged with that night,
 & harbarrowes¹ in his hold.

Bredbeddle's
 castle.

he saith, "as to the greene chappell,
 344 thitherward I can you tell,
 itt is but furlongs 3.
 the *Master* of it is a venterous *Knight*,
 & workes by witchcraft day & night,
 348 with many a great furley."²

Bredbeddle
 directs
 Gawaine to
 the Green
 Chapel,

(whose
 master
 works
 witchcraft),

"if he worke with neuer soe much fraunce,³
 he is curteous as he sees cause.
 I tell you sikerlye,
 352 you shall abyde, & take your rest,
 & I will into yonder fferrest
 vnder the greenwood tree."

but advises
 him to stay
 and rest.

they plight their truthes⁴ to beleene,⁵
 356 either with other for to deale,
 whether it were siluer or gold;
 he said, "we 2 both [sworn⁶] wilbe,
 what soeuer god sends you & mee,
 360 to be parted on the Mold."

They agree
 to share

whatever
 either may
 get.

The greene *Knight* went on hunting⁷;
 Sir Gawaine in the castle beinge,
 lay sleeping in his bed.

¹ harberow'd, lodged.—P.

² wonder.—P.

³ perhaps *frais*—to make a noise,
 crash. G. ad G.D.—P.

⁴ trothes.—P.

⁵ be leil.—P. See Leele, l. 478. But
 if the text is right, see Wedgwood on *be-
 lieve* in his *English Etymology*. "The
 fundamental notion seems to be, to ap-
 prove, to sanction an arrangement, to
 deem an object in accordance with a
 certain standard of fitness."—F.

⁶ ? See l. 481, "*wee were both*."
 The old romance sets out the agreement
 at length, l. 1105-9: What the Green
 Knight wins hunting in the wood, Ga-
 waine is to have; what Gawaine gets at
 home, the Green Knight is to have—
 "Sweet, swap we so, swear with truth,
 whether, man, loss befall, or better."—F.

⁷ The spirited accounts in the old
 romance of the three-days' hunt of the deer,
 wild boar, and fox, are all left out here.
 All the go is taken out of the poem.—F.

- Bredbeddle's
witch
mother-in-
law
- 364 Vprose the old witche with hast throwe,¹ [page 206]
& to her dauhter can shee goe,
& said, "be not adread!"
- tells his wife
- 368 to her daughter can shee say,
"the man *that* thou hast wisht many a day,
of him thou maist be sped;
for Sir Gawaine *that* curteous *Knight*
is lodged in this hall all night."
- that Ga-
waine
is in the
castle,
and takes
her to him,
- 372 shee brought her to his bedd.
- and tells
him to
embrace her.
- 376 shee saith, "gentle *Knight*, awake!
& for this faire Ladies sake
that hath loued thee soe deere,
take her boldly in thine armes,
there is noe man shall doe thee harme;"
now beene they both heere.
- The wife
kisses him
thrice,
and asks his
love.
- 380 the ladye kissed him times 3,
saith, "without I have the loue of thee,
my life standeth in dere."²
- Gawaine
- Sir Gawaine blushed on the Lady bright,
saith, "your husband is a gentle *Knight*,
384 by him *that* bought mee deare!
- refuses to
shame his
host.
- "to me itt were great shame
if I shold doe him any grame,"³
that hath beene kind to mee;
388 for I haue such a deede to doe,
that I can neyther rest nor roe,⁴
att an end till itt bee."

¹ tho, then.—P. Sc. *thro*, *thra*, eager, earnest, Isl. *thrá*, pertinax. Jamieson. The old romance makes the Green Knight's wife go to Gawaine of herself, and on three successive nights.—F.

² *Dere*, lædere, nocere. Lye.—P.

³ *Grame*—Chauc. Grief, sorrow, vexation, anger, madness, trouble, affliction. S. Gram [or *Gram*,] furor. Urry.—P.

⁴ A.-Sax. *row*, quiet, repose.—F.

- then spake *that* Ladye gay,
 392 saith, "tell me some ¹ of your Iourney,
 your succour I may bee;
 if itt be poynt of any warr,
 there shall noe man doe you noe darr ²
 396 & yee wilbe gouerned by mee;
- "for heere I haue a lace of silke,
 it is as white as any milke,
 & of a great value."
 400 shee saith, "I dare safelye sweare
 there shall noe man doe you deere ³
 when you haue it ⁴ vpon you."
- Sir Gawaine spake mildlye in the place,
 404 he thanked the Lady & tooke the lace,
 & promised her to come againe.
 the *Knight* in the fforrest slew many a hind,
 other venison he cold none find
 408 but wild bores on the plaine.
- plentye of does & wild swine,
 foxes & other ravine,
 as I hard true men tell.
 412 Sir Gawaine swore sickerlye
 "home ⁵ to your owne, welcome you bee,
 by him *that* harrowes hell!"
- the greene *Knight* his venison downe Layd;
 416 then to Sir Gawaine thus hee said,
 "tell me anon in heght, ⁶
 what noueltyes *that* you haue won,
 for heers plenty of venison."
 420 Sir Gawaine said full right,

The wife

offers to
help Ga-
waine in his
adventure,and will
give him a
silk lacethat will
protect him
from all
harm.Gawaine
takes the
lace.Bredbeddle,
after
hunting,is welcomed
home by
Gawaine.He shares
his venison
with Ga-
waine,¹ Sir.—P.² A.-S. *dar*, injury, hurt.—F.³ hurt, vid. supra [p. 72, n. 2].—P.⁴ on you.—P. There is a bit of a por & in the MS. between *it* and *upon*.—F.⁵ to your own home welcome, &c.
—P.⁶ speed; like *highing*, from to *high*.—F.

and Ga-
waine gives
him his
three kisses,
424 Sir Gawaine sware by S^t. Leonard,¹
"such as god sends, you shall hane part:"
in his armes he hent the *Knight*,
& there he kissed him times 3,
saith, "heere is such as god sends mee,
by Mary most of Might."

but keeps
back the
lace.
428 euer priuilye he held the Lace :
that was all the villanye *that* euer was
prooued by ² Sir Gawaine the gay.
then to bed soone the went,
& slept there verament
Next day 432 till morrow itt was day.

Gawaine
takes leave,
436 then Sir Gawaine soe curteous & free,
his leaue soone taketh hee
att ³ the Lady soe gaye ;
Hee thanked her, & tooke the lace,
& rode towards the chappell apace ;
he knew noe whitt the way.

[page 209]

Bredbeddle
rides there
too.
440 euer more in his thought he had
whether he shold worke as the Ladye bade,
that was soe curteous & sheene.
the greene *knight* rode another way ;
he transposed him in another array,
444 before as it was greene.

Gawaine
hears a horn,
as Sir Gawaine rode ouer the plaine,
he hard one high ⁴ vpon a Mountaine
a horne blowne full lowde.

¹ November 6.—S. Leonard or Lionart may be termed the Howard of the sixth century. He was . . probably received into the Church at the same time as his royal master, Clovis, with whom he was in high favour, and who gave him permission to set many of the prisoners at liberty

who were confined in the dungeons which his charity prompted him to visit. *Notes on the Months*, p. 341.

² on.—P. A.-Sax. *be*, *bi*, of, concerning.—F.

³ of.—P. *Att* is right.—F.

⁴ on high.—P.

- 448 he looked after the greene chappell,
 he saw itt stand vnder a hill
 couered with enyes ¹ about;
- he looked after the greene *Knight*,
 452 he hard him wehett a fauchion bright,
that the hills rang about.
 the *Knight* spake with strong cheere,
 said, "yee be welcome, S[ir] Gawaine heere,
 456 it behooveth thee to Lowte." ²
 he stroke, & litle perced the skin,
 vnneth the flesh within.
 then Sir Gawaine had noe doubt;
- 460 he saith, "thou shontest ³! why dost thou soe?"
 then Sir Gawaine in hart waxed throe ⁴;
 vpon his ffeete can stand,
 & soone he drew out his sword,
 464 & saith, "traitor! if thou speake a word,
 thy life is in my hand ⁵;
 I had but one stroke att thee,
 & thou hast had another att mee,
 468 noe falshood in me thou found!"
- the *Knight* said withouten laine,
 "I wend I had Sir Gawaine slaine,
 the gentlest *Knight* in this land ⁶;
 472 men told me of great renowne,
 of curtesie thou might haue woon the crowne
 aboue both free & bound,⁷

and sees the
Green
Chapel,

and the
Green
Knight;

who calls
him to lay
down his
head,

then strikes,

but hardly
cuts through
the flesh.

He re-
proaches
Gawaine for
shrinking.

Gawaine
threatens
to kill him.

Bredbeddle
answers that
Gawaine

¹ I suppose *Iyys* or perhaps *Eughes*, i.e. yews.—P.

² some great omission. Note in MS. *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* makes Gawaine answer that he is ready and will not shrink. "Then the grim man seizes his grim tool," strikes, and as it comes gliding down, Gawaine shrinks a little. Bredbeddle (that is, Bernlak de Hautdesert) reproaches him for his

cowardice. Gawaine promises not to shrink again, stands firm, and Bredbeddle strikes. (ed. Morris, E. E. Text Soc. p. 72-4.)—F.

³ shuntest, flinchest, shrinkest.—F.

⁴ forte idem ac *Thra*, apud G. Doug² ferox, acer, audax, vel potius pertinax. Vide Lye.—P.

⁵ hond.—P.

⁶ Londe.—P.

⁷ bond.—P.

- has lost his
three chief
virtues, of
truth, gen-
tleness, and
courtesy.
He has
concealed
the lace,
and should
have shared
it.
- 476 & alsoe of great gentrye ;
& now 3 points ¹ be put fro thee,
it is the Moe pittye :
Sir Gawaine ! thou wast not Leele ²
when thou didst the lace conceale
480 *that* my wiffe gane to thee !
- “ffor wee were both, thou wist full well,
for thou hadst the halfe dale ³
of my venerye ⁴ ;
484 if the lace had neuer beene wrought,
to haue slaine thee was neuer my thought,
I swere by god verelye !
- Yet Bred-
beddle will
- 488 “I wist it well my wiffe loued thee ;
thou wold doe me noe villanye,
but nicked her with nay ;
but wilt thou doe as I bidd thee,
take me to Arthurs court with thee,
492 then were all to my pay.⁵”
- Gawaine
agrees.
They go
back to
Hutton
Castle,
and next
day on to
Arthur's
court.
- now are the *Knights* accorded thore ⁶ ;
to the castle of hutton ⁷ can thé fare,
to lodge there all *that* night.
496 earlye on the other day
to Arthurs court thé tooke the way
with harts blyth & light.
- All reioice
at Gawaine's
return.
- all the Court was full faine,
500 aline when they saw Sir Gawaine ;
they thanked god abone.⁸

¹ perhaps these points, q. d. thou hast forfeited these qualities.—P.

² i. e. loyal, honourable, true.—P.

³ A.-S. *dæl*, part.—F.

⁴ venison, or rather hunting. So in Chaucer. Fr. *Venerie*. Urry.—P.

⁵ content, liking.—P.

⁶ there.—P.

⁷ Hutton Manor-house, [Somersetshire]: the hall, 36 feet by 20, is of the fifteenth century, with arched roof and panelled chimney-piece. *Domestic Architecture*, iii. 342. The scene is laid “in the west cuntrye,” see l. 39, l. 515.—F.

⁸ ? MS. *aboue*.—F. *aboone*, *abone*, *idem*.—P.

that is the matter & the case
 why *Knights* of the bathe weare the lace
 504 vntill they haue wonen their shoen,¹

 or else a ladye of hye estate
 from about his necke shall it take,
 for the doughtye deeds *that* hee hath done.
 508 it was confirmed by Arthur the K[ing ;]
 thorow Sir Gawaines desiringe
 The *King* granted him his boone.

This is why
 knights of
 the Bath
 wear the
 lace till
 they've won
 their spurs,
 or a lady
 takes the
 lace off.

Thus endeth the tale of the greene *Knight*. [page 210]
 512 god, *that* is soe full of might,
 to heauen their soules bring
that haue hard this litle storye
that fell some times in the west countrye
 516 in Arthurs days our King ! ffins.

God bring
 all my
 hearers to
 heaven !
 This litle
 story befell
 in the West
 Country.

¹ See p. 123, l. 1232.—F.

[It may be noted, that as the story is told here, the point of it is missed. As the agreement of Bredbeddle and Gawaine is here only to *share* with the other what each gets, p. 71, l. 356, not to *change* it, as in the old romance. Bredbeddle gives Gawaine only half his venison, p. 76, l. 482, and Gawaine gives Bredbeddle

half his gettings, three kisses, out of three kisses and a lace. As he couldn't cut three kisses in half, to go with the half of the lace, he divided the gift fairly in another way,—the three kisses to Bredbeddle, the lace to himself. Rather hard measure to lose one's "3 points" for that.—F.]

Sir: Triamore. :¹

THE earliest known existing copy of this Romance is preserved at Cambridge. It is of the time of Henry VI., according to Mr. Halliwell, who has edited it for the Percy Society. There is, too, an old MS. copy preserved in the Bodleian Library. The Romance once enjoyed a wide popularity. It was twice printed by William Copland. From one of these editions Mr. Ellis draws the outline he gives in his *Early English Metrical Romances*. One of the old printed versions was reprinted by Mr. Utterson in 1817. The copy here given differs but slightly from Copland's and from the Cambridge version. The more important of what differences there are, are mentioned in the notes.

The piece is a fair specimen of the old Romances, with all their vices and their virtues; with their prolixity, their improbability, their exaggeration; with their wild graces also, their chivalrousness, their pageantry.

The story tells how a good lord and his gentle lady were estranged by the treachery of their steward; how their son, conceived in honour, was born in shame; how, after many a weary year, the execrable fraud was discovered; and how, at last, the son (who has in the meantime won himself a wife) and his mother are happily reunited to the grieving husband. These various incidents are described with much power and feeling.

King Arradas was blessed with a wife, Margaret, "comely to be seen, and true as the turtle-doves on trees." As their union was not followed by the birth of any child, the King determines to

¹ 271 Stanzas.—P.

go and fight in the Holy Land, so to propitiate Heaven and persuade it to grant him an heir. On the very eve of his departure his desire is granted. But he sets forth to the wars not knowing. During his absence his steward Marrock evilly solicits the Queen. "But she was steadfast in her thought." When the King returned from heathenness, and

at last his Queen beheld,
And saw her go great with child,
He wondered at that thing.
Many a time he did her kiss,
And made great joy without miss,
His heart made great rejoicing.

The wicked steward avails himself of the King's wonder to insinuate, and more than insinuate, that the child is none of his. The King unhappily listens. The Queen is presently, at the steward's advice, banished the country.

So now is exiled that good Queen,
But she wist not what it did mean,
Nor what made him to begin.
To speak to her he nay would ;
That made the Queen's heart full cold,
And that was great pity and sin.
* * * * *
For oft she mourned as he did fare,
And cried and sighed full sore.

Lords, knights, and ladies gent
Mourned for her when she went,
And bewailed her that season.

In this way came to pass the sad schism that was to bring so many years of forlornness and anguish, the source of so many bitter tears and poignant self-reproaches. The child whom the dishonoured lady then bore in her womb was to be a full-grown man, and a warrior even more formidable than his father himself, ere Arradas and Margaret kissed conjugally again. Who does not rejoice when the fair fame of this true wife is vindicated, the iniquity of her tempter made bare? When at last, at the marriage of their son, Sir Triamour, to the beautiful Helen of Hungary, she and her husband are again brought face to face :

King Arradas beheld his Queen ;
 Him thought that he had her seen,
 She was a lady faire.
 The King said, " If it is your wish,
 Your name me for to tell,
 I pray you with words fair."
 " My lord," said she, " I was your Queen ;
 Your steward did me ill teen.
 That evil might him befall ! "
 The King spake no more words
 Till the cloths were drawn from the boards,
 And men rose in hall,
 And by the hand he took the Queen,
 So in the chamber forth he went,
 And there she told him all.
 Then was there great joy and bliss
 When they together gan kiss ;
 Then all the company made joy enough.

But we do not propose here to gather the wild flowers of this poem for our readers. They shall wander through the meadows and cull for themselves. They will easily find them blowing and blooming, if they have any care for the blossoms of Romance.

God bless
 you all !

LOW ¹ Iesus christ, o ² heauen King !
 grant you all his deare blessing,
 & his heauen for to win !

If you'll
 listen,
 I'll tell you
 a tale

4 if you will a stond ³ lay to your eare,
 of adventures you shall heare
 that wilbe to your liking,

of King
 Arradas

of a King & of a queene
 8 that had great Ioy them betweene ;
 Sir Arradas ⁴ was his name ;

and Queen
 Margaret,

he had a queene named Margarett,
 shee was as true as steele, & sweet,

who was
 defamed by

12 & full false brought in fame ⁵

¹ Now.—Cop. (or Copland's edition.
 Collated by Mr. Hales.)

² our.—Cop.

³ stounde.—Cop.

⁴ Ardus.—Ca. (or Cambridge text,
 ed. Halliwell.—F.)

⁵ evil report, disrepute ; L. *fama* (in
 a bad sense), ill-repute, infamy, scandal ;

- by the *Kings* steward *that* Marrocke hight,
 a traitor & a false knight :
 hereafter yee will say all the same.
- 16 hee looued well *that* Ladye gent ;
 & for shee wold not with him consent,
 he did *that* good *Queene* much shame.
- this *King* loued well his *Queene*
 20 because shee was comlye¹ to be seene,
 & as true as the turtle on tree.
 either to other made great Moane,
 for children together had they none
 24 begotten on their bodye ;
- therfore the *King*, I vnderstand,
 made a vow to goe to the holy land,
 there for to fight & for to slay² ;
 28 & praid god *that* he wold send him tho
 grace to gett a child be-tweene them tow,
that the right heire might bee.
- for his vow he did there make,
 32 & of the pope the Crosse he did take,
 for to seek the land were god him bought.
 the night of his departing, on the Ladye Mild,
 as god it wold, hee gott³ a child ;
 36 but they both wist itt naught.
- & on the morrow when it was day
 the *King* hyed on his Iourney ;
 for to tarry, he it not thought.

Sir Marrock

because she
would not
yield to him.Arradas and
Margaretlament
that they
are childless,

and Arradas

vows to go
to the Holy
Land,praying God
to send him
an heir.He begets a
child on his
wife,and next
day starts
on his
journey.

famosus, infamous. (White.) Compare
 For yf it may be founde in thee
 That thou them *fame* for enmyte,
 Thou shalt be taken as a felon,
 And put full depe in my pryson.

The Squyr of Lowe Degre. l. 392
 (Ritson iii. 161, Hall!).—F.

¹ semely.—Cop.

² sle.—Cop.

³ gate.—Cop.

Queen
Margaret
mourns;

40 then the *Queene* began to mourne
because her *Lord* wold noe longer sojourne ;
shee sighed full sore, & sobbed oft.

their parting
is sad.

the *King* & his men armed them right,
44 both *Lords*, *Barrons*, & many a knight,
with him for to goe.

then betweene her & the *King*
was much sorrow & mourninge
48 when the shold depart in too.

Arradas
charges
Marrock to
take care of
his Queen,

he kissed & tooke his leaue of the *Queene*,
& other *Ladies* bright & sheene,
& of *Marrocke* his steward alsoe ;
52 the *King* commanded him on paine of his life
for to keepe well his *queene* & wiffe
both in weale & woe.

and goes to
the Holy
Land.

now is the *King* forth gone
56 to the place where god was on the crosse done,
& warreth there a while.

Marrock

then bethought this false steward—
as yee shall here after[ward,¹]—
60 his lord & *King* to beguile ;

wooes the
Queen,

he wooed ² the *Queene* day & night
for to lye with her, & he might ;
he dread no creature thoe.
64 ffull fayre hee did *that* Lady speake, [page 211]
that he might in bed with *that* Ladye sleepe ;
thus full oft he prayed her thoe.

and seeks to
lie with her.

Margaret is
true,

but shee was stedfast in her thought,
68 & heard them speake, & said nought
till hee all his case ³ had told.

¹ MS. hereafter. P. has added *ward*.—F. ² wowed.—Cop. ³ tale.—Cop.

- then shee said, "Marrocke, hast thou not thought
all *that thou speakeest* is ffor nought?
72 I trow not *that* thou wold¹;
- "for well my Lord did trust thee,
when hee to you deliuered mee
to haue me vnder the² hold;
76 & [thou] woldest full faine
to doe thy Lord shame!
traitor, thou art to bold!"
- then said Marrocke vnto *that* Ladye,
80 "my Lord is gone now verelye
against gods foes to flight;
&, without the more wonder bee,
hee shall come noe more att thee,
84 as I am a true knight.
- "& Madam, wee will worke soe priuilye,
that wethere³ he doe lue or dye,
for of this shall⁴ witt noe wight.⁵"
88 then waxed the Queene wonderous [wroth,⁶]
& swore many a great othe
as shee was a true woman,
- shee said, "traitor! if euer thou be soe hardiye
92 to show me of such villanye,
on a gallow tree I will thee hange!
if I may know after this
that thou tice me, I-wis⁷
96 thou shalt haue the law of the land."
- and re-
proaches
Marrock.
- Her lord
trusted him,
- and he
betrays his
trust.
- Marrock
tells the
Queen
- that Arradas
is sure never
to return;
- and promises
to keep their
sin secret.
- Margaret
angrily
- threatens to
hang
Marrock,
- if he says
another
word to her.

¹ I didn't think you were capable of
this.—F.

² they.—Cop.

³ After the first *e* an *h* is marked out.
—F.

⁴ there shall.—Ca.

⁵ man.—P.

⁶ Added by Percy.—F.

⁷ tyce me to do a mysse.—Cop.

- Marrock
assures her
he meant
her no
wrong,
but only to
try her
truth.
- Sir Marroccke said, "Ladye, mercye!
I said itt for noe villainé,
by Iesu, heauen Kinge!
100 but only for to proue your will,
whether *that* you were good or ill,
& for noe other thinge;
- Now he
knows she is
true,
- 104 "but now, Madam, I may well see
you are as true as turtle on the tree¹
vnto my Lord the King;
& itt is to me both glad & leefe;
therfore take it not into greefe
108 for noe manner of thinge."
- she must not
be vexed.
- & soe the traitor excused him thoe,
the Lady wend itt had beene soe
as the steward had said.
- But
Marrock,
disgusted,
- 112 he went forth, & held him still,
& thought he cold not haue his will;
therfore hee was euill apayd.
- ² soe with treason & trecherye
- 116 he thought to doe her villanye;
thus to himselfe he said.
night & day hee laboured then
for to betray³ *that* good woman;
120 soe att the last he her betraid.
- schemes how
to betray
her,
and does it.
- now of this good Queene leane wee,
& by the grace of the holy trinitye
full great with child did shee gone.
- Arradas
- 124 now of King Arradas speake wee,
that soe farr in heathinnesse is hee
to fight against gods fone⁴;

¹ as stele on tree.—Ca.² This stanza is not in Ca.—F.³ deceyue.—Cop.⁴ fonne.—Cop.

- there with his army & all his might .
 128 slew many a sarrazen ¹ in fight.
 great words of them there rose
 in the heathen Land, & alsoe in Pagainé ² ;
 & in euerye other Land that they come bye,
 132 there sprang of him great losse.³
- when [he ⁴] had done his pilgrimage,
 & labored all *that* great voyage ⁵
 with all his good will & lybertye,— [page 212]
 136 att flome Iorden & att Bethlem,⁶
 & att Caluarye beside Ierusalem,
 in all the places was hee ;—
- then he longed to come home
 140 to see his Ladye *that* liued at one ;
 he thought euer on her greatlye.
 soe long thé sealed on the fome
 till att the last they came home ;
 144 he arriued ouer the Last ⁷ strond.
- the shippes did strike their sayles eche one,
 the men were glad the *King* came home
 vnto his owne Land.
 148 there was both mirth & game,
 the *Queene* of his cominge was glad & faine,
 Eche of them told other tydand.⁸
- the *King* at last his *Queene* beheld,
 152 & saw heer goe great with childe :
 [& ⁹] hee wondred att that thinge.
- and his men
slay
Saracens

and grow
famous.

After
visiting

Jordan and
Calvary,

he longs for
home,

and sets sail.

Arradas
reaches
home,

meets
Margaret,

and finds
her great
with child,

to his
wonder.

¹ sarzyn.—Cop.² Pagany.—Cop.³ Loos or fame, *Fama*. Promptorium.
—F.⁴ he.—Ca.⁵ vayge.—Cop.⁶ Bedleem.—Cop.⁷ salte.—Cop.⁸ tydyng.—Cop.⁹ A hole in the MS.—F.

many a time he did her kisse,
 & made great ioy without misse ;
 156 his hart¹ made great reioceinge.

Marrock
 tells him
 soone after the King hard tydinges newe
 by Marroccke : *that* false knight vntrue
 with reason his lord gan fraine,
 160 "my lord," he sayd, "for gods ² byne ³ !
 that the
 child is
 for of *that* childe *that* neuer was thine,⁴
 why art thou soe fayne ?

certainly
 not his. His
 Queen has
 been false ;
 another
 knight begot
 the child.
 164 "you wend *that* itt your owne bee ;
 but," he said, "Sir, ffor certaintye
 your *Queene* hath you betraine ;
 another *Knight*, soe god me speed,
 begott this child sith you yeed,
 168 & hath thy *Queene* forlaine."

"What ?
 When I put
 her in your
 charge ?"
 "Alas !" said the King, "how may this bee ?
 for I betooke her vnto thee,
 her to keepe in waile & woe⁵ ;
 172 & vnder thy keeping how fortun'd this
that thou suffered her doe amisse ?

Marrock
 excuses
 himself,
 alas, Marroccke ! why did thou soe ?"
 "Sir," said the steward, "blame not me ;
 176 for much mone shee made for thee,
 as though shee had loued noe more ;

but declares
 he saw a
 knight lie
 with her,
 180 "I trowed on her noe villanye
 till I saw one lye her by,
 as the Mele⁶ had wrought.
 to him I came with Egar mood,
 & slew the traitor as he stood ;
 for which he
 killed him,
 full sore itt [me] forethought.

¹ First written *halt*.—F.

² Goddes.—Cop.

³ Goddys pyne.—Ca.

⁴ MS. thine was.—F.

⁵ weal & woe.—P.

⁶ ? Fr. *mal*, evil ; or *meslée*, a mixture,
 mingling, melling. Cotgrave.—F.

- 184 "then shee trowed shee shold be shent,
 & promised me both Land & rent;
 soe fayre shee me besought
 to doe with her all my will
 188 if *that* I wold [keepe] me still,
 & tell you naught."
- "of this," said the *King*, "I haue great wonder;
 for sorrow my hart will breake assunder ¹!
- 192 why hath shee done amisse?
 alas! to whome shall I me mone,
 sith I haue lost my comlye Queene
that I was wont to kisse?"
- 196 the *King* said, "Marroccke, what is thy read?
 it is best to turne to dead ²
 my ladye *that* hath done me this ³;
 now because *that* shee is false to mee,
 200 I will neuer more her see,
 nor deale with her, I-wisse.³"
- the steward said, "Lord, doe not soe;
 thou shalt neither burne ne sloe,⁴
 204 but doe as I you shall you tell."
 Marroccke sayd, "this counsell I:
 banish her out of *your* Land priuilye,
 far into exile.
- 208 "deliuer her an ambling ⁵ steede,
 & an old *Knight* to her lead;
 thus by my counsell see ⁶ yee doe;
- and the
 Queen pro-
 mised him
- herself for
 his silence.
- Arradas
 sorrows.
- He has lost
 his Queen
- What can he
 do? He'll
 kill her.
- Marrook
 advises
- him to
 banish her,
- [page 213] give her a
 horse

¹ asonder.—Cop.² ? *turne* is for *burne*, cp. l. 203.—F.
 brenne her to ded.—Cop.
 Whether that sche be done to dedd
 That was my blysse?—Ca.³ *ywys*.—Cop.⁴ *flo*.—Cop.⁵ *ambelynga*.—Cop. oolde.—Ca.⁶ *loke*.—Cop.

and money,
and let her
go.

& giue them some spending money
212 *that* may them out of the land bring;
I wold noe better then soe.

Arradas
agrees.

“ & an other mans child shalbe you heyre,
itt were neither good nor fayre
216 but if itt were of *your* kin.”
then said the *King*, “soe mote I thee,
right as thou sayest, soe shall it bee,
& erst will I neuer blin.¹”

Queen
Margaret is
to be exiled;

220 Loe, now is exiled *that* good Queene;
but shee wist not what it did meane,
nor what made him to begin.

the King
will not
speak to her.

to speake to her he nay wold;
224 *that* made the Queenes hart full cold,
& *that* was great pittye & sin.

He gives her
an old steed,

he did her cloth in purple² weede,
& set her on an old steed

an old
knight,
Sir Roger,
to look after
her,

228 *that* was both crooked & almost blinde;
he tooke her an old Knight,
kine to the Queene, Sir Rodger³ hight,
that was both curteous⁴ & kind.

and three
days to quit
the land in,

232 3 dayes he gaue them leaue⁵ to passe,
& after *that* day sett was,
if men might them find,

(or the
Queen will
be burnt,)

the Queene shold burned⁶ be starke dead
236 in a ffyer with flames redd:
this came of the stewards⁷ mind.⁸

¹ blyne.—Cop.

² He let clothe hur in sympulle.—Ca.

³ Roger.—Cop.

⁴ curteyse.—Cop.

⁵ And gaf them twenty dayes.—Ca.

⁶ brenned.—Cop.

⁷ stuardes.—Cop.

⁸ mimd, in the MS.—F.

- 40^{ty} florences for their expence ¹
the *King* did giue them in his presence,
240 & comanded them to goe.
the Ladye mourned as shee shold dye ;
for all this shee wist not whye
hee fared with her soe.
- 244 *that* good *Knight* comforted the Queene,
& said, " att gods will all must beene ;
therefore, Madam, mourne you noe more."
Sir Rodger for her hath much care,
248 [For ofte she mourned as she dyd fare,²]
& cryed & sighed full sore ;
- Lords, Knights, & ladyes gent
mourned for her when shee went,
252 & be-wayled ³ her *that* season.
the Queene began to make sorrow & care
when shee from the *King* shold fare
with wrong, against all reason.
- 256 forth they went, in number⁴ 3,
Sir Rodger, the Queene, & his greyhound trulye ;
ah ! o ⁵ worth wicked treason !
- then thought the steward trulye
260 to doe the Queene a villanye,
& to worke with her his will.
he ordained him a companye
of his owne men priuilye
264 *that* wold assent him till ;
- all vnder a Wood ⁶ side they did lye
wheras the Queene shold passe by,
& held them wonderous still ;

also forty
florins.

Queen
Margaret
mourns.

Sir Roger
comforts her,

but she
waits still,

and they set
off.

Marrock

gets his men
together,

and lies in
ambush for
the Queen,

¹ Thretty florens to there spendynge.
—Ca.

² This line is from Copland's text.—H.

³ MS. he wayled.—F.

⁴ nunnber, in the MS.—F.

⁵ wo.—Cop.

⁶ wodes.—Cop. The *W* is made like
vv in the MS.—F.

- to work his
lust on her. 268 & there he thought verelye
his good Queene for to lye by,
his lusts ¹ for to fulfill.
- The Queen
and Sir
Roger 272 & when hee came into the wood,
& there ² to passe with-out doubt;
perceive
Marrock's with *that* they were ware of the steward,
how hee was coming to them ward
276 with a ffull great rout.
- treason. "heere is treason!" then said the Queene.
"alas!" said Roger, "what may this meane?
with foes wee be sett round about."
- Sir Roger
prepares 280 the *Knight* sayd, "heere will wee dwell;
Our life wee shall full deere sell, [page 214]
be they neuer soe stout.
- for defence. "Madam," he sayd, "be not affrayd,
284 for I thinke heere with this sword
that I shall make them lowte."
then cryed the steward to Sir Rodger on hye,
Marrock
threatens to
kill him. & said, "Lord,³ traitor! thou shalt dye!
288 for *that* I goe about."
- Sir Roger
defies him, Sir Rodger said, "not for thee!
my death shalt thou deare abyee;
for with thee will I fight."
292 he went to him shortlye,
& old Sir Rodger bare him manfullye ⁴
like a full hardye Knight;
- attacks his
men, he hewed on them boldlye;
296 there was none of *that* companye
soe hardye nor sow ⁵ wight.

¹ lustes.—Cop.² ? construction. Is *there* miswritten
for *thought*, or is *thought* understood, oris *thereto* one word?—H.³ olde.—Cop.⁵ so.—Cop.⁴ manly.—Cop.

- Sir Rodger hitt ¹ one on the head
that to the girdle the sword yeed,
 300 then was hee of them quitte ² ;
- he smote a stroke with a sword ³ good
that all about them ran the blood,
 soe sore he did them smite ;
 304 trulye-hee, ⁴ his greyhound *that* was soo ⁵ good,
 did helpe his *master*, & by him stood,
 & bitterlye can hee byte.
- then *that* Lady, *that* fayre foode, ⁶
 308 she feared Marrocke in her mood ;
 shee light on foote, & left her steede,
 & ran fast, & wold not leane,
 & hid her vnder a greene greaue, ⁷
 312 for shee was in great dread.
- Sir Rodger then the *Queene* can behold,
 & of his liffe he did nothing hold ;
 his good grayhound did help him indeed,
 316 &, as itt is in the romans ⁸ told,
 14 he slew of yeomen ⁹ bold ; ¹⁰
 soe he quitted him in *that* steade.
- if hee had beene armed, I-wisse ¹¹
 320 all the Masterye had been his ;
 alas hee lacked weed.
 as good Sir Rodger gaue a stroake,
 behind him came Sir Marroccke,—
 324 *that* euill might he speed,—

splits one to
the girdle,

wounds
others,

and his
greyhound,
Trulyhee,
helps.

Queen
Margaret

dismounts,
runs away,
and hides
herself.

Sir Roger

kills fourteen
yeomen,

but Marrock

¹ hyt.—Cop.
² quyte.—Cop.
³ swerde.—Cop.
⁴ Trewe-loue.—Ca.
⁵ *de* at the end has been marked out
of the MS.—F.
⁶ fode.—Cop. person.—F.
⁷ greve.—Cop. grove.—F.
⁸ Romaines.—Cop.
⁹ yemen.—Cop.
¹⁰ xl^d Syr Roger downe can folde.—
Ca.
¹¹ ywis.—Cop.

stabs him in
the back

he smote Sir Rodger with a speare,
& to the ground he did him beare,
& fast *that* Knight did bleed.

328 Sir Marroccke gaue him such a wound
that he dyed there on ground,
& *that* was a sinfull deede.

and kills
him.

Marrock

now is Rodger slaine certainlye.

332 he rode forth & let him Lye,
& sought after the Queene.
fast hee rode, & sought euerye way,
yet wist he not where the Queene Laye.
336 then said the traitor teene ; ¹

searches
everywhere
for the
Queen,

but cannot
find her : he

ouer all the wood hee her sought ;
but as god wold, he found her nought.
then waxed he wrath, I weene,

gets wroth,

340 & held his Iourney euill besett,
that with the Queene had not mett
to haue had his pleasure, the traitor keene.

and goes
home,

& when he cold not the lady finde,
344 homeward they began to wend,
hard by where Sir Rodger Lay.

stabbing Sir
Roger's
corpse on
the way,

the steward ² him thrust throughout,
for of his death he had noe doubt,
348 & this the storye doth say.

and having
lost fourteen
men.

& when the traitor had done soe,
he let him lye & went him free,
& tooke noe thought *that* day ;
352 yett all his companye was nye gone,
14 he left there dead for one ;
there passed but 4 away. ³

¹ If a stanza is not omitted, *said* must mean *assayed*, tried.—F.

² stuarde.—Cop.

³ xl. he had chaunged for oone.
Ther skaped but two away.—Ca.

- then the Queene was ffull woe,
 356 And shee saw *that* they were goe,
 shee made sorrow & crye.
 then shee rose & went againe
 to Sir Rodger, & found him slaine;
 360 his grey-hound by his feet did lye.
- “alas,” shee said, “*that* I was borne!
 my trew *knight that* I haue lorne,
 they haue him there slaine!”
 364 full pitteouslye shee mad her moane,
 & said, “now must I goe alone!”
 the grey-hound shee wold haue had full faine;
- the hound still by his *Master* did lye,
 368 he licked his wounds, & did whine & crye.
 this to see the Queene had paine,
 & said, “Sir Roger, this hast thou for me!
 alas *that* [it] shold euer bee!”
 372 her hayre shee tare in twayne;
- & then shee went & tooke her steed,
 & wold noe longer there abyde
 lest men shold find her there.
 376 shee said, “Sir Roger, now *thou* art dead,
 who will the right way now me lead?
 for now thow mayst speake noe more.”
- right on the ground there as he lay dead,
 380 shee kist him or shee from him yead.¹
 god wott her hart was sore!
 what for sorrow & dread,
 fast away shee can her speede,
 384 shee wist not wither nor where.

[page 215]

Queen
Margaret

laments over

Sir Roger's
corpee.The grey-
hound will
not leave the
corpee.

The Queen

laments
again the
loss of Sir
Roger,kisses his
corpee,and speeds
away.¹ This incident is not in Ca.—F.

The hound the good grayhound for waile & woe
 from the *Knight* hee wold not goe,
 but Lay & licked his wound ;
 licks his 388 he waite ¹ to haue healed them againe,
 master's & therto he did his paine :
 wounds, to
 heal them.
 What love ! loe, such lone is in a hound ² !
 this knight lay till he did ³ stinke ;
 The hound 392 the greayhound he began to thinke,
 & scraped a pitt anon ;
 scrapes a therin he drew the dead ⁴ corse,
 grave, & couered itt with earth & Mosse,⁵
 and buries 396 & from him he wold not gone.
 his master.
 the grayhound lay still there ;
 Margaret this *Queene* gan forth to fare
 for dread of her fone ;
 400 shee had great sorrow in her hart,
 the thornes pricked her wonderous smart,⁶
 shee wist not wither to goe.
 this lady forth fast can hye
 rides on into 404 into the land of *Hugarye* ⁷ ;
 Hungary. thither came shee with great woe.
 at last shee came to a wood side,
 The pains of but then cold shee noe further ryde,
 labour come 408 her paynes tooke her soe.
 on,
 shee lighted downe in *that* tyde,
 for there shee did her trauncell ⁸ abyde ;
 god wold *that* it shold be soe.
 412 then shee with much paine
 tyed her horsse by the rayne,
 & rested her there till her paynes were goe.

¹ expected.—F.² Grete kyndenes ys in howndys.—Ca.³ The last *d* is made over an *s* in the MS.—F.⁴ deed.—Cop.⁵ And scraped on hym bothe ryne and

mosse.—Ca.

⁶ wonder smert.—Cop.⁷ *Hongarye*.—Ca. *Hongrye*.—Cop.⁸ *for* *trauell*, *travail*.—F. *trauayll*.—Cop.

- shee was deliuered of a manchild sweete ;
 416 & when it began to crye & weepe,
 it ioyed her hart greatlye.
 soone after, when shee might stirr,
 shee tooke her child to her full neere,
 420 And wrapt¹ itt full softlye. [page 216]
- What for wearye & for woe,
 they fell a-sleepe both towe ;
 her steed stood her behind.
 424 then came a *knight* rydand there,²
 & found this ladye soe louelye of cheere
 as hee hunted after the hind.
- the *Knight* hight Bernard Mowswinge,³
 428 *that* found the *Queene* sleepinge,
 vnder the greenwoode lyande.⁴
 softlye he went neere & neere ;
 he went on foot, & beheld her cheere,
 432 as a *Knight* curteous & kind.
- he awaked *that* ladye of beawtye⁵ ;
 shee looked on him pitteouslee,
 & was affrayd⁶ full sore.
 436 he said, " what doe you here, Madame ?
 of whence be you, or whats *your* name ?
 haue you *your* men forlorne⁷ ? "
- " Sir," shee sayd, " if you will witt,⁸
 440 my name is⁹ called Margerett ;
 in Arragon I was borne ;
 heere I sufferd much greefe ;
 helpe me, Sir,¹⁰ out of this Mischeefe !
 444 att some towne *that* I were."

and she is
delivered of
a male child.

She joys,

takes her
baby to her,

and falls
asleep.

A knight
finds her,

Sir Bernard
Mowswinge,

wakes her,

and asks her
what she
does there,
what is her
name ?

" Margaret ;

help me !"

¹ wrauped.—Cop.

² nere.—Cop.

³ Sir Barnarde Messengere.—Ca. Bar-
nard Mausewyng.—Cop.

⁴ lynde.—Cop.

⁵ beaute.—Cop.

⁶ aferde.—Cop.

⁷ MS. forlorme.—F. forlore.—P.

⁸ wete.—Cop.

⁹ MS. is is ; ? *for* it is.—F.

¹⁰ There appears a word like *it* marked
out here in the MS.—F.

- Sir Bernard the *Knight* beheld the Ladye good ;
 hee ¹ thought shee was of gentle blood
that was soe hard bestead ² ;
- takes her 448 he tooke her vp curteouslye,
 and her & the child that lay her bye ;
 baby home, them both with him he led,
- gets a & made her haue a woman att will,
 woman to 452 tendinge of her, as itt was skill,³
 tend her, all for to bring her a-bedd.
- and gives whatsoeuer shee wold haue,
 her all she shee needed itt not long to crane,
 wants. 456 her speech was right soone sped.
- She christens the thé christened the child with great honour,
 her boy & named him Sir TRYAMORE.
 Triamore, then they were of him glad ;
- 460 great gifts to him was giuen
 of Lords & ladyes by-deene,
 in bookes as I read.
- and stays there dwelled *that* Ladye longe
 with her 464 with much Ioy them amonge ;
 new friends. of her thé were neuer wearye.
- the child was taught great nurterye ⁴ ;
 a Master had him vnder his care,
 Triamore is 468 & taught him curtesie.⁵
 taught & taught him curtesie.⁵
 courtesy, this child waxed wonderous well,
 of great stature both of fleshe & fell ;
 euerye man loued him trulye,
- and all folk 472 of his companye all folke were glad ;
 love him. indeed, noe other cause they had,
 the child was gentle & bold.

¹ MS. shee.—F. And.—Ca.² bestadde.—Cop.³ skell.—Cop. reason.—F.⁴ nurture.—P. norture.—Cop.⁵ Sche techyd hur sone for to wyrke,
 And taght hym evyr newe.—Ca.

- Now of the *Queene* let wee bee,
 476 & of the grayhound speake wee
 that I erst of told. Sir Roger's
grayhound
- long 7 yeeres, soe god me saue,
 he did keepe his *Masters* graue,
 480 till *that* hee waxed old ; keeps to his
master's
grave seven
years,
- this Gray-hound Sir Roger kept ¹ long,
 & brought him vp sith he was younge,
 in story as it is told ; for Sir Roger
had brought
him up.
- 484 therfore he kept soe there
 for the ² space of 7 yeere,
 & goe from him he ne wold.
 euer vpon his *Masters* graue he lay,
 488 there might noe man haue him away The hound
never leaves
the grave,
 for heat neither for cold, [page 217]
- without it were once a day
 he ran about to gett his prey ³ except
to get food.
- 492 of beasts that were bold,
 conyes, when he can them gett ;
 thus wold he labor for his meate,
 yett great hungar he had in how. ⁴
- 496 & 7 yeeres he dwelled there,
 till itt beffell on *that* yeere,
 euen on christmasse day,
 the gray-hound (as the story sayes)
 500 came to the *Kings* palace ⁵ One Christ-
mas
the hound
 without any ⁶ delay. goes to
Arradas's
palace,

¹ had kepte.—Cop.² By the.—Cop.³ praye.—Cop.⁴ holde.—Cop. *How*, care. Halliwell.
—F.⁵ palayes.—Cop.⁶ ony.—Cop.

when they Lords were ¹ sett at meate, soone
the grayhound into the hall runn

504 amonge the knights gay ;

all about he can behold,
but he see not what hee wold ;

cannot find
what he
seeks,

then went he his way full right
508 when he had sought & cold not find ;
ffull gentlye he did his kind,
speed better when he might.

and goes
back to Sir
Roger's
grave.

the grayhound ran forth his way
512 till he came where his Master Lay,
as fast as euer he mought.

Arradas

the king marueiled at *that* deed,
from whence he went, & whither he yeed,
516 or who him thither brought.

thinks he
has seen the
dog before.

the King thought he had seene him ere,
but he wist not well where,
therfor he said right nought.
520 soone he bethought him then
that he did him erst ken,
& ² still stayd in *that* thought.

Next day

the other day, in the same wise,
524 when the King shold from his meate rise,

the hound
returns,

the Grayhound came in thoe ;
all about there he sought,

but cannot
find
Marrock.

but the steward found he nought ;
528 then againe he began to goe.

Arradas says
it is Sir
Roger's dog,

the[n] sayd the King in *that* stond,
"methinkes it is Sir Rogers hound
that went forth with the Queene ;

and perhaps
the Queen
has come
back ;

532 I trow they be come againe to this land.
Lords, all this I vnderstand,
it may right well soe bee ;

¹ The first *e* is made over an *h* in the MS.—F.

² sate styll in a.—Cop.

“if *that* they be into this Land come,
 536 we shall haue word therof soone
 & within short space;
 for neuer since thé went I-wisse
 I saw not the gray hound ere this;
 540 it is a marueilous case!

“when he cometh againe, follow him,
 fo[r] euermore he will run ¹
 to his *Masters* dwelling place;
 544 run & goe, looke ye not spare,
 till *that* yee come there
 to Sir Rodger & my Queene.”

when the
 dog comes
 again, some
 lords are to
 follow him

to Sir Roger
 and the
 Queen.

then the 3^d day, amonge them all
 548 the grayhound came into the hall,
 to meate ere thé were ² sett.
 Marrocke the steward was within,
 the grayhound thought he wold not blin
 552 till he with him had mett;

Next day
 the dog
 comes again,

finds
 Marrock,

he tooke the steward by the throte,
 & assunder he it bote ³;
 but then he wold not byde,
 556 for to his graue he rann.
 there follolwed him many a man,
 some on horsse, some beside;

and
 bites him
 through the
 throat.

Men follow
 the dog

& when he came where his *Master* was,
 560 he Layd him downe beside the grasse
 And barked at the men againe. [page 218]
 there might noe man him from the place gett,
 & yett with stanes thé did him beate,
 564 *that* he was almost slaine.

to Sir Roger's
 grave,

which he will
 not quit,

¹ renne.—Cop.

² werere, in the MS.—F.

³ MS. *o* over a *y*.—F. The hovnd
 wrekyd hys maystyrs dethe.—Ca.

- They return, & when the men saw noe better boote,
then the men yeed home on horsse & foote,
with great wonder, I weene.
- and Arradas says that
Marrock has slaine Sir
Roger. 568 the *King* said, "by gods paine,
I trow Sir Marrocke hath Sir Rodger slaine,
& with treason famed ¹ my Queene.
- He orders a
search for
his corpe. 572 "goe yee & seeke there againe ;
for the hounds *Master* there is slaine,
some treason there hath beene."
thither they went, soe god me saue,
& found Sir Roger in his graue,
576 for *that* was soone seene :
- and take it
to Arradas, & there they looked him there vpon,
for he was hole both flesh & bone,
& to the court his body they brought.
580 for when the *King* did him see,
the teares ran downe from his eye,
who weeps, full sore itt him forethought.
- laments over
Marrock's
treachery, the grayhound ² he wold not from his course ³ fare :
584 then was the *King* cast in care,
& said, "Marroccke hath done me teene ;
slaine he hath a curteous *Knight*,
& fained ⁴ my *Queene* with great vnright,
588 as a traitor keene."
- and hanged. the *King* let draw anon-right
the stewards bodye, *that* false *Knight*,
with horsse through the towne ;
592 then he hanged him on a tree,
that all men might his body see,
that he had done treason.

¹ defamed.—F. flemed.—Cop.² grehound.—Cop.³ corse.—Cop.⁴ for famed, defamed.—F. flemyd.
—Ca. flemed.—Cop.

596	Sir Rogers Body the next day the <i>King</i> buryed in good array, with many a bold baron. ¹	Sir Roger's corpsè is buried,
600	the Grayhound was neuer away by night nor yet by day, but on the ground he did dye. the <i>King</i> did send his messengere in euerye place far & neere after the Queene to spye ;	and his hound dies. Arradas tries to get tidings of his Queen,
604	but for ought he cold enquire, he cold of <i>that</i> Ladye nothing heare ; therfore the <i>King</i> was sorrye. ¹	but can hear none.
608	the <i>King</i> sayd, "I trow noe reed, for well I wott <i>that</i> shee is dead ; for sorrowe now shall I dye ! alas, <i>that</i> euer shee from mee went ! this false steward hath me shent thronghe his false treacherye."	He thinks her dead,
612	this <i>King</i> liued in great sorrow both enening & morrow till <i>that</i> hee were brought to ground. he liued thus many a yeere with mourning & with euill cheere, his sorrowes lasted long :	and lives in sorrow many years,
620	& euer it did him great paine when hee did thinke how Sir Roger was slaine, & how helped him his hound ; & of his <i>Queene that</i> was soe Mylde, how shee went from him great with child ;	grieving over Sir Roger's death
624	for woe then did hee sound. ²	and his pregnant Queen's banishment.

¹ Percy marks the three last lines as separate stanzas, but I add them to those that precede them.—F.

² swoon.—F.

long time thus liued the *King*
 He mourns in great sorrow & Mourning,
 & oftentime did weepe ;
 and is sad at heart. 628 he tooke great thought more & more,
 It made his hart verrye sore,
 his sighs were sett soe deepe. [page 219]
 now of the *King* wee will bline,
 Meantime 632 & of the Queene let vs begin,
 Triamore & Sir ¹ Tryamore ;
 is fourteen, for when he was 14 yeere old,
 there was noe man soe bold
 636 durst doe him dishonor ² ;
 strong, in euerye time ³ both stout & stronge,
 and tall, & in stature large & longe,
 comlye of hye color ;
 640 all *that* euer he dwelled amonge,
 and well- he neuer did none of them wronge,
 doing. the more *that* was his honor.
 in *that* time sikerlye
 The King of 644 dyed the *King* of Hungarye ⁴
 dies, *that* was of great age I-wiss ⁵ ;
 leaving only he had no heire his land to hold
 a daughter, but a daughter was 14 yeers old ⁶ ;
 fair Helen, of fourteen, 648 faire [*Hellen* ⁷] shee named is.
 white as a shee was as white as lilye ⁸ flower,
 lily. & comely, of gay color,
 the fairest of any towne or tower ;

¹ her sonne.—Cop.² dysshonoure.—Cop.³ lymme.—Cop.⁴ Hungry.—Cop.⁵ The second *s* is made over an *e* in the MS.—F.⁶ of vij. yerys elde.—Ca.⁷ See l. 775. *Hellene*, l. 1587 below.—F. Her name *Helyne ys*.—Ca. *Elyne*.

—Cop.

⁸ The top of a long *s* whose bottom is marked through, is left in the MS. before the first *l*.—F.

652 shee was well shapen of foote & hand,
 peere shee had none in noe land,
 shee was soe fresh & soe amorous.

for when her father was dead,
 656 great warr began to spread
 in *that* land about ;
 then the Ladyes counsell gan her reade,
 'gett her a lord her land to lead,
 660 to rule the realme without doubt ;
 some mightye prince *that* well might
 rule her land with reason & right,
that all men to him might Lout."

Her land is
 invaded ;

her counsell
 tell her to
 marry a
 lord to
 protect her.

664 & when her counsell had sayd soe,
 for great need shee had therto,
 shee graunted them without Lye :
 the Lady said, "I will not feare
 668 but he [be] prince or princes peere,
 & cheefe of all chinalrye."

She consents,

therto shee did consent,
 & gaue her Lords commandement
 672 a great Iusting for to crye ;
 & at the Iustine, shold soe bee,
 what man *that* shold win the degree,¹
 shold win *that* Ladye trulye.

proclaims a
 jousting,

the winner
 at which
 shall win her
 too.

676 the day of Iusting then was sett,
 halfe a yeere without lett,
 without any more delay,
 because *thé* might haue good space,
 680 Lords, *knights*, dukes, in euerye place,
 for to be there *that* day.

The day is
 fixed.

¹ Fr. *degré*, a degree, ranke, or place of honour. Cotgrave.—F.

The best
lords

Lords, the best in euerye Land,
hard tell of *that* rydand,

prepare to
contend.

684 & made them readye full gay ;
of euerye land there was the best,¹
of the States *that* were honest ²
attyred ³ many a Lady gay.

Triamore
hears of the
jousting,
and resolves
to go to it,

688 great was *that* chinalrye
that came *that* time to HUNGARYE,
there for to Iust with might.
at last TRIAMORE hard tyding
692 that there shold be a Iusting ;
thither wold he wend.

but he has no
horse or
arms.

if he wist *that* he might gaine
with all his might, he wold be faine ⁴
696 *that* gay Ladye for to win ;
hee had noe horsse nay noe other geere,
Nor noe weapon with him to beare ;
that brake his hart in twaine.

[page 220]

He asks Sir
Bernard to
lend him
some,

700 he thought both enen & morrow
where he might some armour borrowe,
therof wold hee be faine.
to Sir Barnard then he can wend,⁵
704 *that* he wold armour lend ⁶
to iust against the knights amaine.⁷

and the
knight tells
him he
knows no-
thing about
it.

Triamore
asks to
be tried.

then said Sir Barnard, " what hast thou thought ?
pardew ! of iusting thou canst nought !
708 for yee bee not able wepon to weld."
" Sir," said TRIAMORE, " what wott yee
of what strenght *that* I bee
till I haue assayd in feeld ? "

¹ bestee.—Cop.

² moost honasty.—Cop.

³ dressed herself: parallel to l. 684.
States may mean "nobles."—F.

⁴ He wolde purvey hym fulle fayne.
—Ca.

⁵ mene.—Cop.

⁶ lene.—Cop.

⁷ of mayne.—Cop.

- 712 then Sir Barnard *that* was full hend,
 said, " TRIAMOR, if thou wilt wend,
 thou shalt lacke noe weed ;
 I will lend thee all my geere,
 716 horsse & harneis, sheild & spere,
 thou art nothing ¹ to dread ;
- " alsoe thither with thee will I ryde,
 & euer nye be by thy side
 720 to helpe thee if thou haue need ;
 all things *that* thou wilt haue,
 gold & siluer, if thou wilt craue,
 thy Iourney for to speed."
- 724 then was TRIAMORE glad & light,
 & thanked Barnard with all his might
 of his great proferinge.
that day the Iusting shold bee,
 728 TRIAMORE sett him on his knee
 & asked his mother blessinge.
- at home shee wold haue kept him faine ;
 but all her labor was in vaine,
 732 there might be noe letting.
 shee saw it wold noe better bee,
 her blessing shee gaue him verelye
 w[i]th full sore weepinge.
- 736 & when it was on the Morrow day,
 TRIAMORE was in good array,
 armed & well dight ;
 when he was sett on his steed,
 740 he was a man both ² lenght & bread,³
 & goodlye in mans sight.

Sir Barnard
 then prom-
 ises to lend

him horse
 and arms,

go with him,

and provide
 him money.

On the day
 of the joust,
 Triamore
 asks his
 mother's
 blessing,

and she gives
 it him
 sorrowfully.

In the
 morning,
 Triamore

¹ nothenge.—Cop.

² in.—Cop.

³ brede.—Cop.

starts with
Sir Bernard.

then TRIAMORE to the feeld can ryde,
& Sir Barnard by his side;
744 they were Iocund & light;
there was none in all the feild
that was more seemlye vnder sheild;
he rode full like a knight.

Queen Helen
of Hungary
looks from a
turret

748 then was the faire Lady sett
full hye vppon a turrett,¹
for to behold *that* play;

on the gay
scene of

there was many a seemlye *Knight*,
752 princes, Lords, & dukes of Might,
themselves for to assay,

helmed
knights.

with helme on their heads bright
that all the feelds shone with light,

756 they were soe stout & gay:

Triamore

then Sir TRIAMORE & Sir BARNARD
thé pressed them into the feeld forward,²
there durst noe man say nay.

760 there was much price³ & pride
when euerye man to other can ryde,
& lords of great renowne;

happens to
choose his
father, King
Arradas's
side.

it beffell TRIAMORE *that* tyde
764 for to be on his fathers side,
the King of Arragon.

A big Lom-
bard lord
rides forth;

the first *that* rode forth certainlye
was a great Lord of Lumbardye,
768 a wonderfull bold Barron.

Triamore
throws him,

TRIAMOR rode him againe:
for all *that* lord had Might & maine,
the child bare him downe.

[page 221]

¹ Hye up in a gareth.—Ca.

² warde.—Cop.

³ prees.—Cop.

772 ¹ then cryed Sir Barnard with honor,
 "A TRIAMOR, a TRIAMORE!"
 for men shold him ken.
 Mayd Hellen ² *that* was soe mild,
 776 more shee beheld TRIAMORE the child
 then all the other men.

and Sir
 Bernard
 shouts "*A
 Triamore*"
 to make him
 known.
 Queen Helen
 views him
 with favour.

then the Kings sonne of Nauarne ³
 wold not his body warne ⁴;
 780 he pricked forth on the plaine.
 then young Triamore *that* was stout,
 turned himselfe round about,
 & fast rode him againe;

The Prince
 of Navarne

rides out;

Triamore

charges him;

784 soe neither of them were to ground cast, ⁵
 they sate soe wonderous fast,
 like men of much might.
 then came forth a Bachelour, ⁶
 788 a prince proud without peere;
 Sir Iames, forsooth, he hight;

neither is
 thrown.

Sir James of
 Almaine

he was the Emperours sonne of Almaine ⁷;
 he rode Sir TRIAMORE ⁸ againe,
 792 with hard strenght to fight.
 Sir Iames had such a stroake indeed
that he was tumbled from his steed;
 then failed all his might.
 796 there men might see swords brast,
 helmes ne sheilds might not last;
 & thus it dured till night;

next charges
 Triamore,

and is un-
 horsed.

The joust
 lasts

till night.

¹ Ca. puts this stanza after the next.
 —F.

² Elyne.—Cop.

³ Armony.—Ca. Nauerne.—Cop.

⁴ A.-S. *warnian*, to take care of, beware.
 —F.

⁵ Ca. makes Triamore bear him down,
 and transfers this to Sir James in
 the next stanza.—F.

⁶ batchelere.—Cop.

⁷ Almaine.—Cop.

⁸ ? MS. Triamoir.—F.

- but when the sun drew neere¹ west,
 800 and all the Lords went to rerst,
 [Not so the maide Elyne.²]
 Next day, the *Knights* attired them in good arraye,
 on steeds great, with trappers³ gaye,
 before the sun can⁴ shine ;
- it begins
 again, 804 then to the feeld the pricked prest,
 & euerye man thought himselfe best
 [As the mayden faire they paste.²]
 and the
 knights
 charge
 fiercely. then they feirclye ran together,
 great speres in peeces did shimmer,⁵
 808 their timber might not last.
- King
 Arradas & at *that* time there did run⁶
 the *King* Arradas of Arragon :
 his sonne Triamore mett him in *that* tyde,
 is thrown by
 his son 812 & gaue his father such a rebound
 Triamore, *that* harse & man fell to the ground,⁷
 soe stoutlye gan he ryde.
- who also
 vanquishes
 Sir James. 816 then the next *Knight that* hee mett
 was Sir Iames ; & such a stroake him sett
 vpon the sheild ther on the plaine
 that the blood brast out at his nose & eares,
 his steed vnto the ground him beares ;
 820 then was Sir Barnard faine.
- Queen Helen
 falls in love
 with
 Triamore. *that* Maid of great honor
 sett her lone on younge TRIAMORE
 that fought alwayes as a feirce⁸ Lyon.

¹ ferre.—Cop.² This line is from Copland's text.—H.³ The trappings of horses. Halliwell.
—F.⁴ gan.—Cop.⁵ shyuer.—Cop.⁶ dyde ronne.—Cop.⁷ Tryamore must be supposed to have
changed since the first day, when hewas on his father's side: see l. 763. In
l. 920, Arradas is accused of killing the
Emperor's son, whom Triamore slays
(l. 860-1), but he (Arradas) declares he
had nothing to do with it, l. 974-9. He
only rescues his son from the Emperor's
men, l. 866-7.—F.⁸ fyers.—Cop.

824 speres *that* day many were spent,
 & with swords there was many a stripe lent,
 till the[re] failed light of the sunn.

on the Morrow all they were faine
 828 for to come into the feild againe
 with great spere & sheild.
 then the Duke of Siuille, Sir Phylar,¹
that was a doughtye knight in euerye warr,
 832 he rode first into the feild;

Next day

the Duke of
Seville

& Triamore tooke his spere,
 against the Duke he can it beare,
 & smote him in the sheild;
 836 a-sunder in 2 peeces it went;
 & then many a louelye Lady gent,
 full well they him beheld.

is charged
by Triamore,and his
shield split.

then came forth a *Knight that* hight Terrey,
 840 hee was a great Lord of Surrey,² [page 222]
 he thought Noble TRIAMORE to assayle;
 & TRIAMORE rode to him blithe
 in all the strenght *that* he might drine,
 844 he thought he wold not fayle;

Sir Terrey
of Syria

charges

Triamore,

he smote him,soe in *that* stond
that horsse & man fell to the ground,³
 soe sore his stroke he sett.

and gets
thrown.

848 then durst noe man att TRIAMORE [ride,⁴]
 for fortune held all on his side
 all those dayes 3.⁵

No one else
will try
Triamore;

¹ Syselle, sir Sywere.—Ca. Cycyll,
 sir Fylar.—Cop.

² The dewke of Lythyr, sir Tyrre.
 —Ca.

³ . . . the dewke, bothe hors and man,
 Turnyd toppe ovyr tayle.—Ca.

⁴ to Tryamoure ryde.—Cop.

⁵ The Cambridge text makes Triamore

but Sir
James

lies in wait
for him,

Sir Iames, sonne vnto the Emperour,
852 had enuye to Sir Triamore,
and laid wait ¹ for him priuilye.

and runs
him through
the thigh,

att the last TRIAMORE came ryding bye.
Sir Iames said, "Triamore! thou shalt dye,
856 for thou hast done me shame."
he rode to Triamore with a spere,
& thorow ² the thigh he can him beare;
he had almost him slaine.

for which
Triamore
kills him,

860 but Tryamore hitt him in ³ the head
that he fell downe starke dead.

but is beset
by his men.

then was all his men woe;
then wold they haue slaine Tryamore
864 without he had had great succour ⁴;
they purposed to doe soe.

Arradas
rescues
Triamore,

with *that* came King Arradas ⁵ then,
& reschued Tryamore with all his men,
868 *that* stood in great doubt.

and Sir
Bernard

then Sir Barnard was full woe
that Tryamore was hurt soe;

takes him
home.

then to his owne house he him brought.

His mother

872 but when the Mother saw her sonns wound,
shee fell downe for sorrow to the ground,
& after a Leech shee sent.

sends for a
doctor.
The jousting
knights
ride to
Queen Helen

of ⁶ this, all the Lords *that* were ⁷ Iustinge,
876 to the pallace ⁸ made highinge,⁹
& to *that* Ladye went.

serve "the dewke of Aymere" as he served
Terrey, and shiver the shield and spear of
James of Almayne, p. 28-9 Percy Soc.
ed.—F.

¹ layde wayte.—Cop.

² throughe.—Cop.

³ hytt hym on.—Cop.

⁴ the greter socoure.—Cop.

⁵ Arragus.—Cop.

⁶ on *or* after.—F.

⁷ was at.—Cop.

⁸ pallayes.—Cop.

⁹ hyenge.—Cop.

- truly, as the story sayes,
 thé¹ pricked forth to the pallace
 880 the Ladyes will to heare, to hear
 Bachelours & knights prest,
 that shee might choose of them the best whom she
 which to her faynest were. will choose.
- 884 the Ladye beheld all *that* fayre Meanye,
 but Tryamore shee cold not see :
 tho chaunged all her cheere,
 then² shee sayd "Lord, where is hee³ She chooses
 888 *that* euerye day wan the degree ? Triamore.
 I chuse him to my peere.⁴" Where is he?
- al about⁵ thé Tryamore sought ; He can't be
 he was ryddn home ; thé found him nought ; found,
 892 then was *that* Ladye woe.
 the *Knights* were afore her brought,
 & of respite shee them besought,
 a yeare & noe more : so Helen
asks for a
year's delay,
- 896 shee said, "Lords, soe god me saue !
 he *that* wan me, he shall me haue ;
 ye wot well *that* my cry was soe."
 thé all consented her vntill,
 900 for shee⁶ said Nothing ill,
 thé said it shold be soe.
- for when they had all sayd,
 then answered *that* fayre Mayd,
 904 "I will haue none but Tryamore."
 then all the Lords *that* were present she will have
 tooke their Leaue, & home went ; none but
 there wan thé litle honor. Triamore.

¹ they.—Cop.² Tho.—Cop.³ he.—Cop.⁴ fere.—Cop.⁵ All abouts.—Cop.⁶ had *inserted*.—Cop.

Sir James's
men carry
his corpse

908 Sir Iames men were nothing faine
because their *Master*, he was slaine,
That was soe stout in stowre ;
in chaire his body thé Layd,

[page 228]

to his father,
the Emperour,

912 & led him home, as I haue sayd,
vnto his father the Emperour ;

and tell him
that
Triamore

& when *that* hee his sonne gan see,
a sorrye man then was hee,
916 & asked ' who had done *that* dishonor ¹ ? '
thé sayd " wee [ne] wott who it is I-wisse, ²
but Sir Tryamore he named is,
soe thé called him ³ in the crye ;

and Arradas
killed his
son.

920 " the *King* of Arragon alsoe,
he helped thy ⁴ sonne to sloe,
with all his companye."
they said, " thé be good warryoirs ;
924 they byte ⁵ vs with sharpe showers ⁶
with great villanye. ⁷ "

The Emperour
vows
revenge,

" Alas ! " said the Emperour,
" till I be reuenged on *that* traytour,
928 now shall I neuer cease !
thé shall haue many a sharpe shower,
both the *King* & Tryamore,
they shall neuer haue peace ! "

summons a
host,

932 the Emperour sayd thé shold repent ;
& after great companye he sent
of princes bold in presse,
Dukes, Earles, & lords of price. ⁸

and invades
Arragon.

936 with a great armye, the Duke sayes,
thé yeed to Arragon without lesse.

¹ dysshonour.—Cop.
² has ywys.—Cop.
³ called thé him.—Cop.
⁴ MS. the.—F.

⁵ bete.—Cop.
⁶ shoutes.—Cop.
⁷ vilany.—Cop.
⁸ pryse.—Cop.

- King Arradas*¹ was a-dread²
 for the Emperour such power had,
 940 *that* battell hee wold him bid³;
 he saw his land nye ouer-gon,
 & to a castle hee fledd anon,
 & victualls⁴ it for dread.
 944 ⁵ the Emperour was bold & stout,
 & beseeged the castle about;
 his⁶ banner he began to spread,
 & arrayd his host full well & wiselye,
 948 with wepons strong & mightye
 he thought to make them dread.
 the Emperour was bold & stout,
 & beseeged the castle about,
 952 & his banner he gan to spread;
 he gaue assault⁷ to the hold.
King Arradas was stout & bold,
 ordayned him full well.⁸
 956 with gunes & great stones round
 were throwne downe to the ground,
 & on the men were cast;
 they brake many backes & bones,
 960 *that* they fought euerye[day⁹] ones
 while 7 weekes did last.
 the Emperour was hurt ill therfore,
 his men were hurt sore,
 964 all his Ioy was past.

Arradas

takes refuge
in his castle,where the
Emperor
besieges him,and assaults
it.
Arradasfires and
hurls stoneson the
besiegers.After seven
weeks,

¹ Aragus.—Cop.
² a-dradde.—Cop.
³ bydde.—Cop.
⁴ vytaylled.—Cop. vetaylyd.—Ca.
⁵ This stanza, which seems superfluous, is not in the Cambridge text.—F.

⁶ A letter like *t*, seemingly blotched out, precedes *his* in the MS.—F.

⁷ assalte.—Cop.

⁸ And defendyd hym full faste.—Ca.
 And ordered it full welle. Rawlinson MS. (Percy Soc., p. 62).—F.

⁹ day.—Cop.

Arradas

King Arradas thought full longe
that hee was beseeged soe stronge,
with soe much might & maine :

sends to
the Emperor

968 2 Lords forth a Message he sent,
& straight to the Emperour thé¹ went.
soe when they cold him see,
of peace² they can him pray,³
972 to take truce⁴ till a certaine day.
thé kneeled downe on their knee,

to say that
he did not
alay his son,

& said, " our *King* sendeth word to thee
that he neuer your sonne did slay,⁵
976 soe he wold quitt him faine ;
he was not then present,
nor did noe wise⁶ consent
that your sonne was slaine.

and to
propose a
settlement
of their
quarrel by
single
combat ;

980 That [he] will proue, if you will soe,
your selfe and he betweene you tow,
if you will it sayne ;

[page 224]

if the
Emperor's
knight wins

" or else take your selfe a *Knight*,
984 & he will gett another to fight
on a certaine day :

Arradas will
give in ;

if that your *Knight* hap soe
ours for to discomfort or sloe,
988 as by fortune itt may,
our *King* then will doe your will,
be att your bidding lowde & still
without more delay ;

if Arradas's
knight wins,

992 " & alsoe if it you betyde
that your knight on your syde
be slaine by Mischance,

¹ y^r.—Cop.
² Only the long part of the y is in the
MS.—F.

³ peas.—Cop.

⁴ treues.—Cop.

⁵ sle.—Cop.

⁶ noe wise did.—Cop.

- My Lord shall make *your* warr to cease,¹
 [and we shall after be at pease,²]
 996 without any distance.³”
- the Emperour said⁴ without fayle
 “sett a day of Battell
 by assent of the *King* of france;”
 1000 for he had a great Campiowne,⁵
 in enerye realme he wan⁶ renowne;
 soe the Emperour ceased his distance.
- when peace was made, & truce came,⁷
 1004 then *King* Arradas were⁸ a Ioyfull man,
 & trusted vnto Tryamore.
 Soe after him he went without fayle,
 for to doe the great battelle
 1008 to his helpe & succour.
- his Messengers were come & gone,
 tydings of him hard⁹ thé none.
 the *King* Arradas thought him long,
 1012 “& he be dead, I may say alas!
 who shall then fight with Marradais
 that is soe stout & stronge?”
- when Tryamore was whole¹⁰ & sound,
 1016 & well healed of his wound,
 he busked him for to fare;

the Emperor
shall stop
his siege.

The
Emperor
agrees,

as he has a
famous
champion.

Arradas

sends for
Triamore
to fight for
him,

but can hear
no tidings of
him.

Triamore
gets well,

¹ sease.—Cop.

² This line is from Copland's text.—H.
He preyeth yow that ye wyll cese,
And let owre londys be in pees.—Ca.

³ “Dystaunce, *supra* in Debate vel
Dyscorde (*discidia*).” Promptorium.
Fr. *distance*, difference. Cotgrave.—F.

⁴ We keep the *said* of the MS., though

it is not wanted, and the Cambridge text
has not got it.—F.

⁵ Champion. MS. *campanye*.—F.
Company.—Cop.

⁶ the.—Cop.

⁷ treues tane.—Cop.

⁸ was.—Cop.

⁹ herde.—Cop.

¹⁰ hole.—Cop.

and asks his
mother who
his father is.

1020 he sayd, "mother," with mild cheere,
" & I wist what my father were,
the lesse were my care."

His mother
will not tell
him till he
marries,

"sonne," shee said, "thou shalt witt;
when ¹ thou hast Marryed *that* Ladye sweet,
thy father thou shalt ken."
1024 "mother," he said, "if you will [soe,²]
haue good day, for now I goe
to doe my Masteryes if I can.³"

so he starts
for Arragon.

1028 then rode he ouer dale & downe
vntill he came to Arragon,
ouer many a weary way.
aduentures many him befell,
& all he scaped full well,
1032 in all his great Iourney.

On his way

he saw many a wild beast
both in heath & in forrest;

he sets his
greyhounds
at a hart,

1036 he had good grey-hounds 3;
then to a hart he let them run
till 14 fosters spyed him soone,
soe threatened him greatlye;

and is
attacked by
fourteen
foresters.

1040 they yeede to him with weapons on euerye side;
it was noe boote to bid them byde;

Triamore
tries to
pacify them,

Tryamore was loth to flye,
& said vnto them, "Lords, I you pray,
lett me in peace wend my way
1044 to seeke my grayhounds 3."

offers them
all his
money.

then said Tryamore as in this time,
"gold & siluer, take all mine
if ⁴ *that* I haue tresspassed ought."

¹ Whan.—Cop.

² soo.—Ca.

³ and speke wyth my lemman.—Ca.

⁴ Of.—Cop.

- 1048 Thé said, "wee will meete with thy anon, [page 225] They refuse
 there shall noe gold borrow thee soone,¹ it,
 but in prison thou shalt be brought, and threaten
 Such is the law of the ground ;² him.
 1052 Whosoeuer therin may be found,
 other way goe thé nought."
- then Sir Tryamore was full woe Triamore
that to prison he shold goe ;
 1056 hee thought the flesh to deare bought.
 there was no more to say,
 the fosters att him gan lay is attacked
 with strokes sterne and stout. by the
 foresters,
- 1060 there Tryamore with them fought ;
 some to the ground be brought ;
 he made them lowe to looke ; and soon
 some of them fast gan pray, discomfite
 them,
 1064 the other fled fast away
 with wounds wyde *that* they sought.³
- Tryamore sought & found⁴ his gray-hounds ;
 he hear[k]ned to their yerning⁵ sounds, but finds
 two of his
 1068 & thought not for to leaue them soe. greyhounds
 at last he came to a water side ;
 there he saw the beast abyde
that had slaine 2 of his grayhounds ; slain by a
 hart,
- 1072 the 3^d full sore troubled the hind,
 & he hurt him with his trinde⁶ ;
 then was Tryamore woe. and the other
 wounded.
 if the battaile had lasted a while,
 1076 the hart wold the hound beguile,⁷
 & take his life for euermore.

¹ ? MS.: it may be meant for *frome* ;
 but one stroke of the *m* is missing.—F.

² Ca. has "ye must lese yowre ryght
 honde."—F.

³ ? tooke.—F.

⁴ rod and sought.—Cop.

⁵ ? running.—F.

⁶ One stroke of the *n* is wanting in the
 MS. Ca. has *Tyndys*, branches of the
 antlers.—F.

⁷ begyle.—Cop.

- Triamore
kills the
deer,
blows his
horn,
and king
Arradas
hears it.
- 1080 Tryamore smote att the deere,
and ¹ to the hart went the spere ;
then his horne he blew full sore.
the King Lay there beside
at Mannour ² *that* same tide ;
he hard a horne blowe ;
- 1084 they had great wonder in hall,
both *Knights*, Squiers, ³ & all,
for noe man cold it know.
with *that* ran in a foster
- A forester
runs in,
- 1088 into the hall with euill cheere,
& was full sorry, I trow.
- tells the king
that his
keepers have
been slain
by the
knight
- 1092 the King of tydings gan him fraine ;
he answered, " Sir King, your Keepers be slaine,
and lye dead on a rowe.
there came a *knight that* was mightye,
he let 3 grayhounds *that* were wightye,
& laid my fellowes full lowe : "
- 1096 he sayd, it was full true
that blew
the horn.
- that the same *that* the horne blew
that all this sorrow hath wrought.
- King Arradas said then,
- Arradas says
he wants
such a man,
- 1100 " I haue great need of such of a man ;
god hath him hither brought."
- and tells
three knights
to fetch him.
- 1104 the King commanded *Knights* 3,
he said, " goe ⁴ feitch yond gentleman to me
that is now at his play ;
looke noe ill words with him yee breake,
but pray him with me for to speake ;
I trow he will not say nay."

¹ One stroke of the *n* missing in the MS.—F.

² maner.—Cop.

³ Squiers, knights.—Cop.

⁴ MS. god.—F.

1108 Euerye knight his steed hent,
 & lightlye to the wood¹ thé went
 to seeke Tryamore *that* child.

The knights

thé found him by a water side
1112 where he brake the beast ² *that* tyde,
that hart *that* was soe wylde.

thé said, " Sir ! god be at your game ! " salute him,
he answered them even the same ;

1116 then was he frayd of guile.
 “ Sir Knight ! ” they said, “ is itt your will
 to come & speake our King vntill
 with word[e]s meeke & mylde ? ” [page 226]

and ask if he
 will come to
 their king,

1120 Tryamore asked shortlye,³
 “what hight your *King*, tell yee mee,
that is lord ⁴ of this land?”
 “this Land hight Arragon,
 1124 & our *King*, Arradas, with crowne;
 his place his heire att hand.”

Arradas of
Arragon.

Tryamore went vnto the K[ing,]
 & he was glad of his cominge,
 1128 he knew him att first sight ;
 the King tooke him by the hand,
 & said, “welcome into this land !”
 & asked ^s him what he hight.

Tryamore
comes,

Arradas
welcomes
him,

1132 "Sir, my name is Tryamore ;
once you helpt me in a stowre
as a noble man of might ;
& now I am here in thy Land ;
1136 soe was I neuer erst, as I vnderstand,
by god full of might."

and
Triamore
tells him
who he is.

¹ wodde.—Cop.

² The top of some letter over the *a* is marked out in the MS. *brake* means "cut up."—F.

^a shortly.—Cop.

⁴ There is a round blot like an *o* after the *r* in the MS.—F.

^b axet.—Cop.

- Arradas
is very glad,
1140 when the *King* wist it was hee,
his hart reioced greatlye ;
3 times he did downe fall,
& [said] “ Tryamore, welcome to me !
great sorrowe & care I haue had ¹ for thee ; ”
and tells
Triamore
and he told him al ;
- of the day
set for the
fight with the
Emperor's
champion.
1144 “ with the Emperour I ² tooke a day
[to] defend me if *that* I may ;
to Iesu I will call ;
for I neuer his sonne slew ;
1148 god he knoweth I speake but true,
& helpe me I trust he shall ! ”
- Triamore
agrees to
fight for
Arradas,
then said Tryamore thoe, [“ I am fulle woe³]
that you for me haue beene greeued soe,
1152 if I might it amend ;
& att the day of battell
I trust to proue ⁴ my might as ⁵ well,
if god will grace me send.”
- of which the
latter is
glad.
1156 then was *King* Arradas very glad,
and of Marradas was not adread :
when he to the batteile shold wend,
he ioyed ⁶ *that* he shold well speed,
1160 for Tryamore was warry ⁷ at neede
against his enemye to defend.
- there Tryamore dwelled with the *King*
many a weeke without lettinge ;
1164 he lacked right nought.
& when the day of battayle was came,
the Emperour with his men hasted full soone,
& manye wonder thought ;
- On the day
fixed, the
Emperor

¹ Cop. omits *had*.—H.² MS. he.—F.⁴ prome, in the MS.—F.³ From Ca.—F.⁵ This word is blotted in the MS.—F.⁶ joyed.—Cop.⁷ ware.—Cop.

- 1168 he brought thither both *King & Knight*;
 & *Marradas*, *that* was of might,
 to batteille he him brought.
 there was many a seemelye man,
 1172 moe then I tell you can;
 of them all he ne wrought.
- both partyes *that* ilke day
 into the feeld tooke the way,
 1176 they were already ¹ dight.
 the *King* there kissed Tryamore,
 & sayd, "I make thee mine [heyre ²] this hower,
 & dubb thee a *knight*."
- 1180 "Sir," said Tryamore, "take no dread;
 I trust Iesus will me speede,
 for you be in the right;
 therfore through gods grace
 1184 I will fight for you in this place
 with the helpe of our Lords might!"
- both partyes were full swore
 to hold the promise *that* was made before;
 1188 to Iesus can hee ³ call.
 Sir Tryamore & Sir Marradas
 both well armed was
 amonge the Lords all;
- 1192 eche of them were sett on steede;
 all men of Tryamore had dreede,
that was soe hind in all.⁴
 Marradas was stiffe & sure,⁵
 1196 their ⁶ might noe man his stroake endure,
 But *that* he made them fall.
- brings his
champion,
Marradas;

the King
brings

Triamore,

who trusts
in Christ's
help.

Both parties
swear to
abide by the
result.

Triamore

and
Marradas

[page 227]

¹ al redy.—Cop.² heyre.—Cop.³ they.—Cop.⁴ Ther was none so hynde in halle.—Ca.⁵ so styff in stoure.—Ca.⁶ then.—Ca.

- charge, then rode they together ¹ full right ;
 with sharpe speres & swords bright
 1200 they smote together sore ;
 break their the spent speres & brake sheelds,
 spears and the busled ² fowle in midstest the feelds,
 shields, either fomed as doth a bore.
- 1204 all *thé* ³ wondred *that* beheld
 and fight how thé fought in the feeld ;
 marvel- there was but a liffe.⁴
 lously. Marradas fared fyer⁵ wood
- 1208 because Tryamore soe long stood ;
 sore gan hee smite.
 Sir Tryamore fayled of Marradas,
 Triamore kills Mar- *that* sword lighted vpon his horsse,
 radas's horse, 1212 the sword to ground gan light.
- Marradas said, " it is great shame
 on a steed to wreake his game !
 thou sholdest rather smite mee ! "
- 1216 Tryamore swore, " by gods might
 I had leuer it had on thee light !
 then I wold not be sorye ⁶ ;
- and then " but here I giue thee steede mine
 offers him 1220 because I haue slaine thine ;
 his own. by my will it shalbe soe."
- Marradas sayd, " I will [him] nought
 refuses it. till I haue him with stroakes bought,"
 1224 [and won him from my foe.⁷]
- & Tryamore lighted from his horsse,
 & to Marradas straight he goes,
 Both alight for both on foote they did light.

¹ the longer.—Cop.² powsed.—Cop.³ they.—Cop.⁴ ? a life to be lost.—F. lyte (little).
—Cop.⁵ fare.—Cop.⁶ sore.—Cop.⁷ ? ; a line is wanting in the MS. Cop.
has " And wonne hym here in fyght."
—F.

1228 Sir Tryamore spared him nought,
 [But evyr in his hert he thoght¹]
 “this day was I made a *Knight*!”

& thought *that* hee himselfe wold be slaine soone,
 1232 “or else of him I will win my shoone²
 throughe gods might.”

thé laid eche at other with good will
 with sharpe swords made of steele;
 1236 *that* saw³ many a knight.

and fight on
 foot

great wonder it was to behold
 the stroakes *that* was betwixt them soe bold;
 all men might it see.

fiercely.

1240 thé were weary, & had soe greatlye bled;
 Marradas was sore adread,
 he fainted then greatlye;

Marradas
 grows faint.

& *that* Tryamore lightlye beheld,
 1244 & fought feerclye in the feeld;
 he stroke Marradas soe sore
that the sword through the body ran.
 then was the Emperour a sorry man;
 1248 he made thenn peace for euer-more;

Triamore
 kills him.
 The
 Emperor

he kissed the *King*, & was his freind,
 & tooke his leauee homewards to wend;
 noe longer there dwell wold hee.

kisses
 Arradas,
 and goes
 home.

1252 then *King* Arradas & Tryamore
 went to the palace with great honor,
 into *that* rych citye.

Arradas and
 Triamore
 return

there was ioy without care,
 1256 & all they had great welfare,
 there might no better bee;

to the city,

¹ From Ca.—F. euer in hys herte he thought.—Cop.

² See p. 77, l. 504.

³ sauce.—Cop.

hunt, ride,
and enjoy
themselves.

they hunted & rode many a where,
full great pleasure they had there.

1260

Arradas
offers to
make
Triamore his
heir,

among the knights of price
the King profered him full fayre,
& sayd, "Tryamore, Ile make thee mine heyre,
for thou art strong & wise."

but Triamore
declines, and

1264

Sir Tryamore said, "Sir, trulye
into other cuntryes goe will I ;

asks only a
steed ;

I desire of you but a steed,
& to other lands will I goe

he means to
do adven-
tures.

1268

some great aduentures for to doe,
thus will I my liffe lead."

the King was verry sorry tho ;

Arradas
gives him

1272

when *that* hee wold from him goe,
he gaue him a sure weede,¹

money

& plenty of siluer & gold,

and a fearless
steed,

& a steed as hee wold,

that nothing wold feare.

1276

hee tooke his leaue of the King,
And mourned at his departing,
then hasted he him there ;

[page 228]

and promises
him all

1280

the King sayd, "Tryamor ! *that*² is mine,
when thou list it shall be thine,
all my kingdome lesse & more."

his realm.

Triamore

Now is Tryamore forth goe ;
Lords & ladyes were full woe,³
1284 euerye man loued him there.

rides to

Hungary.

Tryamore rode in hast trulye
into the Land of Hungarye,
aduentures for to seeke.⁴

¹ *steede* is marked out in the MS.—F.

² whatever, all that.—F.

³ for him were woe.—Cop.

⁴ The Cambridge text sends him
generally everywhere before going to
Hungary.—F.

1288 betweene 2 mountaines, the sooth to say,
 he rode forth on his way ;
 with a palmer he did meete ;

On his road
 a palmer

 he asked almes for gods sake,
 1292 & Tryamore him not forgate,
 he gaue him with words sweete.
 the palmer said, " turne yee againe,
 or else I feare you wilbe slaine ;
 1296 you may not passe but you be beat."

warns him
 to turn back

 Tryamore asked " why soe ? "
 " Sir," he said, " there be brethren towe
 that on the mountaine dwells."
 1300 " faith," said Tryamore, " if there be no more,
 I trust in god *that* way to goe,
 if this be true *that* thou tells."
 he bade the palmer good day,
 1304 & rode forth on his way
 ouer heath & feelds ;

for fear of
 two brothers
 there.

Triamore
 rides on,

 the palmer prayed to him full fast,
 Tryamore was not agast,
 1308 he blew his horne full shrill.
 he had not rydden but a while,
 not the Mountenance of a mile,
 2 *knight*s he saw on a hill :

and soon
 meets

two knights,

1312 the one of them to him gan ryde,
 they other still gan abyde
 a litle there beside.
 & when thé did Tryamore spye,
 1316 thé said, " turne thee traytor,¹ or thou shalt dye,
 therfore stand & abyde ! "

who order
 him to go
 back.

¹ traytor turne.—Cop.

One charges
him,

either againe other ¹ gan ryd fast,
theire strokes mad their speres to brast,

1320

& made them wounds full wyde.

the other

the other *knight that* honed ² soe,
wondred *that* Tryamore dared soe :
he rode to them *that* tyde

separates
them,

1324

& departed them in twaine,
& to speake fayre he began to fraine
with words *that* sounded well :

asks
Triamore
his name,

1328

to Tryamore he ³ sayd anon,
“a doughtyer *Knight* I neuer saw none ! ⁴
thy name *that* thou vs tell.”

Tryamore said, “first will I wett
why *that* you doe keepe this street,
1332 & where *that* you doe dwell.”

and says
that their
brother
Marradas

thé said, “wee had a brother hight Marradas,
with the Emperour forsooth he was,
a stronge man well I-know. ⁵

1336

in Arragon, before the Emperour,
a *knight* called Sir Tryamore
in battel there him slew ⁶ ;

was slain by
one
Triamore,

and their
elder brother
Burlong

1340

“ & alsoe wee say another,
Burlong ⁷ our elder brother,
as a man of much might ;
he hath beseeged soothlye
the *Kings* daughter of HUNGARVE ;

1344

to wed her he hath height ;

¹ other than.—Cop. *ryd* has a tag at the end.—F.

² hoved, *i.e.* hovered on the hill, qu.—P. *hoved* is common in the sense of halted.—F.

³ they.—Cop.

⁴ so doughty a knight knowe I none.—Cop.

⁵ y-nough (enough).—Ca.

⁶ There is something like another *e* before the *w* in the MS.—F.

⁷ Burlonde.—Ca.

“ & soe well hee hath sped
that hee shall *that* Lady wedd
 but shee may find a *Knight*
 1348 *that* BURLONGE ouercome may ;
 to *that* they haue tooke a day,
 wage battel & fight ;

is to wed
 Queen Helen
 of Hungary
 unless she
 can find a
 knight to
 beat him,

“ for *that* same Tryamore
 1352 loued *that* Ladye paramoure,
 as it is before told ;
 if he will to Hungarye,
 needs must he come vs by ;
 1356 to meete with him wee wold.”

and she is
 Triamore's
 love.

[page 229]

They'd like
 to catch him.

Tryamore said, “ I say not nay,
 but my name I will tell this day,
 in faith I will not Laine :
 1360 thinke your Iourney well besett,
 for with Tryamore you haue mett
that your brother hath slaine.”

Triamore
 says

“ here he is.”

“ welcome ! ” thé said, “ Tryamore !
 1364 his death shalt thou repent sore ;
 thy sorrow shall begin.
 yeeld thee to vs anon,
 for thou shalt not from vs gone
 1368 by noe manner of gin.¹ ”

They call on
 him to yeld.

thé smote feircly att him tho,
 & Tryamore against them 2
 without more delay.
 1372 Sir Tryamore proued him full prest,
 he brake their spere on their brest,
 hee had such assay ;

He fights
 them,

¹ gynne.—Cop. wile.—F.

- they split
his shield
and kill his
horse,
1376 his sheeld was broken in peeces 3,
his horsse was smitten on his knee,
soe hard att him thé thrust.¹
Sir Tryamore was then right wood,
but he slays
one of them.
1380 & slew the one there as he stood
with his sword full prest.
- The other
1384 *that* other rode his way,
his hart was in great affray,
yet he turned againe *that* tide,—
when Tryamore had slaine his brother,
a sorry man then was the other,—
rides at him,
& straight againe to him did rydde ;
- but Tria-
more kills
him too.
1388 then they 2 sore foughte
that the other to the ground was brought
then were thé both slaine.
- Helen
wonders
where
Triamore is.
1392 tho the Ladye on Tryamore thought,
for of him shee knew right nought,
shee wist not what to say.
- The day to
win her is
come ;
the day was come *that* was sett,
the Lords assembled without lett,
all in good array.
- Burlong
calls for her
knight.
1396 Burlonge was redye dight,
he bade the Lady send the *Knight*.
shee answered " I ne may : "
for in *that* castle shee had hight
1400 to keepe her with all her might,
as the story doth say.
- 1404 thé said, " if Tryamore be aliue,
hither ² will hee come blithe ;
god send vs good grace to speed ! "

¹ thrust.—Cop.² MS. either.—F.

with *that* came in Sir Tryamore
in the thickest of *that* stower,
into the feild without dread.

But just
then
Triamore

rides into
the field,

- 1408 he asked 'what all *that* did meane.'
the people shewed *that* a battel there shold beene
for the loue of *that* Ladye.
he saw BURLONG on his steede,
1412 & straight to him he yeede ;
that Ladye challengeth hee.

goes straight
to Burlong,

- Burlong asked him if he wold fight.
Tryamore said, " with all [my] might
1416 to slay thee, or thou me."
anon *thé* made them readye,
& none there knew him sikerlye,
thé wondred what he shold bee.

and says he'll
fight him.

- 1420 high on a tower stood *that* good Ladye ;
shee knew not what *Knight* verelye
that with Burlong did fight.
fast shee asked of her men
1424 'if *that* *Knight* they cold ken
that to battell was dight ;

Helen
does not
know him ;

- ' a griffon he beareth all of blew.'¹
a herald of armes soone him² knew,
1428 & said anon-right,
" Madame ! god hath sent you succor ;
for yonder is Tryamore
That with Burlong will fight."

but a herald
recognises
his crest,

and tells her
it is
Triamore.

[page 230]

- 1432 to Iesus gan the Ladye pray
for to speed him on his Iourney
that hee about yeed.

She prays for
his success.

¹ A kreste he beryth in blewe.—Ca.

² Syr Barnarde.—Ca.

Triamore
and Burlong
fight

1436 then those *Knights* ran together,
the speres in peeces gan shiner,
thé fought full sore indeed ;

for a long
while,

1440 there was noe man in the feild tho
who shold hane the better of them tow,
soe mightilye they did them beare.
the Battel lasted wonderous long ;
though Burlong was neuer soe stronge,
there found he his peere.

till Triamore
loses his
sword.

1444 Tryamore a stroke to him mint,¹
his sword fell downe at *that* dint
out of his hand him free.
then was Burlong verry ² glad,
1448 & the Ladye was verry sad,
& many more full woe.

He asks for
it,
and Burlong
agrees to
give it him
if he'll tell
his name.

1452 Tryamore asked his sword againe,
but Burlong gan him fraine
to know first his name ;
& said, " tell me first what thou hight,
& why thou challengeth the Ladye bright,
then shalt thou hane thy sword againe."

Triamore
tells him.

1456 Tryamore sayd, " soe mote I thee,
My name I will tell trulye,
therof I will not doubt ;
men call me Sir Tryamore,
1460 I wan this Ladye in a stowre
among Barrons stout."

Burlong
reproaches
him with
killing
Marradas

1464 then said Burlong, " thou it was
that slew my brother Marradas !
a faire ³ hap thee befell !"

¹ mynt.—Cop. minded, meant, intended.—F.

² wonder.—Cop.

³ ? fowle.—F.

Sir Tryamore sayd to him tho,
 "soe haue I done thy Brethren 2
that on the Mountaines did dwell."

- 1468 Burlong said, "woe may thou bee,
 for thou hast slaine my brethren 3!
 sorrow hast thou sought!
 thy sword getts thou neuer againe
 1472 till I be avenged, & thou slaine;
 now I am well bethought!"

and his other
 brothers,

and refuses
 to let him
 have his
 sword.

- Sir Tryamore sayd, "noe force¹ tho,
 thou shalt repent it ere thou goe;
 1476 doe forth! I dread thee nought!"
 Burlong to smite was readye bowne,
 his feete slipt,² & hee fell downe,
 & Tryamore right well nought,³

Burlong
 makes ready
 to strike; his
 foot slips,
 and he falls.

- 1480 his sword lightlye he vp hent,
 & to Burlonge fast he went;
 for nothing wold he flee;
 & as he wold haue risen againe,
 1484 he smote his leggs euen in twaine
 hard fast by the knee.

Triamore
 gets his
 sword again,

cuts big
 Burlong off
 at the knees,

- Tryamore bade him "stand vpright,
 & all men may see now in fight
 1488 wee beene meete of a size."
 Sir Tryamore suffered him
 to take another weapon,
 as a knight of much prize.

to make him
 his equal in
 height,

and lets him
 get a sword.

- 1492 Burlong on his stumpes stood
 as a man *that* was nye wood,
 & fought wonderous hard.⁴

Burlong
 fights well
 on his
 stumpes,

¹ matter.—F.

² his foto schett.—Ca.

³ wylyly wrought.—Ca.

⁴ wonder faste.—Cop.

wrought.—Cop.

- 1496 & Sir Tryamore strake stroakes sure,
for he cold well endure ;
 of him hee was not affrayd,
- but
Triamore
cuts his head
off,
1500 & vnder his ventale
his head he smote of without fayle ;
 with *that* in peeces his sword brast.
- and goes to
his love.
1504 Now is Burlong slaine,
 & Triamore with maine
 into the Castle went,
Helen to the Ladye *that* was full bright ;
 & att the gates shee mett the *Knight*,
 & in her armes shee him hent.
- welcomes
him.
1508 Shee said, " welcome sir Tryamore !
for you haue bought my loue full deere,
 my hart is on you lent ! " [page 231]
The barons
agree to hold
their lands
of him,
1512 then said all the Barrons bold,
 " of him wee will our lands hold ; "
 & therto they did assent.
- and the
wedding-day
is fixed.
1516 there is noe more to say,
but they haue taken a certaine day
 that they both shalbe wed.
Triamore
sends for his
mother,
1520 Sir Tryamore for his mother sent,
a Messenger for her went,
 & into the castle he[r] led.
- 1520 Tryamore to his mother gan saine,
" my father I wold know faine,
 sith I haue soe well sped."
and she
tells him
that King
Arradas is
his father,
1524 shee said, " *King* Arraydas of Arragon,
is thy father, & thou his owne sonne ;
 I was his wedded Queene ;

- “ a leasing was borne me in hand,¹
 & falsely fleamed me out of his land
 by a traitor Keene,
 1528 Sir Marrokee thé hight²: he did me woe,
 & Sir Rodger my knight he did sloe,
that my guide³ shold haue beene.”
- & when *that* Tryamore all heard,⁴
 1532 & how his mother shee had⁵ sayd,
 letters he made & wrought;
 he prayd King Arradas to come him till,
 if *that* it were his will,
 1536 thus he him besought:
- ‘ if hee will come into HUNGARYE
 for his Manhood & his Masterye,
 & *that* he wold fayle in nought.’
 1540 then was King Arradas verry glad;
 the Messengers great guifts had
 for they tydings *that* they brought.
- the day was come *that* was sett,
 1544 the Lords came thither without let,
 & ladyes of great pryde;
 then wold they noe longer lett;
 shortlye after⁶ they are fett,
 1548 with 2 dukes on enerye side;
- they lady to the church thé led;
 a Bishopp them together did wed,
 in full great hast thé hyed.
 1552 soone after *that* weddinge
 Sir Tryamore was crowned King,
 they wold noe longer abyde.
- that she was
 banished
 wrongfully,
 through Sir
 Marrock.
 Triamore
 writes and
 begs
 Arradas
 to come to
 Hungary.
 On the
 wedding-
 day,
 Queen Helen
 is married to
 Triamore,
 who is then
 crowned
 king.

¹ forced on me.—F.² ? the wight.—F.³ gyder.—Cop.⁴ herde.—Cop.⁵ to him.—Cop.⁶ after forthc.—Cop.

- the *Queene*, his mother Margaret,
 1556 before the *King* shee was sett
 in a goodlye cheare.¹
- Arradas sees
 Margaret,
 1560 *King* Arradas beheld his *Queene*,
 him thought *that* hee had her seene,
 shee was a ladye fayre ;
 the *King* said, "it is *your* will
 your name me for to tell,
 I pray you with words fayre."
- and asks her
 what her
 name is.
 1564 "my Lord," sayd [she,] "I was *your* *Queene* ;
 your steward did me ill ² teene ;
that euill might him befalle !"
 the *King* spake noe more words
- After dinner 1568 till the clothes were drawen from the bords,
 & men rose in the hall.
 & by the hand he tooke the *Queene* gent ;
 soe in the chamber forth he went,
 1572 & there shee told him all.
- she tells him
 all her
 history.
 They kiss,
 and all
 reioice.
 ' then was there great Ioy & blisse !
 when they together gan kisse,
 then all they companye made Ioy enough.
 1576 the younge *Queene* [was] full glad
that shee a *Kings* sonne to her Lord had,
 shee was glad, I trowe ;
- Helen is
 glad too,
 and both
 couples live
 long and
 happily.
 1580 in Ioy together lead their liffe
 all their dayes without striffe,
 & liued many a fayre yeere.
 Then king Arradas & his *Queene*
 had ioy enough them betweene,
 1584 & merrilye ³ liued together.

[page 232]

¹ For the preceding half-stanza the
 Cambridge text has a whole one :

Ye may welle wete certeynly
 That there was a great mangery,
 There as so many were mett :

*Q*wene Margaret began the deyse ;
*K*ying Arduſ wyth-owtyn lees,
 Be hur was he sett.—F.

² mekyll.—Cop.

³ merely.—Cop.

& thus wee leaue of Tryamore
that liued long in great honor
 with the fayre HELLENE.¹

Good bye,
 Triamore!

1588 I pray god giue their soules good rest,
 & all *that* haue heard this litle Iest,²
 highe heauen for to win!
 god grant vs all to haue *that* grace,
 1592 him for to see in the celestyall place!
 I pray you all to say Amen!

God send all
 my hearers
 to heauen!
 Amen!

ffins.³

¹ Elyne.—Cop.

² Gest. P.C.—P. gest.—Cop.

³ Copland's colophon is, "¶ Im-

printed at London in Temes strote vpon
 the thre Crane wharfe. By Wyllyam
 Copland."—F.

Guye : & Amarant.¹

[See the General Introduction to the Guy Poems, under *Guy & Colebrande* below.]

Guy jour-
neys in the
Holy Land,

GUYE : iourneyed ore the sanctified ground
wheras the Iewes fayre citye someti[me] stood,
wherin our saviours sacred head was crowned,
4 & where for sinfull man he shed his blood.
to see the sepulcher was his intent,
the tombe *that* Ioseph vnto Iesus lent.

and meets
a woeful
man,

whose fifteen
sons are held
in bondage
by

the giant
Amarant.

Guy under-
takes to free
them,

and knocks
loudly at the
giant's door.

8 & passed desarts places² full of danger;
att last with a most woofull wight did meet,
a man³ *that* vnto sorrow was noe stranger,
for he had 15 sonnes made captiues all
12 to slauish⁴ bondage, in extremest thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detained them,
whom noe man durst encounter for his strenght,
who, in a castle *which* he held, had chaineid them.

16 Guy questions w[h]ere,⁵ & vnderstands at lenght
the place not farr. "lend me thy sword," quoth Guy;
"He lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free."

With that he goes & layes vpon the dore
20 like one, he sayes, *that* must & will come in.
the Gyant, he was neere soe rowzed before,

¹ By the elegance of Language & easy Flow of *the* versification, this Poem *should* be more modern than the rest.—P. The first bombastic rhodomontade affair in the book. Certainly modern, and certainly bad, as bad as it well can be, if it was meant seriously. One is tempted in charity to think it a quiz of

the style it affects. Cp. st. 31, "but did not promise you they should be fatt." l. 186.—F.

² desart-p[laces].—P.
³ called Erle Jonas, p. 253 [of MS. torn out for *King Estmere*].—P.

⁴ There are two strokes in MS. after the *u*, one is dotted.—F.

⁵ where.—P.

- for noe such knocking at his gate had beene ;
 soe takes his keyes & club, & goeth out,
 21 Staring with irefull countenance about :
 Amarant
 comes forth,
- “ Sirra ! ” sais hee, “ what busines hast thou heere ?
 art come to feast my crowes about the walls ¹ ?
 didst ² neuer heare noe ransome cold him cleere
 28 *that* in the compas of my furye falls ³ ?
 for making me to take a porters paines,
 with this same club I will dash out thy braines.”
 and says
 he'll dash
 Guy's brains
 out.
- “ Gyant,” saies Guy, “ your quarrelsome, I see ;
 32 choller & you are something neere of Kin ;
 dangerous at a club be-like you bee ;
 I haue beene better armed, though now goe th[in.]
 but shew thy vtmost hate, enlarge thy spite !
 36 heere is the wepon *that* must doe me right.”
 Guy answers
 that his
 sword will
 right him,
- Soe takes his sword, salutes [him ⁴] with the same
 about the head, the shoulders, & the sides,
 whilest his erected club doth death proclaime,
 40 standing with huge Collossous spacious strydes,
 putting such vigor to his knotted beame
that like a furnace he did smoke extreme.
 and attacks
 the giant,
- But on the ground he spent his stroakes in vaine,
 44 for Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,
 & ere he cold recouers ⁵ clubb againe,
 did beate his plated coate against his will :
 att such aduantage Guy wold neuer fayle
 48 to beate him soundly in his coate of Mayle.
 which Guy
 avoide,
 and hacks at
 the giant.

¹ wall.—P.

² ? MS. *didest* or the *e* has been altered into part of the *s*.—F.

³ fall.—P.

⁴ him *with*.—P.

⁵ There's an apostrophe in recent ink over the *s* in the MS.—F.

- Amarant grows faint,
and asks
Guy to let
him drink at
a spring. 52 Att last through strength, Amarant ¹ feeble grew,
& said to Guy, "as thou art of humane race,
shew itt in this, giuee nature ² wants her dew ;
let me but goe & drinke in younder place ;
thou canst not yeeld to ³ [me] a smaller thing
then to grant life *thats* giuen by the spring."
- Guy gives
him leave. 56 "I giue the leaue," sayes Guy, "goe drinke thy ⁴ last,
to pledge the dragon & the savage beare,⁵
suceed the tragedyes *that* they hane past ;
but neuer thinke to drinke ⁶ cold water more ⁷ ;
drinke deepe to death, & after *that* carrouse
60 bid him receiue thee in his earthen house."
- Amarant
drinks so
greedily 64 Soe to the spring he goes, & slakes his thirst,
takeing in ⁸ the water in, extremly like
Some wracked shipp *that* on some rocke is burst, [p. 233]
whose forced bulke against the stones doe stryke ;
Scoping it in soe fast with both his hands
that Guy, admiring, to behold him stands.
- that Guy
wonders. 68 "Come on," quoth Guy, "lets to our worke againe ;
thou stayest about thy liquor ouer longe ;
the fish *which* in the riuer doe remaine
will want thereby ; thy ⁹ drinking doth them
wrong ;
but I will [have] their ¹⁰ satisfaction made ;
72 with gyants blood *thé* must & shall be payd ! "
- The giant "Villaine," quoth Amarant, "Ile crush thee straight !
thy life shall pay thy daring touns offence !
this club, *which* is about some hundred waight,

¹ the strength of A: or thro' lacke of strength he.—P. This circumstance seems borrowed from song 104. p. 349, [of MS. *Guy & Colebrande*].—P.

² An 's has been added by P. in the MS.—F.

³ unto.—P.

⁴ One stroke too many for *thy* in the MS.—F.

⁵ boar. Qu.—P.

⁶ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁷ here, Qu., or mair.—P.

⁸ dolend.—P.

⁹ MS. their.—F. thy.—P.

¹⁰ have their.—P.

- 76 has deathes commission to dispatch¹ thee hence !
 dresse thee for Ranens dyett, I must needs,
 & breake thy bones as they were made of reeds ! ”
- says he'll
break Guy's
bones.
- Incensed much att² this bold Pagans bosts,
 80 which worthy Guy cold ill endure to heare,
 he hewes vpon those bigg supporting postes
 which like 2 pillars did his body beare.
 Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,
 84 & desperatelye att guy his club he throwes,
- Guy hews
away at
Amarant's
legs ;
- he throws his
club at Guy,
- Which did directlye on his body light
 soe heany & soe weaghtye³ there withall,
 that downe to ground on sudden came the *Knight* ;
 88 & ere he cold reconer from his fall,
 the gyant gott his club againe in his fist,
 & stroke a blow *that* wonderfullye mist.
- and knocks
him down.
- “ Traytor ! ” quoth Guy, “ thy falshood Ile repay,
 92 this coward art to intercept my bloodo.”
 sayes Amarant, “ Ile murther any way ;
 with enemyes, all vantages are good ;
 o ! cold I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,
 96 be sure of it, I wold destroy the soe ! ”
- Guy re-
proaches
him for
fighting
unfairly,
- “ Its well,” said Guy, “ thy honest thoughts appear
 within *that* beastlye bulke where devills dwell,
 which are thy tennants while thou liest heere,
 100 but wilbe landlords when thou comest in hell.
 Vile miscreant ! prepare thee for their den !
 Inhumane monster, hurtfull vnto men !
- “ But breath thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,
 104 for flameing Pheabus with his fyerye eye
 torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke
- and asks
leave to
drink.

¹ Here again is the *cth* for *tch*, noticed
in vol. i. p. 23, note ¹.—F.

² MS. all.—F. att this.—P.
³ weightye.—P.

my thirst wold serue to drinke an Ocean drye.
 forbear a litle, as I delt with thee."

108 Quoth Amarant, "thou hast noe foole of mee!

Amarant
 refuses: he
 is not such a
 fool

"Noe! sillye wretch! my father taught more
 how I shold vse such enemyes as thou.

by all my gods! I doe reioyce at itt,

112 to vnderstand *that* thirst constraines thee now;
 for all the treasure that the world containes,
 one drop of water shall not coole thy vaynes.

as to refresh
 his foe.

"Releeue my foe! why, twere a madmans part!

116 refresh an aduersarye, to my wronge!
 if thou imagine this, a child thou art.

no, fellow! I haue knowne the world to longe
 to be soe simple now I know thy want;

120 a Minutes space to thee I will not grant."

Amarant
 swings his
 club round,

And with these words, heauing a-loft his club

into the ayre, he swinges the same about,

then shakes his lockes, & doth his temples rubb,

124 & like the Cyclops in his pride doth strout¹;

"Sirra," said hee, "I haue you at a lifte;

now you are come vnto your latest shift;

and promises
 to kill Guy

"Perish for euer with this stroke I send thee,

128 a Medcine will doe thy thirst much good;

take noe more care of drinke before I end thee,

and drink
 his blood.

& then weelle haue carowes of thy blood!

heeres at thee with a buchers downe-right blow,

132 to please my fury with thine ouerthrow!"

Guy abuses
 the giant,

"Infe[r]nall, false, obdurat feend!" Guy said,²

"*that* seemes a lumpe of crueltye from hell!

ingratefull monster! since thou hast denyd³

¹ Strowt yñ, or bocyn owte (bowtyn,
 S.) *Turgeo*, *Catholicon*, *Prompt.*—F.

² cryd; [or] perhaps, 'said Guy.'—I'
³ dost deny.—P.

136 the thing to mee wherin I vsed thee [well,¹]
with more reuenge then ere my sword did make,
On thy accursed head revenge Ile take ! [page 234]

“Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,
140 except thy sunscorcht sckin doe weapon proue.² bids the
farwell my thirst ! I doe disdaine to drinke. streams keep
streames, keepe you[r] waters to you[r] owne for them-
behoues,³ selves,
or let wild beasts be welcome therunto ;
144 with those pearle dropps I will not haue to doe.

“Hold, tyrant ! take a tast of my good will ;
for thus I doe begin my bloodye bout ;
you cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,—
148 it is not *that* same club will beare you out,— strikes
& take this payment on thy shaggye crowne,” Amarant,
a blow *that* brought him with a vengeance fetches him
dow[ne]. down,

Then Guy sett foot vpon the monsters brest, cuts off his
152 & from his shoulders did his head devyde, head,
which with a yawninge mouth did gape vnblest,—
noe dragons lawes were euer seene soe wydo
to open & to shut,—till liffe was spent.
156 soe Guy tooke Keyes, & to the castle went,

Where manye woefull captiues he did find, sets free his
which had beene tyred with extremitye, captives,—
whom he in ffreindly manner did vnbind,
160 & reasoned with them of their miserye.
eche told a tale with teares & sighes & cryes,
all weeping to him with complainning eyes.

¹ well.—P.

² be weapon-proof.—P.

³ behoof.—P.

some, ladies

There tender Laidyes in darke dungeon¹ lay,
 164 *that* were surprised in the desart wood,
 & had noe other dyett euerye day

who had
 been fed on
 their dead
 lovers and
 husbands,—

then flesh of humane creatures for their food ;
 some with their louers bodyes had beene fed,
 168 & in their wombes² their husbands buried.

and the
 palmer's
 fifteen sons,

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,
 to enlarge they³ wronged Brethren from⁴ their
 w[oes ;]
 & as he searcheth, doth great clamors heare ;
 172 by *which* sad sounds direction, on he goes
 vntill he findes a darkesome obscure gate,
 armed strongly ouer all with Iron plate :

who were
 like the
 pictures of
 Death.

That⁵ he vnlockes, and enters where appeares
 176 the strangest obiect *that* he euer saw,
 men *that* with famishment of many yeerres
 will⁶ were like deaths picture, *which* the painters
 dra[w ;]
 diuers of them were hanged by eche thumbe ;
 180 others, head downeward ; by the middle, summe.⁷

Guy restores
 the palmer
 his sons,

With dilligence he takes them from the walls,
 with lybertye their thraldome to acquainte.
 then the perplexed *Knight* the father calls,
 184 & sayes, “receine thy sonnes, thoe poore & faint !
 I promised you their lines ; eccept of *that*⁸ ;
 but did not promise you thé shold be fatt.

gives him
 the giant's
 castle,

“The castle I doe giue thee,—heere is the Keyes,—
 188 where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell ;
 procure the gentle tender Ladyes ease ;

¹ Only half of the first *n* in the MS.
 —F.

² ? MS. wombers.—F.

³ the.—P.

⁴ There is something like a blotched *o*
 before the *r* in the MS.—F.

⁵ Then.—P.

⁶ delend.—P.

⁷ some.—P. The *e*, and last stroke of
 the *m*, have been cut off by the binder.
 —F.

⁸ accept of that.—P.

for pittye sake vse wronged women well!
 men may easilye revenge the deeds men doe,
 192 but poore weake women haue no strenght therto.”

and charges
 him to use
 the women
 well.

The good old man, euen ouerjoyed with this,
 fell on the ground, & wold haue kist Guys fee[t.]
 “father,” quoth hee, “refraine soe base a kisse !
 196 for age to honor youth, I hold vnmecete ;
 ambitious pryd hath hurt me all it can,
 I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.” ffins.

Guy refuses
 to let the
 palmer kiss
 his feet.

Cales: Voyage: ¹

THE allusions in these lines are principally to well-known incidents in the reign of Charles I., most of which occurred between 1625 and 1630.

“Cales,” of course, means “Cadiz;” and the expeditions of Viscount Wimbledon to that place in 1625, of the Duke of Buckingham to Rhé in 1627, and of the Earl of Denbigh to Rochelle in 1628—all failures—are commemorated in lines 1, 2, and 3. Line 4 alludes to the grant of five subsidies made on the concession of the Petition of Right; lines 6, 8, and 9, refer to the death of Buckingham. The peace with Spain, mentioned in line 7, was proclaimed on the 5th of December, 1630. Lines 9 to 12 commemorate the recent passing of the Petition of Right, which took place on the 5th of June, 1628. Of lines 17 to 24 I take the meaning to be: “Do not meddle with the hierarchy for fear of the Inquisition, that is, the Star Chamber, where thou shalt find a crop-ear doom, cries Leighton.” The allusion is to the dreadful sentence inflicted on Dr. Alexander Leighton, a portion of which was that he should have “one of his ears cut off, and his nose slit, and be branded in the face.” (*State Trials*, vol. iii. p. 385.)

Line 25 alludes to the King’s commission for extracting fines from those who, having 40*l.* a year in lands, did not attend at the coronation to be knighted. Lines 26 to 30 refer to the case of Walter Long, sheriff of Wilts, who was fined 2,000 marks for absenting himself from his county to attend his duty in parliament. (*State Trials*, vol. iii. p. 235.)

¹ A kind of State Satire on *the* abuses in Charles 1st time—very obscure.—P.

Lines 33 to 37 relate to a speech of Sir Dudley Carleton in the House of Commons in 1628, in which he warned the House of the fate of parliaments in foreign countries, where they had been overthrown by monarchs as soon as they began to know their own strength. Hence, he continued, the misery of the people on the continent, who look like ghosts and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet. *Rushworth*, vol. i. p. 359. Whitelocke substitutes "canvas clothes" for the thin covering, p. 6. Both agree in the wooden shoes.

The allusion in the closing lines, 39 and 40, is to the Lord Chief Justice Tresilian, in the reign of Richard II. He was one of that King's evil advisers, was impeached by parliament, found guilty of treason, and hanged at Tyburn¹—which may be said to be the moral of this poem.

J. BRUCE.

	ATT cales wee latelye made afray,	
	att Ile of Ree ² wee run away,	We've been defeated right and left,
	our shippes poore Rochell did betray.	
4	5 subsidyses for that,	but give us five subsidies
	And then wee shall to sea againe,	
	all <i>that</i> ³ our generall was slaine,	and we'll fight again.
	& now wee haue made peace with spaine,	
8	Iacke ffellton !	
	Sir Artigall grand Torto ⁴ slew ;	[page 235]
	now euerye man must have his dew	
	by vertue of a gracious new	We've a new Petit on of Right. What a blessing !
12	Petition of right.	

¹ See *Political Poems and Songs*, ed. Wright, vol. i. p. 423, 460.

² See Marc Lescarbot's "La chasse aux Anglois en l'Isle de Rez et au Siege

de la Rochelle." Paris, 1629.—F.

³ Altho' or Albeit.—P.

⁴ See Spencer's Fairy Queen.—P.

The child of honor did deffye
 In mortall fight his enemye,
 & when he came to doe him dye,
 16 cryes Sall : Brooke.

Don't talk
 of Pope
 John's
 children,

Eleuen children had Pope Iohn,
 Pope Iohn the twelft, an able man ;
 heeres to the daffe, Ile pledge the don,
 20 A pulpitt of sacke !

or the
 Inquisition
 will catch
 hold of you.

Noe more of *that*, doe not presume,
 ffor feare of the Inquisition at Rome,
 where thou shalt find a cropeare dome,
 24 Cryes Layston.

Don't leave
 your county
 when you're
 Sheriff.

Ten poundes for not being made a *Knight* ;
 ffine thousand Markes was deemed right
 for being out of his cuntryes sight
 28 In time o Shreaualltrye.

These & such like, as I you tell,
 In fayrye land latelye befell, .
 where Iustice ffought with Iustice Cell
 32 Att Gloster.

Be dutiful,
 or else you'll
 turn French-
 men, and
 have to wear
 wooden
 shoes.

Be dutifull, good people all,
 the gouernment else alter shall,
 & bring you to the state of Gaule,
 36 Haire shirts & woodden shooes !

Hang bad
 counsellere.

Noe habeas corpus shall be gott ;
 but for all this damned plott
 Tresilian went vnto the pott
 40 Att Tyburne ! fins.

King & Miller : ¹

THIS copy is given in the *Reliques* "with corrections," and "collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection intitled 'A pleasant ballad of K. Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield.'" "There are copies of this ballad," says Mr. Chappell, who prints the tune, "in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. i. p. 178, and p. 228; in the Bagford p. 25."

"It has been a favourite subject," says Percy, "with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have 'K. Henry and the Soldier,' 'K. James I. and the Tinker,' 'K. William III. and the Forester' &c. Of the latter sort are 'K. Alfred and the Shepherd,' 'K. Edward IV. and the Tanner,' 'K. Henry VII. and the Cobbler' &c."

"The earliest of these stories," says Professor Child in his Introduction to King Edward Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth, "seems to be that of King Alfred and the Neatherd, in which the herdsman's wife plays the offending part and the peasant himself is made Bishop of Winchester. Others of a very considerable antiquity are the tales of Henry II. and the Cistercian Abbot in the *Speculum Ecclesiæ* of Giraldus Cambrensis (an. 1220) printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* i. 147; *King Edward and the Shepherd*, and *The King [Edward] and the Hermit* in Hartshorne's *Metrical Tales* (p. 35. p. 293, the latter previously in *The British Bibliographer* iv. 81); *Rauf Coilzear*,

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 53. No. VIII.—P.

how he harbrait King Charles in Laing's Select Remains; John de Reeve and the King and the Barker, the original of the present ballad."

The idea of majesty compelled, or condescending to fraternise with low life has in foreign countries, too, excited the vulgar imagination. Such meetings of extremes—the fellowships of a power so high with a thing so low—have proved extremely fascinating. And while the stories of them show how tremendous was the interval between the king and his poor subjects, they show also how friendly was the popular conception of royalty. The king was far, far off; but he was kindly and genial. He could be imagined descending from his supreme height, and enjoying the humours of the humblest and vulgarest. Such descents were a kind of Avatars, which the people rejoiced to remember and celebrate. They served to kindle and fan their loyal affection; to bind the king and people, as showing that he was a man of like passions with themselves, not an alien unsympathetic being, scarcely human.

1

King Henry
will go a
hunting.

HENERY, our royall King, wold goe a huntinge
to the greene fforrest soe pleasant & fayre,
to haue the harts chased, the daintye does tripping;
4 to merry Sherwood his nobles repayre;
hawke & hound was vnbound, all things prepared
for the same to the game with good regard.

Hawk and
hound are
let go.

2

The King
hunts all
day,

8

All a longe summers day rode the King pleasantlye
with all his princes & nobles eche one,
chasing the hart & hind & the bucke gallantlye,
till the darke euening inforced them turne home.

and at night
loses himself
in the wood.

12

then at last, ryding fast, he had lost quite
all his Lords in the wood in the darke night.

3

Wandering thus wearilye all alone vp & downe,
 with a rude Miller he mett att the Last,
 asking the ready way vnto fayre Nottingham.

He meets a
 Miller,
 and asks his
 way to Not-
 tingham.
 The Miller

16 "Sir," Quoth the Miller, "I meane not to Iest,
 yett I thinke what I thinke truth for to say,
 you doe not lightlye goe out of your way."

4

"Why, what dost thou thinke of me?" Quoth our
 King merrily,

20 "passing thy iudgment vpon¹ me soe breefe."

"good faith," Quoth the Miller, "I meane² not to
 flatter thee,

"I gesse thee to bee some gentleman theefe;
 stand thee backe in the darke! light not adowne,
 24 lest I presentlye cracke thy knaues cro[wn]e!"

takes the
 King for a
 thief,
 and
 threatens to
 crack his
 crown.

5

"Thou doest abuse me much," quoth our King,
 "saying thus.

I am a gentleman, and lodging doe lacke."

"thou hast not," quoth the Miller, "a groat in thy
 pursse;

28 all thine inheritance hanges on thy backe."

"I haue gold to discharge for *that* I call;
 if itt be 40 pence, I will pay all."

The King
 says he's a
 gentleman
 who wants
 lodging,

and can pay
 for it.

6

"If thou beest a true man," then said the Miller,

32 "I sweare by my tole dish Ile lodge thee all night."

"Heeres my hand," quoth our King, "*that* was I
 euer."

The Miller
 offers to
 lodge him,

[page 236]

"nay, soft," quoth the Miller, "thou mayst be a
 sprite;

better Ile know thee ere hands I will shake;
 36 with none but honest men hands will I take."

but won't
 shake hands
 with him.

¹ MS. vpom.—F.

² Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

7

They go into Thus they went all alonge into the Millers house,
 where they were seeding ¹ of puddings & souce.²
 the Miller's the Miller first entered in, then after went the *King*;
 smoky house, 40 neuer came he in soe smoakye a house.³
 "now," quoth hee, "let me see heere what you are."
 Quoth our *King*, "looke you[r] fill, & doe not spare."

8

 "I like well thy countenance; thou hast an honest
 fac[e];
 44 with my sonne Richard this night thou shalt Lye."
 and the wife Quoth his wiffe, "by my troth it is a good handsome
 asks if the yout[h];
 King is a yet it is best, husband, to deale warrilye.
 runaway.
 art thou not a runaway? I pray thee, youth, tell;
 Where is his 48 show vs thy passport & all shalbe well."

9

 Then our *King* presentlye, making lowe curtesie,
 with his hatt in his hand, this he did say:
 He has none, "I haue noe pasport, nor neuer was seruitor,
 as he is a 52 but a poore Courtyer rode out of the way;
 courtier.
 & for your kindnesse now offered to me,
 I will requite it in euerye degree."

10

 Then to the Miller his wiffe whisperd secretlye,
 56 saing, "it seemeth the youth is of good kin
 both by his apparell & by his Manners;
 to turne him out, certainly it were a great sin."
 The Miller "yea," quoth hee, "you may see hee hath some grace,
 thinks the well to his 60 when as he speaks to his betters in place."

11

 "Well," quoth the Millers wiffe, "younge man, welcome
 heer[e]!
 & tho I sayt, well lodged shalt thou be;

¹ seething, boiling.—F.

well.—F.

² The head, feet, and ears of swine
boiled and pickled for eating. Halli-³ See Forewords to *Babees Boke*, p.
lxiv.—F.

- fresh straw I will lay vpon your bed soe braue,
 64 good browne hempen sheetes likewise," Quoth shee. and he may therefore lie on straw and hemp sheets with their son,
 "I," quoth the goodman, "& when *that* is done,
 thou shalt lye noe worse then our owne sonne."

12

- "Nay first," quoth Richard, "good fellowe, tell me
 true,
 68 hast thou noe creepers in thy gay hose?
 art thou not troubled with the Scabbado¹?" if he has no creepers in his breeches,
 "pray you," quoth the King, "what things are
 those?
 art thou not lowsye nor scabbed?" quoth hee; and is not scabbed.
 72 "if thou beest, surely thou lvest not with me."

13

- This caused our King suddenly to laugh most hartilye
 till the teares trickled downe from his eyes.
 then to there supper were thé sett orderlye,
 76 to hott bag puddings & good apple pyes; They sup on bag-puddings, apple pies, and nappy ale.
 nappy ale, good & stale, in a browne bowle,
 which did about the bord Merrilye troule.

14

- "Heere," quoth the Miller, "good fellowe, Ile drinke The Miller drinks to the King,
 to thee
 80 & to all the courtnolls *that* curteous bee."
 "I pledge thee," quoth our King, "& thanke thee and the King to him
 heartilye
 for my good welcome in euerye degree;
 & heere in like manner I drinke to thy sonne." and his son.
 84 "doe then," saies Richard, "& quicke let it come."

15

- "Wiffe," quoth the Miller, "feitch me forth lightfoote, The Miller calls for Lightfoot.
 that wee of his sweetnesse a litle may tast."
 a faire venson pastye shee feiched forth presentlye.

¹ MS. may be Scolloado. See Forewords to *Babees Boks*, 1868, p. lxiv.—F.

The King
likes it
immensely.

88

"eate," quoth the Miller "but first make noe wast;
heer is dainty Lightfoote." "infaith," quoth our King,
"I neuer before eate of soe daynty a thinge."

16

Where can
he buy some?

92

"Iwis," said Richard, "noe daynty att all it is,
for wee doe eate of it euerye day."

It's the
King's deer
from
Sherwood.

96

"in what place," sayd our King, "may be bought lik
to th[is?]"

"wee neuer pay peennye for it, by my fay;
from merry Sherwood wee feitch it home heero;
now & then we make bold with our Kings deere."

17

Don't tell
him.

100

"Then I thinke," quoth our King, "that it is Venison."
"eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well may see that;
neuer are we without 2 or 3 in the rooffe,
verry well fleshed & excellent ffatt.
but I pray thee say nothing where-ere thou goe,
we wold not for 2 pence the King shold it know."

18

Certainly
not, says
the King.

104

"doubt not," saies¹ our King, "my promised secresye;
the King shall neuer know more ont for mee."
a cupp of lambes woole² they dranke vnto him,
& to their bedds thé past presentlye.

Next
morning the
nobles

108

the Nobles next Morning went all vp & downe
for to seeke the King in euerye towne;

19

[page 237]

find the King
at the
Miller's
house,
and fall on
their knees
before him.

At last, att the Miller's house soone thé did spye him
plaine,
as he was mounting vpon his faire steede;
to whome thé came presentlye, falling downe on their
knees,

¹ MS. saiy.—F.

² A favourite liquor among the common people, composed of ale and roasted

apples; the pulp of the roasted apple worked up with the ale, till the mixture formed a smooth beverage. Nares.—F.

112 *which* made the Millers hart wofullye bleed.
 Shaking & quaking before him he stood,
 thinking he shold be hanged by the rood.

The Miller
 quakes.

20

The K[ing] perceiuing him fearfully trembling,
 116 drew forth his sword, but nothing he said ;
 the Miller downe did fall crying before them all,
 doubtinge¹ the King wold cut of his head.
 but he, his kind curtesie for to requite,
 120 gaue him great liuing, & dubd him a *Knight*.

The King
 draws his
 sword.

The Miller
 expects to
 have his
 head cut off,

but is
 knighted.

21

When as our noble King came from Nottingham,
 & with his nobles in westminster Lay,
 recounting the sports & the pastime thé had tane
 124 in this late progresse along on the way ;
 of them all, great & small, hee did protest
 the Miller of Mansfeild liked him best ;

At West-
 minster,
 afterwards,

22

“And now, my Lords,” quoth the King, “I am de-
 termined,
 128 against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
 that this old Miller, our youngest confirmed *Knight*,
 with his sonne Richard, shalbe both my guest ;
 for in this merriment it is my desire
 132 to talke with this Iollye *Knight* & the younge squier.”

the King
 resolves
 to ask the
 Miller and
 his son up
 to a feast.

23

When as the Noble Lords saw the Kings merriment,
 thé were right Ioyfull & glad in their harts.
 a Pursiuant thé sent straight on this busines,
 136 the *which* oftentimes vsed those parts.
 when he came to the place where he did dwell,
 His message merrilye then he did tell.

A pur-
 suivant is
 sent with
 the invita-
 tion,

¹ fearing.—F.

24

which he
delivers in
due form.

140 “God saue your worshippe,” then said the messenger,
“& grant your Ladye ¹ her owne harts desire;
& to your sonne Richard good fortune & happinesse,
that sweet younge gentleman & gallant squier!
our King greets you well, & thus doth say,
144 ‘you must come to the court on St. Georges day’;

25

At first the
Miller is
half afraid,

“Therefore in any case fayle not to be in place.”
“I-wis,” quoth the Miller, “it is an odd Iest!
what shold wee doe there?” he sayd, “infaith I am
halfe afraid.”
148 “I doubt,” quoth Richard, “to be hanged att the
least.”

but on
hearing of
the feast

“nay,” quoth the Messenger, “you doe mistake;
our King prepares a great feast for your sake.”

26

gives the
pursiuant
three
farthings,

and promises
to come.

“Then,” said the Miller, “now by my troth, Mes-
senger,
152 thou hast contented my worshipp full well:
hold! there is 3 farthings to quite thy great gentleness
for these happy tydings which thou dost me tell.
let me see! hearest thou me? tell to our King,
156 wee le wayte on his Mastership in euerye thing.”

27

The
pursiuant
reports all
to the King.

The pursiuant smyled at their simplicity;
& making many ² leggs, tooke their reward,
& takeing then his leaue with great humilitye,
160 to the Kings court againe hee repayred,
showing vnto his grace in euerye degree
the Knights most liberall gifts & great bountye.

¹ ? MS. Ladyes.—F.

² Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

28

When hee was gone away, thus can the Miller say,
 164 "heere comes expences & charges indeed!
 now must wee needs be braue, tho wee spend all wee
 haue;
 for of new garments wee haue great need.
 of horsses & serving men wee must haue store,
 168 with bridles & saddles & 20^{ty} things more."

The Miller
 purposes to
 buy new
 clothes,
 horses, &c.

29

"Tushe, Sir Iohn," quoth his wiffe, "neither doe frett
 nor frowne!
 you shall bee att noe more charges of mee!
 for I will turne & trim vp my old russett gowne,
 172 with euerye thing else as fine as may bee;
 & on our Mill horsses full swift wee will ryd,
 with pillowes & pannells as wee shall provyde."

His wife
 dissuades
 him.

She'll trim
 up the old
 clothes,

and they'll
 ride their
 mill-horses.

30

In this most statelye sort thé rod vnto the court,
 176 their lusty sonne Richard formost of all,
 who sett vp by good hap a cockes fether in his cappe;
 & soe thé ietted downe towards the Kings hall,
 the Merry old Miller with his hands on his side,
 180 his wiffe like Maid Marryan did Mince at *that* tyde.

Thus they
 go to court.

31

The King & his nobles *that* hard of their coming,
 meeting this gallant Knight with this braue traine,
 "welcome, Sir Knight," quoth hee, "with this your
 gay Lady!
 184 good Sir Iohn Cockle, once welcome againe;
 & soe is this squier of courage soe free!"
 Quoth dicke, "abotts on you! doe you know me?"

The King
 welcomes
 them,

32

Quoth our King gentlye, "how shall I forgett thee?
 188 thou wast my owne bed-fellow; well *that* I wot,

and assures
 Richard
 that he

remembers
him.

but I doe thinke on a tricke ; tell me, pray thee, dicke,
how with farting we made the bed hott."
"thou horson happy knane," the[n] quoth the *Knight*,
192 "speake cleanly to our [king now,] or else goe shite !"

33

[page 238]

The King
conducts
them to
table,

The king and his councellors hartilye laugh at this,
while the *King* tooke them by the hand.
with Ladyes & their maids, like to the *Queene* of
spades
196 the Millers wiffe did most orderlye stand ;
a milkemaids curtesye at euerye word,
& downe these folkes were set to the bord,

34

and after
dinner
drinks to
the Miller,

Where the *King* royally with princely Maiestye
200 sate at his dinner with Ioy & delight.
when he had eaten well, to resting then hee fell ;
taking a bowle of wine, dranke to the *Knight*,
"heeres to you both !" he sayd, "in ale, wine, & beere,
204 thanking you hartilye for all my good cheere."

35

and wants
some of his
venison.

Quoth Sir Iohn Cockle, "Ile pledge you a pottle,
' were it the best ale in Nottingham-shire."
"but then," said our *King*, "I thinke on a thinge,
208 some of your lightfoote I wold we had heere."
"ho : ho : " Quoth *Richard*, "full well I may say it ;
its knauerye to eate it & then to bewray it."

36

He asks
Richard to
pledge him.

"What ! art thou hungry ? " quoth our *King* merrilye,
212 "infaith I take it verry vnkind ;
I thought thou woldest pledg me in wine or ale
heartil[y.] "

Dick says he
must finish
his dinner
first ;

he wants a
black
pudding,

"yee are like to stay," quoth Dicke, "till I haue
dind ;
you feed vs with twatling dishes soe small.
216 zounds ! a blacke pudding is better then all."

37

"I, marry," quoth our King, "*that* were a daintye thing,
if wee cold gett one heere for to eate."

with *that*, dicke straight arose, & plucket one out of
his h[ose,]

and pulls
one out of
his breeches.

220 which with heat of his breech began for to sweate.

the King made profer to snatch it away ;

"its meate for your Master, good Sir, you shall stay !"

"That's meat
for your
master, Sir
King."

38

Thus with great merriment was the time¹ wholly spent ;

224 & then the Ladyes prepared to dance.

old Sir Iohn² Cockle & Richard incontinent

vnto this practise the King did advance,

where-with the Ladyes such sport thé did make,

228 the Nobles with laughing did make their heads ake.

The Miller
and Richard
dance with
the ladies,

and make
the nobles
laugh.

39

Many thanks for their paines the King did giue them
then,

asking young Richard if he wold be wed :

"amongst these ladyes faire, tell me *which* liketh thee."

232 Quoth hee, "Iugg Grumball with the red head ;

shees my loue ; shees my liffe ; her will I wed ;

shee hath sworne I shall haue her maidenhead."

The King
asks Dick
which lady
he'd like.
"Jugg
Grumball
with the red
head."

40

Then Sir Iohn Cockle the King called vnto him ;

236 & of Merry sherwood made him ouerseer,

& gaue him out of hand 300^{li} yearlye,

"but now take heede you steale noe more of my deere !

& once a quarter lets heare haue your vew ;

240 & thus, Sir Iohn Cockle, I bid thee adew !"

The King
makes the
Miller
overseer of
Sherwood,
and warns
him not to
steal any
deer.

ffins.

¹ A *y* has been altered into part of
the *m* in the MS.—F.

² Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

["*Panche*," printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 61, follows here
in the MS.]

Agincourte Battell.¹

AGINCOURT must have been a tempting theme to the ballad-writer and poet of its day. The splendid pluck with which the little English army, wasted by dysentery, ill-fed, and harassed by long marches and hostile skirmishers, nevertheless went at its enemies, facing the terrible odds of more than six to one, and put to ignominious rout the vaunting knights of France, must have appealed to the English heart and the English pride, and ought to have been worthily sung. The ballad-writer especially was bound to take it up, for the class he wrote for led the van and won the field. As at Crecy, as at Poitiers, so at Agincourt, the English yeomen humbled the gentlemen of France. Like the *feu d'enfer* of our rifles at Inkerman, the hail of yeomen's arrows gained England honour in the olden hard-fought field. But though at Agincourt the rout of the first division of the French army was due solely to our bowmen, against the second, squire and knight, noble and king did well their part too—none better than the Harry who said “WE WILL NOT LOSE,” and gave the battle lastingly the name of *Azincourt*. To the valour of all was due the flight of the French third division, which, though more than double the number of the English host, feared to face their arrows and their swords, and galloped off the field. That “the people of England were literally mad with joy and triumph” at the victory—rushing into the sea to meet Henry, and carrying him on shore on their shoulders—we do not wonder; but it is somewhat odd that no better ballad or poem on the battle should have come down to us, though in a play Shakspeare has done it justice. The ballads known to me are only—

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, vol. ii. p. 79, No. xii.

1. The *Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria!* printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 24, "from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. i., folio," and to which the musical notes of the MS. are given in vol. ii. p. 24 of the second edition of the *Reliques*. 2. The present copy, having seven stanzas more than, but being otherwise nearly the same as, that in the Crown Garland of Golden Roses, ed. 1569 (p. 69 of the Percy Soc. reprint), the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1726-38, vol. ii. p. 79, No. xii.; *Evans*, vol. ii. p. 351, &c. 3. The *Three Man's Song*,—far the best of the lot,—the first verse of which is quoted in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* ed. 1600 (p. 52 of the Shakspeare Soc. reprint), and the whole of which is printed from a black-letter copy (about 1665, Mr. Collier tells me) in Collier's Shakspeare, ed. 1858, vol. iii. p. 538. Its title is "Agin Court, or the English Bowman's Glory:" to a pleasant new Tune. London, printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield. It is a broadside, and contains eleven seven-line stanzas. It begins "Agincourt! Agincourt! Know ye not Agincourt?" 4. The ballad No. 286 in the Halliwell Collection in Chetham's Library, Manchester, entitled, "King Henry V., his Conquest of France in Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King in sending him instead of the Tribute a Ton of Tennis Balls." It begins, "As our King lay musing on his bed;" and two versions different from it and from one another are given in *Nicolas*, Appendix, p. 78, and p. 80, ed. 1832. 5. *The Cambro-Briton's Ballad of Agincourt*, by Michael Drayton, *ib.* p. 83. Nos. 3 and 4 will be printed at the end of this volume.

Of Poems, there are :

1. *a.* That attributed to Lydgate, in three Passus, in Harl. MS. 565, fol. 102-14, beginning "God þat alle þis world gan make," and printed among the illustrations of *The Chronicle of London*, 4to, 1827, and in *Nicolas*, p. 301-29. *β.* "The Siege of Harflet, & *Batayll of Agencourt*, by K. Hen. 5:" another copy of Lydgate's poem, says *Nicolas* (p. 301), but differing from it so materially that it was necessary to print it as notes to the corresponding passages of the other. It was printed by Hearne at p. 359-75 of his edition of *Elmham's Life of Henry V.*, from the since burnt Cotton MS., Vitellius D. xii. fol. 214 b. Extracts from it are given by *Nicolas*, p. 301-29.

γ. The *Batayll of Egyngecourt*, and the great Sege of Rouen. Impryntyd by John Skot [about 1530 A.D.]. Reprinted in *Nicolas*, and in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Remains of the*

Early Popular Poetry of England, vol. ii. p. 88–108. is, says Nicolas (App. p. 69), “merely another, though a very different version of the one” attributed to Lydgate.

2. Drayton’s *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627. (Besides *The Lay of Agincourt*, Edinburgh, 1819 (a very poor performance), and possibly other modern productions.)

Of Dramas, we find :

1. The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth : Containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court: as it was plaide by the Queene’s Maiesties Players. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598, 4to, 26 leaves. *Bodleian*. (Malone).¹

2. The Chronicle History of Henry the Fift, With his Battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with auncient Pistoll. 1600 : the first cast of Shakspeare’s *Henry V.*²

In prose, a full and admirable account of the battle, with contemporary accounts and plentiful extracts from historians, is given by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas in his *History of the Battle of Agincourt, and of the Expedition of Henry V. into France in 1415*, (2nd ed., 1832; 3rd, 1838); and from this book it may be worth while just to run through the points of our ballad, and see how far they are borne out by facts. The Council of line 1, Nicolas thinks was the parliament which met in November 1514, which elected Chaucer’s son Thomas its Speaker, and voted the King supplies for the defence of the kingdom of England and the safety of the seas. But it may have been a smaller Council, no doubt held before the Commission of the 31st of May, 1514, absurdly claiming the French crown, was issued to the Bishops of Durham and Norwich, the Earl of Salisbury, Richard Lord Grey, &c.—whom Monstrelet calls *le Comte d’Ourset, oncle du Roy d’Angleterre, le Comte de Grez, l’Admiral d’Angleterre, les Euesques du Dumelin et de Noruegue, et plusieurs autres iusques au nombre de six cens cheuaux ou environ* (vol. i. p. 216, ed. 1595)—and who were so hospitably entertained in Paris. The great Council at which the arrange-

¹ Hazlitt’s Handbook.

² Bohn’s Lowndes, p. 2280, col. 2.

ments for the expedition were made was held at Westminster on three successive days, April 16, 17, 18, A.D. 1415, directly after the despatch of Henry's second letter to Charles.

The story of the scornful treatment of the ambassadors in l. 16-28 is belied by Monstrelet's account of the *moult notable feste dedans Paris en boyres, mangiers, joustes, dances et autres esbatemens*, at which the English ambassadors were present; and there seems no foundation whatever for the present of the tennis balls, which would have gone directly counter to the French King's policy, letters, and interest. But still his young son may have been saucy, and have sent a saucy message to Henry. The story was believed to be true at the time or soon after; it is mentioned by Elmham in his Latin-verse life of Henry V¹ (though not in his prose life), and a long account of it is given in a middle fifteenth-century Cotton MS. (Claudius A. viii.) which Sir H. Nicolas prints, and which, as I had to refer to it to correct his *cornet* to the MS. *scorne*, I add here too :

And than the dolphine of Fraunce aunswered to our embassatours, and said in this maner, 'that the kyng was ouer yong and to tender of age to make any warre ayens hym, and was not lyke yet to be noo good werrioure to doo and to make suche a conquest there vpon hym. And somewhat in scorne and dispite he sente to hym a tonne fulle of tenys ballis, be-cause he wolde haue some-what for to play withalle for hym and for his lordis, and that be-came hym better than to mayntayn any werre. And than anone oure lordes that was embassatours token hir leue and comen in to England ayenne, and tolde the kyng and his counceille of the vngoodly aunswer that they had of the Dolphyn, and of the present the whiche he had sent vnto the kyng. And whan y^e kyng had hard her wordis, and the answeere of the Dolpynne, he was wondre sore agreued, and righte euell apayd towarde the frensshemen, and toward the kyng, and the Dolphynne, and thoughte to auenge hym vpon hem as sone as good wold send hym grace and myghte; and anon lette make tenys ballis for the Dolpynne in all the hast that the myghte be made, and they were grete gonne stones for the Dolpynne to play wythe-alle. (fol. 1, back.)

¹ Printed in Coles's *Memorials of Henry V.*

This Dauphin was Louis, eldest son of Charles VI., then between eighteen and nineteen years of age. He was born on January 22, 1396, and died before his father, without issue, on December 18, 1415, in his twentieth year (*Nicolas*). But as Henry V. was eight years older than the Dauphin, having been born in 1388, it is not likely that he would have taunted Henry with his youth.

Lines 33–40 : Henry exerted himself greatly to get his army together, and had to pledge his crowns, his jewels, plate, &c. to his men to guarantee them their wages. Nobody would move without taking security from him. He sailed from Southampton on August 7, 1415, with a fleet of between 1200 and 1400 vessels of various sizes, from 20 to 300 tons, according to *Nicolas*. Lingard makes the fleet 1500 sail, carrying 6000 men-at-arms and 2400 archers. The army landed at Clef de Caus, or Kideaux, on August 15; on the 19th arrived before Harfleur, and at once laid siege to it. On “the English balls,” l. 34, and missiles, *Laboureur* states that, among other engines, the English had some which threw stones of a monstrous size, and projected entire millstones (*des meules toutes entières*), which threw down the walls with a frightful noise, so that by the Feast of the Assumption (August 15, a wrong date) all their batteries were destroyed. I find nothing about the “great gunn of Calais” of l. 49; but on September 17 at midnight the French messengers came to treat with Henry; and as the town was not relieved by September 22, the Lord de Gaucourt and thirty-four of the noblest persons of the town then surrendered it to him. He turned out the inhabitants (l. 58) to the number of 2000, besides citizens, 60 knights, and more than 200 other gentry; left in the town more than the 300 Englishmen of our ballad, l. 59, even,¹ “under the captain”² (Sir John Blount, says

¹ There is a muster-roll of the garrison of Harfleur, under the Earl of Dorset, taken in the months of January, February, and March, immediately following the battle. It consisted of 4 barons,

22 knights, 273 men-at-arms, and 798 archers. Most of these, we may presume, had been left behind when the King marched on to Agincourt. *Hunter*, p. 55.

² *pelord* Beauford, Harl. MS. 575, f. 75 b.

Monstrelet), certain barons and knights skilful in affairs of war, with 300 lances, and 900 archers on pay" (*Nicolas*, p. 217), and marched out himself on October 7 with "not above 900 lances and 5000 archers," says a writer who was with him. Nicolas puts the force at from 6000 to 9000 fighting men. Lines 61-4 of the ballad are not true, for Henry's movements were watched, his stragglers cut off, and the country laid waste before him. He was repulsed in his first attempts to cross the Somme, between October 12 and 18; but on the 19th, finding a ford not staked, his army got over; on the 24th reached Maisoncelles, and on the 25th fought the battle.

The 600,000 French of l. 72 is of course an exaggeration, a 0 has been added for effect.¹ The message and answer of lines 73-88 are not historical, though the following particulars are nearly so, and the 10,000 killed of l. 137 is borne out by Nicolas's conclusion, that the whole of the French loss on the field was between 10,000 and 11,000 men.

The Duke of Yorke of line 117 was "Edward, Duke of York, son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of King Edward III., and cousin german to the King. He indented on April 29 to serve with 1 banneret, 4 knights, 94 esquires, and 300 mounted archers. His contingent, in the indenture of jewels, is said to have been 99 lances and 300 archers. He had one of the crowns in pledge. He went on with the King to Agincourt, where he lost his life" (*Hunter*, p. 22). On the Wednesday before the battle, says Monstrelet, i. 227, "le duc d'Yorch, son oncle, menant l'auantgarde, se logea à Frenench sur la riuere de Cauche." This leadership of the vanguard the Duke kept on the 25th, and as the Cotton MS. already quoted from narrates his asking for it, and the events of the battle, I copy a page and a half of it from leaves 3 and 4.

¹ The highest number in any of the sixteen chronicles that Nicolas gives (p. 138, ed. 1832) is "3 Dukes, 5 Counts, 90 Barons, 1050 Knights, and 100,000

other persons. Note to Hardyng's Chronicle, 'according to the computation of the Heralds.'" 150,000 occurs in a doubtful list. *Nicolas*, p. 370.

And the duke of yorke felle on knees and besoughte the kyng of a bone, that he wold graunte hym that day the avaunteward in his batayle. And the kyng graunted hym his askyng, And sayd, "graunte mercy, cosen of yorke," and prayd hym to make hym redy. And than he bad euery man to ordeyne a stake of tre, and sharpe bothe endes that the stake myghte be pyghte in the ye-¹rthe a slope, that hir enemies shuld not ouer-come hem on horsbak, ffor that were hir fals purpose, and araide hem alle there for to ouer-ryde our meyne sodenly at the fyrst comyng on of hem at the fyrst brount: and al nyghte be-ffore the bataile þ^e ffrenshemen made many grete fiers and moche reuelle, with howtyng and showtyng, and plaid oure kyng and his lordis at the dise, and an archer alway for a blanke² of hir money, ffor they wenden alle had bene heres. the morne arose, the day gan spryng, And the kyng by goode auisse let araie his batayle³ and his wenges, and charged euery man to kepe hem hole to-geders, and praid hem alle to be of good chere. And whan they were redy, he asked what tyme of the day it was, And they sayd prime. Than said oure kyng, "now is good tyme! For alle England praythe for vs; and therefore be of good chere, and let vs goo to oure iorney." And than he said with an highe vois, "in the name⁴ of almyghtey god and seynt George, avaunt Baner! and seint george this day be thyne helpe!" And than these ffrenshmen come prikyng doune as they wolde haue ouer-ridden alle oure meyne. But god and oure archers made hem sone to stomble; ffor oure archers shett neuer arow a-mys, but yt persshed and broughte to grounde man and hors; ffor they þat day shoten for a wager. And oure stakes mad hem stoppe, & ouer-ternd eche on oothir that they lay on hepes two spere lenththe of heyghte. And oure kyng with his meyne and with his men of armes and archiers that thakked⁵ on theym so thykke with arowes, and leyd on with strokes, and oure kyng withe his owne hondes faughte manly. And thus almyghtey god and seynt George broughte oure enymies to grounde and yaf vs that day þ^e victorie. and there were slayne of ffrenshmen¹ that day in the felde of Agincourte mo thanne A xi M^{li} withe p^risoners that were taken. And there were nombred that day of ffrenshmen in the felde mo than six score thou-

¹ MS. fol. 3, back.

² Fr. *Blanc*, the halfe of a *Sol*, a peece of money which we call also, a blanke. *Sol*, a *Sous*, or the French shilling, whereof terme make one of ours.—Cotgrave.

³ The main body under his own command. The vanguard as the right wing under the Duke of York, the rearguard as the left wing under Lord Camois.

⁴ MS. *mame*.

⁵ thwacked, beat, pattered.

sand, and of Englishemen nat vij m^{ll}; but god that day faughte for vs. And after cam ther tydynges to oure kyng that there was a new batayle of ffrenshemen redy to stele on hym, and comen towardis [fol. 4.] hym. Anone our kyng let crie that euery man shuld slee his prisoners that he had take; and anon araid his bataille ayenne to fighte with the frenshmen. And whanne they sawe that our men kylded doune her prisoners, thanne they withdrowe hem, and brake hir bataille and alle hir Array. And this oure kyng, as a worthy conqueror, had that day the victorie in the felde of Agencourt in Picardie.¹

The Duke of Orleance, l. 149, though he was taken prisoner in the battle, is not named by Monstrelet as the leader of the attack on Henry's camp:

Et adonc vindrent nouvelles au Roy Anglois, que les François les assailloient par derriere: & qu'ils auoient desia prins ses sommiers & autres bagues, laquelle chose estoit veritable: car Robinet de Bournonville, Riffart de Clamasse, Ysambart d'Azincourt, & aucuns autres hommes d'armes, accompagnez de six cens paisans, allerent ferir au bagaige dudit Roy d'Angleterre. Et prindrent lesdites bagues, & autres choses, avec grand nombre de cheuaux desdits Anglois, entre-temps que les gardes d'iceux estoient occupez en la bataille. *Monstrelet*, vol. i. p. 229.

The 200,000 French prisoners is an impossible number, and Nicolas does not give any at all. The highest estimate of the English loss is 1600 men. From Agincourt Henry marched to Calais, where he arrived on October 29. On November 14 he crossed the Channel to Dover, and on the 24th entered London in triumph:

the Cite of london, where pat there was shewed many a fayre syghte at all the conduytes and at crosse in the chepe, as in heuenly arraye of aungels, Archaungels, patriarches, prophites and Virgines, with dyuers melodies, sensyng and syngyng, to welcome oure kyng; And alle the conduytes rennyng with wyne. (Cott. Claud. A. viii. leaf 4, back).

The last three verses of our ballad quicken and alter events

¹ Nicolas quotes this also, p. 277-8, at foot.

considerably. It was not till after many a weary siege and fight, culminating with the fall of Rouen on January 16, 1419,¹ that Henry saw his beautiful bride, and that for one day only, on May 30, 1419. It was not till May 20, 1420, that he married her at Troyes; not till December of that year that he made his triumphal entry into Paris with his wife and his father-in-law, the French King. He was never crowned in Paris, King of France, but his wife was crowned in Westminster Abbey, Queen of England, on St. Matthew's day, September 21, A.D. 1421.

Henry V.

A councell braue² our *King* did hold
 with many a lord & knight,
 in³ whom he trulye vnderstands
 4 how ffrance withheld his right.

sends an
 ambassador
 to the
 French King

therefor a braue embassador
 vnto the *King* he sent,
 that he might ffully vnderstand
 8 his mind & whole entente,

to yield him
 his right,

or he'll take
 it.

desiring him, as⁴ freindlye sort,
 his lawfull wright to yeeld,
 or else he sware⁵ by dint of sword
 12 to win the same in feild.

Charles VI.

the *King* of ffrance, with all his lords
 who⁶ heard this message plaine,
 vnto our braue embassador

answers

16 did answer in disdaine ;

¹ See the "Sege of Roan," *Archæol.*
 xxi. 48 ; xxii. 361.—F.

² grave, P.C. (Print^d Copy).—P.

³ Of. Conj[ecture].—P.

⁴ in, P.C.—P.

⁵ vow'd, P.C.—P.

⁶ which, P.C.—P.

who sayd,¹ "our *King* was yett but ² younge
 & of a ³ tender age;
 wherfor I way not for his warres,⁴
 20 nor care not for his rage,⁵ that he
cares not for
Henry's
threats,

"whose ⁶ knowledge eke ⁷ in ffleats of armes,
 whose sickill ⁸ [is] but ⁹ verry small,
 whose ¹⁰ tender ioynts more fitter are
 24 to tosse a Tennys ball."

a tunn of Tennys balls therfore,
 in pryde and great disdaine
 he sends to Noble Henery the 5th,¹¹
 28 who recompenced ¹² his paine.

& when our *King* this message hard Henry
 he waxed wrath in his ¹³ hart,
 & said "he wold such balls provyde
 32 *that* ¹³ shold make all france to smart."

an army great ¹⁴ our *King* prepared,¹⁵ prepares an
army,
that was both good & strong;
 & from Sowthampton is our *King*
 36 with all his Nauye gone.

he landed in ffrance both safe ¹⁶ and sound lands in
France,
 with all his warlike traine;
 vnto ¹⁷ a towne called Harffleete first ¹⁸
 40 he marched vp amaine.

¹ And feign'd, P.C.—P.

² too, P.C.—P.

³ of too, P.C.—P.

⁴ we weigh—of his war, P.C.—P.

⁵ fear we his courage, P.C.—P.

⁶ His, P.C.—P.

⁷ is, P.C.—P.

⁸ skill—P.

⁹ As yet but &c., P.C.—P.

¹⁰ His.—P

¹¹ He sent unto our noble K^e, P.C.—P.

¹² To recompence, P.C.—P.

¹³ d.—P.

¹⁴ then, P.C.—P.

¹⁵ did raise, P.C.—P.

¹⁶ In France he landed safe, &c., P.C.—P.

¹⁷ And to, P.C.—P.

¹⁸ of Harfleur strait, P.C.—P.

besieges
Harfleur,

and when he had beseeged the same,
against these fensed walls
to batter downe their statlye towers
44 he sent his English Balls.

bids it sur-
render

¹ And he bad them yeeld [up to him ²]
themselves & eke their towne,

[page 242]

or he'll beat
it to the
ground.

or else he sware vnto the earth
48 with cannon ³ to beate them downe.

¹ the great gunn of Caleis was vpsett,⁴
he mounted against those walls ⁵;
the strongest steeple in the towne,
52 he threw downe bells & all.

The Govern-
ors give up
the town.

¹ then those *that* were the gouernors
their woefull hands did wringe ⁶;
thé brought their Keyes in humble sort
56 vnto our gracious King.

Henry
garrisons it,

¹ & when the towne was woone and last,
the ffrenchmen out thé ⁷ threw,
& placed there 300 englishmen
60 *that* wold to him be true.

and
marches to

this being done, our Noble King⁸
marched vp & downe *that* ⁹ land,—
& not a ffrenchman ffor his liffe
64 durst once his fforce withstand,—

¹ These 4 stanz: not in print.—P.
² MS. cut away. It has more words.
—F. He bade the governors give up.
—P.
³ guns.—P.
⁴ then.—P.

⁵ was ..'gainst their wall.—P.
⁶ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
⁷ he.—P.
⁸ done our noble English King, P.C.
—P.
⁹ the, P.C.—P.

<p>till ¹ he came to Agincourt ; & ² as it was his chance, to find ³ the <i>King</i> in readinesse, 68 with him was all the power of ffance,</p> <p>a mightye host they ⁴ had prepared off armed souldiers then, which was noe lesse (the chronicle sayes) ⁵ 72 then 600000 ⁶ men.⁷</p> <p>the <i>King</i> of ffance <i>that</i> well did know the number of our men, in vantage pride vnto our <i>King</i> 76 sends one of his heralds ⁸ then</p> <p>to vnderstand what he wold giue for the ⁹ ransome of his liffe, when in <i>that</i> feild he had taken him ¹⁰ 80 amiddst <i>that</i> ¹¹ bloody striffe.</p> <p>& when ¹² our <i>King</i> the Message heard,¹³ did straight the ¹⁴ answer make, saying, " before <i>that</i> thing shold ¹⁵ come to passe, 84 many ¹⁶ of their harts shold ¹⁷ ake !</p>	<p>Agincourt,</p> <p>where the French King is,</p> <p>with 600,000 men.</p> <p>Charles sends</p> <p>a herald</p> <p>to ask Henry what ransom he'll pay for his life.</p> <p>Henry answers</p>
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¹ Until, P.C.—P.
² Where, P.C.—P.
³ He found.—P. *him was*, l. 68,
 marked out by P. conj[ecturally].—F.
⁴ He, P.C.—P.
⁵ by just account, P.C.—P.
⁶ 40,000, P.C.—P.
⁷ Between 18 and 19th Stanza of y^e
 MS. is the following in Print:—
 Which sight did much amaze our king,
 For he and * all his host
 Not passing fifteen thousand had,

Accounted at the most.—P.
⁸ Did send a Herald, P.C.—P.
⁹ d.—P.
¹⁰ he in field sh'd . . . be, P.C.—P.
¹¹ their, P.C.—P.
¹² then . . .—P.
¹³ with cheerful heart.—P.
¹⁴ this.—P.
¹⁵ *thing shold*, cut out by P.—F.
¹⁶ some.—P.
¹⁷ shall, P.C.—P.

"My heart's
blood."

"vnto your proud *presumptuss* prince
declare this thing," quoth hee,
my owne harts blood shall pay the price ;
88 nought ¹ else he getts of me." ²

The French

then all the night the frenchman Lyen,
with triumphe, mirth, & Ioy ;
the next morning they mad full accomp[t] ³
92 our Armye to destroye.

play at dice
for the
English,

& for our *King* & all his Lords
at dice thé ⁴ playd apace,
& for our comon souldiers coates
96 they set a prize but base,

and value
their red
coats at 8*d.*,
white at 4*d.*

8 pence for a redd coate, ⁵
& a groate was sett to a white ; ⁶
because they ⁷ color was soe light,
100 they sett noe better buy itt. ⁸

Henry en-
courages his
men :

the cheerfull day at last was come ;
our *King* with Noble hart
did pray his valliant soldiers all
104 to play a worthye part,

& not to shrinke from fainting foes,
whose fearfull harts in ffeeld
wold by their feirce couragious stroakes
108 be soone in-forced ⁹ to yeeld ;

¹ none.—P.

² Seven Stanz^s following not in Print.
—P.

³ Making account the next morning,
or,

They made &c.—P. *del.* full.—P.

⁴ they.—P.

⁵ coat was set.—P.

⁶ And fourpence for a white.—P.

⁷ The y put in brackets by P. *conj.* —F.

⁸ by't.—P.

⁹ enforced.—P.

- “regard not of¹ their multitude,
tho they are more then wee,
for eche of vs well able is
112 to beate downe ffrenchmen 3 ;
- “yett let euerye man provide himselfe²
a strong³ substantiall stake,
& set it right before himselfe,
116 the horsmans force to breake.”
- & then⁴ bespake the Duke of yorke
“O noble *King*,” said hee,
“the leading of *that*⁵ battell brane
120 vouch[s]afe to giue it⁶ me !”
- “god amercy, cosen yorke,” sayes hee,
“I doe⁷ grant thee thy request ;
Marche you⁸ on couragiouslye,
124 & I will guide⁹ the rest.”
- then came the bragginge frenchmen downe
with cruell¹⁰ force & might,
with whome our noble *King* began
128 a harde & cruell ffight.
- our English archers¹¹ discharged their shafts
as thicke as hayle in skye,¹²
& ¹³ many a frenchman in *that*¹⁴ feelde
132 *that* happy day did dye ;
- “Don’t
mind the
French
numbers ;
each of us
can kill
three of
them ; but
- let every
archer get a
stake to stop
the horse-
men.”
- The Duke of
York
- leads the
vanguard.
- Henry
- [page 248]
- the rest.
- The French
come on.
- Our archers
- kill many ;

¹ you, or then.—P.
² *himselfe* is in l. 114 in the MS. P.
marks it to go to l. 113. *yett* is marked
out by P.—F.
³ But yet let every man provide
A strong &c.—P.
⁴ With that, P.C.—P.
⁵ this (the), P.C.—P.
⁶ to, P.C.—P.

⁷ *d[ele]*.—P.
⁸ then—thou, P.C.—P.
⁹ lead, P.C.—P.
¹⁰ greater, PC.—P.
¹¹ *d.* English. [Insert] they, P.C.—P.
¹² from skye, P.C.—P.
¹³ That, P.C.—P.
¹⁴ the, P.C.—P.

their stakes
stop the
horse.

¹ ffor the horssmen stumbled on our stakes,
& soe their lues they lost;
& many a frenchman there was tane
136 for prisoners to their ² cost.

10,000
French are
slain,

10,000
taken,

10000 ffrenchmen ³ there were slaine
of enemies in the ffeeld,
& neere as many prisoners tane ⁴
140 that day were fforced to yeeld.

and Henry
wins the
day.

thus had our *King* a happy day
& victorye ouer ffance;
he brought his foes vnder his ffeete ⁵
144 that late in pride did prance.

While the
fight is going
on, news
comes

⁶ when they were at the Maine battell there
with all their might & forces, then ⁷
a crye came ffrom our English tents
148 that we were robbed all them ⁸;

that the
French have
plundered
the English
tents.

for the Duke of Orleance, with a band of men,
to our English tents they came ⁹;
all ¹⁰ our Iewells & treasure that they hane taken,
152 & many of our boyes ¹¹ hane slaine.

Henry

much greeved was *King* ¹² Harry therat,—
this was against ¹³ the law of armes then,—

orders all
the French
prisoners to
be slain,

comands euerye souldier on paine of death
156 to slay euerye prisoner then. ¹⁴

¹ This stanza not in Print.—P.

² [prisoner ..] his, [P.]C.—P.

³ men that day, P.C.—P.

⁴ (d. P.C.)—P.

⁵ them quickly under foot, P.C.—P.

⁶ The Nine Stanz^s following not in print, but instead the annexed stanza vizt. :—

The Lord preserve our noble King
And grant to him likewise
The upper hand and victory
Of all his enemies! —P.

⁷ force and might.—P.

⁸ they were robbed quite.—P.

⁹ Of men unto *them* came.—P.

¹⁰ *And* prefixed; *Iewells &*, and *that* marked out by P.—F.

¹¹ all our boys, so Shakesp^r. —P.

¹² the *King*.—P.

¹³ Being 'gainst.—P. and *then* deleted.—F.

¹⁴ And bade y^m slay their Prisoners
For to revenge these hurms.—P.

- 200000¹ ffrenchemen our Englishmen had,
 some 2, & some had one²;
 enerye one was commanded by sound of trumpett
 160 to slay his prisoner then.³
- & then thé followed vpon the maine battell;
 the ffrenchmen thé fled then⁴
 towards the citye of Paris
 164 as fast as thé⁵ might gone.
- but then ther was neuer a peere with-in france⁶
 of all those⁷ Nobles then,
 of all those worthye Disse peerer,
 168 durst come to King Harry⁸ then.
- but then Katherine, the Kings fayre daughter there,⁹
 being proued apparant his heyre,
 with her maidens¹⁰ in most sweet attire
 172 to King Harry did repayre;¹¹
- & when shee came before our¹² King,
 shee kneeled vpon her knee,
 desiring him¹³ *that* his warres wold¹⁴ cease,
 176 & *that*¹³ he her loue wold bee.
- there-vpon our English Lords then agreed¹⁵
 with the Peeres of ffance then¹⁶;
 soe he Marryed Katherine, the Kings faire daughter,
 180 & was crowned King in Paris then.¹⁷
- ffins.

200,000 of
them.

The French
flee towards
Paris,

and no
Duzeper
dares meet
King Harry;

but the
Princess
Katherine

comes and
asks him

to marry
her.

He does, and
is crowned
King in
Paris.

¹ 10,000.—P. Both *men* deleted.—F.
² Some one and some had two.—P.
³ And each was bid by Trumpets sound
 To slay his prisoner tho,
 (or)
 His Prisoner to slo.—P.
⁴ anon.—P. *the*, l. 162, and *g*, *the* and
ep of l. 161 deleted by P.—F.
⁵ they.—P.
⁶ Then was there never a Peer in
 Franco. Conj.—P.
 Then *could* there not be found in France
 Of their Nobles all or Some.—P.

⁷ Not one of all those.—P.
⁸ to K^r Harry come.—P.
⁹ King's Daughter fair, [P.]C.—P.
¹⁰ all—Maids.—P. *then*, l. 169, *his*,
 l. 170, *most*, l. 171, marked *d* by P.—F.
¹¹ Did to our King rep^{re}, [P.]C.—P.
¹² our.—P.
¹³ *d*.—P.
¹⁴ might.—P.
¹⁵ Our K^s & — Lords.—P.
¹⁶ Soon with the French agreed.—P.
¹⁷ So at Paris he fair Kath^{re} wed
 And crowned was with speed.—P.

Conscience.¹

THERE are two sides to Early English Literature ; one gay, the other grave ; one light, the other earnest : and a man who comes to the subject fresh from struggles in the cause of reform, social and political, and meets first with the grave and earnest side of our early writings, is struck with delight and surprise at finding that in the old days, too, protesters against wrong existed, and that English writers denounced from the depths of their soul, in words of sternest indignation, the oppressions and abuses from which the English poor of their days suffered. Having passed myself from those *Morning Chronicle* letters on “Labour and the Poor”—which in 1849–50 revealed so much of the sad state of our workmen,—from meetings of sweated tailors, over-worked bakers, and ballast-heavers forced into drunkenness, to the pages of Roberd of Brunne’s *Handlyng Synne*, Langlande’s *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, *Piers Ploughman’s Crede*, and works of like kind from 1303 to 1560,—I can bear witness to the deep impression made on me by the noble and fervent spirits of our early men, rebuking the selfish, denouncing the hard-hearted, calling down God’s judgment on the oppressor ; striving, in their time too, to leave the land better than they found it. As one looked backward to these sources of the river of English life, one heard a great murmur of wrong rise from the torrents’ currents, one saw the stream turbid with the woes of “humble folk ;” but there were never wanting voices, ordering the one to be stilled in orderly channels, and the other cleared. Further

¹ This is a satirical Allegory: and seems not very ancient, vid. St. 13, v. 4.—P.

study of our early writers did not lessen this impression: for though the bright side came, though Chaucer's living sketches portrayed all that was merriest in early days, yet still there was method in his mirth; abuses in religion and social life were exposed, none the less effectively because with a joke; and when he spoke seriously, he too declared, "Thilke that thay clepe thralles, ben Goddes people; for humble folk ben Christes frendes: thay ben contubernially with the Lord: . . . certes, extorciouns and despit of our undirlinges is dampnable." (Persones Tale, *De avaritia*.) To their honour be it said, our early writers were on the weak man's side against the strong, and did what in them lay to lessen the vice of the world. It is this which makes the lovers of them not only surprised, but indignant, at the willing and wilful ignorance in which men of our day remain with regard to them. Our moderns will not take a few days' trouble to master their language; they care little for their thoughts: but when once the readers of the nineteenth—or is it to be the twentieth?—century awake to the recognition of the fact that there *is* an Early English Literature worth studying, they will be ashamed of their countrymen's long neglect, and gladly acknowledge the value of the treasures they will find—food for all the best impulses of the human soul. So far as I know, justice has never yet been done to this spirit of our early literature by any writer on it, except the latest—Professor Morley. He, a man of mind akin with that of our old men—fresh from half a life spent in struggles for reform in health-laws, education, politics, and religion, ever backing the right and fighting the wrong—has come to the old books and said to them, not only "what were you translated or altered from, what manuscripts are there of you?" but first and mainly, "*what do you mean?* what has the spirit of your writer got to say to the spirits of me and men here now?" And the old bones (that were nothing more to so many) have taken flesh again and answered him, have stretched out their hands

and gript his as a friend's; and he has put down their answer for us in his own way in divers places of his genial and able book,¹ one of which I quote. He is speaking of Gower's *Vox Clamantis*, written on Wat Tyler's rebellion.

"In that earlier work, though written with vigour and ease in Latin, the language of literature which alone then seemed to be lasting, John Gower spoke especially and most essentially the English mind. To this day we hear among our living countrymen, as was to be heard in Gower's time and long before, the voice passing from man to man that—in spite of admixture with the thousand defects incident to human character—sustains the keynote of our literature, and speaks from the soul of our history the secret of our national success. It is the voice that expresses the persistent instinct of the English mind to find out what is unjust among us and undo it, to find out duty to be done and do it, as God's bidding. We twist religion into many a mistaken form. With thought free and opinions manifold we have run through many a trial of excess and of its answering reaction. In battle for main principles we have worked on through political and social conflicts in which often, no doubt, unworthy men rising to prominence have misused for a short time dishonest influence. But there has been no real check to the great current of national thought, the stream from which the long line of our English writers, like the trees by the fertile river-bank, derive their health and strength. We have seen how persistently that slow and earnest English labour towards God and the right was maintained for six centuries before the time of Chaucer, from the day when Cædmon struck the first note of our strain of English song with the words: 'For us it is very right that we praise with our words, love in minds, the Keeper of the Heavens, Glory King of Hosts.' It was the old spirit still in Chaucer's time that worked in the 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' and spoke through the Voice of Gower as of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' It needed not in those days that a man should be a Wicliffite to see the griefs of the Church and people, and to trace them to their root in duties unperformed. Gower's name is a native one, possibly Cymric, but derived probably in or near Kent, from the old Saxon word for marsh-

¹ *English Writers*, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 106-7.

country, of which there was much about the Thames mouth, Gyrwa-land. His genius is unmixed Anglo-Saxon, closely allied to that of the literature before the Conquest, in the simple earnestness of a didactic manner leavened by no bold originality of fancy. In his Latin verse Gower writes easily, and, having his soul in his theme, forcibly. But he tells that which he knows, and invents rarely. His few inventions also, as of the dream of transformed beasts that represent Wat Tyler's rabble, of the ship of the state at sea, of his landing at an island full of turmoil which an old man described to him as Britain, are contrivances wanting in the subtlety and the audacity of true imaginative genius. He does not see as he writes, and so write that all they who read see with him. But in his own old English or Anglo-Saxon way, he tries to put his soul into his work. Thus, in the 'Vox Clamantis' we have heard him asking that the soul of his book, not its form, be looked to; and speaking the truest English in such sentences as that 'the eye is blind, and the ear deaf, that convey nothing down to the heart's depth; and the heart that does not utter what it knows is as a live coal under ashes. If I know little, there may be another whom that little will help. Poor, I give of my scanty store, for I would rather be of small use than of none. But to the man who believes in God no power is unattainable if he but rightly feels his work; he ever has enough whom God increases.' This is the old spirit of Cædmon and of Bede, in which are laid, while the earth lasts, the strong foundations of our literature. It was the strength of such a temper in him that made Gower strong. 'God knows,' he says again, 'my wish is to be useful; that is the prayer that directs my labour.' And while he thus touches the root of his country's philosophy, the form of his prayer that what he has written may be what he would wish it to be, is still a thoroughly sound definition of good English writing. His prayer is that there may be no word of untruth, and that 'each word may answer to the thing it speaks of, pleasantly and fitly; that he may flatter in it no one, and seek in it no praise above the praise of God. Give me,' he asks, 'that there shall be less vice and more virtue for my speaking.' "

So far as regards the spirit of our early literature, I believe that Professor Morley is justified in every word that he has said. Granted the occasional coarseness of expressions in it to us, granted many another shortcoming, the spirit of it is noble and

worthy of honour, as its words are worthy of study, by every Englishman.

The present poem, *Conscience*, is one effort, a late one, in the strain of that "slow and earnest labour towards God and the right" of which Professor Morley speaks. Differing as it does in word and form from the *Ayenbite of Inwyte* (or *Remorse of Conscience*) which Dan Michel of North Gate, "ane brother of the cloystre of saynt Austin of Canterburi," fulfilled in the year of our lordes bearing, 1340, it has yet the same aim,

þis boc is ywrite
uor englisse men, þet hi wyte (may learn)
hou hi ssolle ham-zelue sariue,
and maki ham klene ine. þise liue.

With Richard Rolle of Hampole in 1345 (or thereabouts), its writer desires that by his *Pricke of Conscience* men may

Be stird þar-by til ryghtwyse way,
þat es, tille þe way of gude lyfyng,
And at þe last be broght til gude endyng. (p. 258, l. 9611.)

With Langlande, our *Conscience* tries the Court, the Lawyers, the Landlords, the Merchants, the Clergy; and all he finds in the possession of his enemies. Covetousness, Lechery, Usury, Avarice, and Pride have their way with all; the husbandmen are left desolate so that they cannot help the poor, and Conscience is driven out to lodge in the wood, and eat hips and haws, his only comforters being Mercy, Pity, and Almsdeeds. In early times Langlande's *Conscience* fared better: he got the King on his side; stood his ground well; reprov'd Mede or Bribery; brought sinners to repentance, sent them seeking for truth, and remained master of the situation. (See *Langlande's Vision of Piers the Ploughman*, ed. Skeat, E. E. Text Soc. 1867, Passus 3-5.)

A contrast of the different evils complained of by reforming writers in different ages, and the comparative prominence given to each vice by each writer, could not fail to bring out the cha-

racteristics of the successive periods of our social history, and be of great interest. But though I have some material for it, want of space forbids my attempting it here. Still, the point may be illustrated by looking at the clergy's hinderers in their good work of giving, as mentioned in the present poem,

for their wiues & their children soe hange them vpon,
that whosoener giues almes deeds they will giue none,

when set beside Roberd of Brunne's complaints, in his *Handlyng Synne*, about the priest's mare or concubine, and the earlier one of the *Old English Homilies* (? about 1200 A.D.) that Mr. Richard Morris will edit, probably in 1869, for the Early English Text Society :

And oðre fele lerdemen speken also lewede also ure drihten seide þurh anes prophetes muðe. *Erit sicut populus sacerdos*. Prest sal leden his lif also lewede mæn . and swo hie doð nuðe : and sumdel werse. For þe lewede man wurðeð his spuse mid cloðes more þane mid him seluen . and prest naht sis (=so his) chireche, þe is his spuse : ac his daie, þe is his hore . awlencð hire mid cloðes . more þan him seluen. Ðe chirche cloðes ben to-brokene : and calde . and his wiues shule ben hole : and neue . His alter cloð great and sole : and hire chemise smal and hwit . and te albe sol : and hire smoc hwit. Ðe haued-line sward : and hire wimpel wit . oðer maked geļu mid saffran. Ðe meshakele of medeme fustain . and hire mentel grene oðer burnet. Ðe corporeals sole : and unshapliche . hire handcloðes . and hire bord cloðes maked wite and lustliche on to siene. Ðe caliz of tin : and hire nap of mazere and ring of golde. And is þe prest swo muchele forcuðere . þane þe lewede. Swo he wurðeð his hore more þan his spuse.—*Homilies in Trinity Coll. MS. A.D. 1200.*

Translation by Mr. Richard Morris.

And many other learned men speak as the unlearned, as our Lord spake through the mouth of a prophet, *Erit sicut*, &c. The priest shall lead his life as the laity ; and so they do now, and somewhat worse, for the layman honoureth his spouse with clothes more than himself, and the priest not so his church, which is his spouse ; but his day (maid servant), who is his whore, whom he adorneth with clothes more than himself. The church cloths are ragged and old,

and his woman's shall be whole and new. His altar cloth great (coarse) and dirty (soiled), and her chemise small and white; and the alb soiled, and her smock white; the head linen black, and her wimple (neck-cloth) white, or made yellow with saffron. The masscloth of paltry fustian, and her mantle green or burnet; the corporas soiled and badly made, her hand-cloths and her table-cloths made white and pleasant to the sight. The chalice of tin, and her cup of maser (a sort of hard wood gilded or inlaid with jewels), and her ring of gold; and so the priest is much worse than the laity for he honoureth his whore more than his spouse. .

On the question of the rents asked by grasping landlords, I may quote a passage from Ascham used in the Forewords to *The Babees Boke*, &c. (E. E. T. Soc., 1868).

“He says to the Duke of Somerset on Nov. 21, 1547 (*Works*, ed. Giles, i. 140–1),

“‘Qui auctores sunt tantæ miseræ? . . . Sunt illi qui hodie passim, in Anglia, prædia monasteriorum gravissimis annuis redditibus auxerunt. Hinc omnium rerum exauctum pretium; hi homines expilant totam rempublicam. Villici et coloni universi laborant, parcant, corradunt, ut istis satisfaciant. . . Hinc tot familiæ dissipatæ, tot domus collapsæ . . Hinc, quod omnium miserrimum est, nobile illud decus et robur Angliæ, nomen, inquam, *Yomanorum Anglorum*, fractum et collisum est. . . . NAM VITA, QUÆ NUNC VIVITUR A PLURIMIS, NON VITA, SED MISERIA EST.’

(When will these words cease to be true of our land? They should be burnt into all our hearts.)”

Harrison, in 1577, speaks more easily about rents, and as he deals also with the question of Usury or Interest noted in our poem, I make a long quotation from his *Description of England*, a book invaluable to the student of the England of Shakespeare's days, and which I hope we shall soon reprint in the Extra Series of our Early English Text Society. Harrison is speaking of the “Three things greatlie amended in England” in his day: “(1.) Chimnies; (2.) Hard lodging; (3.) Furniture of household,” and of the latter says:

The third thing they tell of, is the exchange of vessell, as of

treene platters into pewter, and woodden spoones into siluer or tin. For so common were all sorts of treéne stuffe in old time, that a man should hardlie find foure pièces of pewter (of which one was peradventure a salt) in a good farmer's house, and yet for all this frugalitie¹ (if it may so be iustly called) they were scarce able to liue and paie their rents at their daies without selling of a cow, or an horsse, or more, although they paid but foure pounds at the vttermost by the yeare. Such also was their pouertie, that if some one od farmer or husbandman had béene at the alehouse, a thing greatlie vsed in those daies, amongst six or seuen of his neighbours, and there in a brauerie to shew what store he had, did cast downe his pursse, and therein a noble or six shillings in siluer vnto them (for few such men then cared for gold bicause it was not so readie paiment, and they were oft inforced to giue a penie for the exchange of an angell) it was verie likelie that all the rest could not laie downe so much against it : whereas in my time, although peradventure foure pounds of old rent be improued to fortie, fiftie, or an hundred pounds, yet will the farmer (as another palme or date tree) thinke his gaines verie small toward the end of his terme, if he haue not six or seuen yeares rent lieng by him, therewith to purchase a new lease, beside a faire garnish of pewter on his cupbord, with so much more in od vessell going about the house, thrée or foure featherbeds, so manie couerlids and carpets of tapistrie, a siluer salt, a bowle for wine (if not an whole neast) and a dozen of spoones to furnish vp the sute. This also he taketh to be his owne cléere, for what stocke of monie soeuer he gathereth & laieth vp in all his yeares, it is often séene, that the landlord will take such order with him for the same, when he renneth his lease, which is commonlie eight or six yeares before the old be expired (sith it is now growen almost to a custome, that if he come not to his lord so long before, another shall step in for a reuer-sion, and so defeat him out right) that it shall neuer trouble him more than the haire of his beard, when the barber hath washed and shauen it from his chin. And as they commend these, so (beside the decaie of housekeeping whereby the poore haue beene relieued) they speake also of thrée things that are growen to be verie grievous vnto them, to wit, the inhansing of rents, latelie mentioned; the dailie oppression of copiholders, whose lords séeke to bring their poore tenants almost into plaine seruitude and miserie, daily deuising new meanes, and séeking vp all the old how to cut them shorter and

¹ The sidenote here is "This was in the time of generall idlenesse."

shorter, doubling, trebling, and now & then seven times increasing their fines, driving them also for every trifle to loose and forfeit their tenures (by whome the greatest part of the realme dooth stand and is maintained) to the end they may fleece them yet more, which is a lamentable hering. The third thing they talke of is vsurie, a trade brought in by the Iewes, now perfectlie practised almost by every christian, and so commonlie, that he is accompted but for a foole that dooth lend his monie for nothing. In time past it was *Sors pro sorte*, that is, the principall onelie for the principall; but now beside that which is aboue the principall properlie called *Vsura*, we challenge *Fœnus*, that is commoditie of soile, & fruits of the earth, if not the ground it selfe. In time past also one of the hundred was much, from thence it rose vnto two, called in Latine *Vsura*, *Ex sextante*; thrée, to wit *Ex quadrante*; then to foure, to wit *Ex triente*; then to five, which is *Ex quincunce*; then to six, called *Ex semisse*, &c.: as the accompt of the *Assis* ariseth, and comming at the last vnto *Vsura ex asse*, it amounteth to twelue in the hundred, and therefore the Latines call it *Centesima*, for that in the hundred moneth it doubleth the principall; but more of this elsewhere. See *Cicero* against *Verres*, *Demosthenes* against *Aphobus*, and *Athenæus lib. 13. in fine*: and when thou hast read them well, helpe I praie thee in lawfull maner to hang vp such as take *Centum pro cento*,¹ for they are no better worthie, as I doo iudge in conscience. Forget not also such landlords as vse to value their leases at a secret estimation giuen of the wealth and credit of the taker, whereby they séeme (as it were) to eat them vp and deale with bondmen, so that if the leassée be thought to be worth an hundred pounds, he shall paie no lesse for his new terme, or else another to enter with hard and doubtfull conenants. I am sorie to report it, much more gréeued to vnderstand of the practise; but most sorowfull of all to vnderstand that men of great port and countenance are so farre from suffering their farmers to haue anie gaine at all, that they themselues become grasiers, butchers, tanners, shéepmasters, woodmen, and *denique quid non*, thereby to enrich themselues, and bring all the wealth of the countrie into their owne hands, leauing the communaltie weake, or as an idoll with broken or feeble armes, which may in a time of peace haue a plausible shew, but when necessitie shall inforce, haue an heauie and bitter sequele.—*Holinshed*, vol. i. p. 188-189, ed. 1586.

The date of the poem I cannot pretend to fix. "The new-found land" of l. 91—

¹ "By the yeare" is the sidenote.

We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
& sett thee on shore in *the new-found land*—

cannot refer, I think, to the re-discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot, then in the service of England, on the 24th of June, 1497 (*Penny Cycl.*). The date must be later than that.

The first three stanzas of the poem, which should contain twenty-one lines, in the Manuscript (which is written without divisions) contain only eighteen lines. Mr. Skeat has sent me two arrangements of them, of which the following seems the right one:

As I walked of late by one wood side,
to god for to meditate was my entent,
where vnder a hawthorne I suddenly espyed
a silly poore creature ragged & rent,
with bloody teares his face was besprent,
his fleshe & his color consumed away,
& his garments they were all mire, mucke, & clay;

with turning & winding his bodye was toste,

* * * * *

“good lord! of my liffe depriue me, I pray,
for I, silly wretch, am ashamed of my name;
& I curse my godfathers *that* gaue me the same.”

this made me muse & much desire
to know what kind of man hee shold bee;
I stept to him straight, and did him require
his name & his secretts to shew vnto me.
his head he cast vp, & wooful was hee,
“my name,” quoth hee, “is the causer of my care,
& makes me scornd, & left here soe bare.”—F.

AS : I walked of late by one¹ wood side,
 ² to god for to meditate was my entent,
where vnder a hawthorne I suddenly espyed
4 a silly poore creature ragged & rent;

As I walked
out to
meditate,

I spied
a poor

¹ an.—P.

² perhaps On God.—P.

ragged
creature

with bloody teares his face was besprent,
his fleshe & his color consumed away ;

mired all
over.
He wished
himself dead,

¹ with turning & winding his bodye was toste,
8 & his garments they were all mire, mucke, & clay.

“good lord ! of my liffe deprive me, I pray,
for I, silly wretch, am ashamed of my name !

his name
caused his
trouble.

²my name, “ quoth hee, “ is the causer of my care,
12 & I curse my godfathers *that* gaue me the same ! ”

this made me muse, & much desire

to know what kind of man hee shold bee ; ³

I asked him
to tell it me.

I stept to him straight, & did him require
16 his name & his secretts to shew vnto me. [page 244]

his head he cast vp, & wooful was hee,⁴

[“ My name,” quoth hee, is the causer of my care,]
& makes me scornd, & left ⁵ here soe bare.”

then straight-way he turnd him & prayd him⁶ sit
dow[ne]

He said his
name was
Conscience.

20 “ & I will,” saithe he, “ declare my whole greefe.
my name is called Conscience ; ” wheratt he did
fro[wne]

he pined to repeate it, & grinded his teethe.

.⁷

When young

for while I was young & tender of yeeres,
24 I was entertained with Kings⁸ & with Peeres,

¹ This verse is redundant.—P.

² To come in below.—P.

³ Percy, in his *Reliques*, omits three of these lines, and transfers line 11 to line 18, where it must be, at least, repeated, without notice to the reader. The bishop warns his readers in his second and later editions that some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected, but not without notice to the reader, where it was necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted ‘commas.’ He must have therefore thought the omission

of lines 9, 10, and 12, a correction not necessary to be noticed.—F.

⁴ The verse

[“ my name ” quoth hee, “ is the causer of my care, ”]

to come in here.—P.

⁵ The *f* is like an *f* in the MS.—F.

⁶ me.—P.

⁷ Though now silly wretche, I’m deny’d all relief,

Yet . . . —*Reliques*.

⁸ kinges.—*Rel.*

- “ there was none in all ¹ the court *that* liued in such fame ; he was honoured
 for with the *Kings* counsell he sate ² in Commission ;
 Dukes Erles & Barrons esteemed of my name ; by Dukes
 28 & how *that* I liued there needs no repetition ;
 I was euer holden in honest condition ;
 for howsoeuer the lawes went in westminster hall, and in Law Courts.
 when sentence was giuen, for me the wold ³ call.
- 32 “ noe Incombes ⁴ at all the landlord wold take, Landlords obeyed him ;
 but one pore peny, *that* was their fine,
 & *that* they acknowledged to be for my sake ;
 the poore wold doe nothing without counsell mine ; the poor,
 36 I ruld the world with the right line ; the world,
 for nothing *that* was ⁵ passed betweene foe & freind,
 but Conscience was called to bee at an ⁶ end.
- “ noe Merchandize nor bargaines the Merchants wold and merchants.
 ma[ke],
 40 but I was called a wittenesse therto ; No usury was practised.
 no vse ⁷ for noe mony, nor forfeit wold take,
 but I wold controwle them if *that* they did soe ;
that makes me liue now in great woe,
 44 for then came in pride, Sathans disciple, “ Then came in Pride,
that now is ⁸ entertained with ⁹ all kind of people ;
- he brought with him 3, whose names they be these, ¹⁰ Covetousness, Lechery, and Usury who overthrew me.
that is couetousnes, Lecherye, vsury, ¹¹ beside ;
 48 they neuer preuailed till they had ¹² wrought my downe-fall.

¹ *all* omitted.—*Rel.*² I sate.—*P.*³ they wold.—*P.*⁴ Incomes.—*P.*⁵ (that was) seem redundant.—*P.*⁶ the.—*P.*⁷ interest.—*F.*⁸ is now.—*Rel.*⁹ of.—*P.*¹⁰ thus they call.—*Rel.*¹¹ ‘ & pride ’ was added here in the MS., then struck out with a heavy ink stroke, the acid of which has eaten the paper away.—*F.*¹² *had* omitted.—*Rel.*

- soe pride. was entertained, but Conscience was deride.¹
- I tried
abroad,
yet st[i]ll² abroad haue³ I tryed
to haue had entertainment with some one or other,
52 but I am reiected & scorned of my brother.
- then the
Court;
“then went I to the⁴ court, the gallants to winn,
but the porter kept me out of the gates.
to Bartlwew⁵ spittle, to pray for my sinnes,⁶
56 they bad⁷ me goe packe me; it was fitt for my state;
“goe, goe, threed-bare conscience, & seeke thee a
mate!”
good Lord! long preserue my King, Pirince, & Queene,
with whom euer more I haue esteemed⁸ beene!
- Next I tried
London,
but they
60 “then went I to london, where once I did wonne,⁹
but they bade away with me when thé knew my
name;
“for he will vndoe vs to bye & to sell,”
sent me off
too.
they bade me goe packe me, & hye me for shame,
64 they lought at my raggs, & there had good game;
“this is old threed-bare Conscience *that* dwelt with
St. Peete[r];
but they wold not admitt me to be a chimney sweeper.
- I spent my
last penny
in an awl and
patches to
cobble shoes,
68 “not one wold receine me, the Lord god doth know.
I, haning but one poore pennye in my pursse,
of an aule¹⁰ & some patches I did it bestow;
I thought better to¹¹ cobble shooes then to doe worsse.

¹ perhaps decried.—P.² now ever since.—*Rel.*³ (Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.⁴ *the* omitted.—*Rel.*⁵ Bartlemew.—*Rel.*⁶ Sin.—P.⁷ *me* omitted in 1st edⁿ, restored in2nd.—*Rel.*⁸ esteemed I've.—P. I *ever* esteemed have.—*Rel.*⁹ perhaps dwell (*idem*)—P. dwell.
*Rel.*¹⁰ On an awl.—P.¹¹ For I thought better.—*Rel.*

straight then all they ¹ Coblers they began to cursse,
 72 & by statute *thé* wold proue me ² I was a rouge &
 forlor[ne,]
 & they whipt ³ me out of towne to see ⁴ where I was
 borne.

but the
cobblers
whipt me out
of the town.

“ then did I remember & call to my minde
 they court ⁵ of conscience where once I did sit,
 76 not doubting but there some favor I shold find,
 for ⁶ my name & the place agreed soe fitt.
 but therof my ⁷ purpose I fayled a whitt,
 for the ⁸ iudge did vse my name in euerye condicion ⁹
 80 for Lawyers with their qu[i]lletts ¹⁰ wold get a ¹¹
 dismission.

I tried the
Court of
Conscience,

but there the
lawyers
wheedled me
out.

“ then westminster hall was noe place for me ;
 good god ! ¹² how the Lawyers began to assemblee ;
 & fearfull they were lest there I shold be !
 84 the silly poore clarkes began to tremblee ; ¹³
 I showed them my cause, & did not dissemble.
 soe then they gaue me some mony my charges to beare,
 but they ¹⁴ swore me on a booke I must neuer come there.

Then I went
to Westmin-
ster Hall,
and the
lawyers

gave me
money,
but made me
swear to go.

88 “ then ¹⁵ the Merchants said, ‘ counterfeite, get thee
 away,
 dost thou remember how wee thee found ? ¹⁶
 we banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
 & sett thee on shore in the new-found land, ¹⁷

The mer-
chants too
rejected me,

¹ the.—P.

² (I was) *delend.*—P.

³ And whipp.—*Rel.*

⁴ seeke.—*Rel.*

⁵ The court.—P.

⁶ Sith.—*Rel.*

⁷ there of my.—P. sure of my.—*Rel.*

⁸ usd.—*Rel.*

⁹ For tho’—comission.—P.

¹⁰ The Lawyers—quilllets.—P.

¹¹ my.—*Rel.*

¹² lord.—*Rel.*

¹³ tremble.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ they omitted.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ Next.—*Rel.*

¹⁶ fond.—*Rel.*

¹⁷ lond.—P. land.—*Rel.*

92 & there thow & wee most freindly shook hands ;¹
 & we were verry² glad when thou did refuse vs,
 for when we wold reape proffitt heere³ thou wold⁴
 accuse vs.'

so I had to
 go to Gentle-
 men's houses,
 and tell them
 I had made
 their fore-
 fathers grant
 just leases.

96 " then had I noe way but for to goe an⁵
 to gentlemens houses of an ancyent name,
 declaring my greeffes; & there I made moane, [page 245]
 &⁶ how there⁷ forfathers had held me in fame,
 & in letting of their ffarmes I alwayes vsed the same.⁸

They cursed
 me.

100 thé sayd, " fye vpon thee ! we may thee cursse !
 they haue leases⁹ continue, & we fare the worsse."

At last I was
 driven to
 husband-
 men ;
 but land-
 lords had left
 them no-
 thing to give
 away ;

104 " & then I was forced a begging to goe
 to husbandmens houses ; who greeved right sore,
 who sware *that* their Landlords had plaged them so
 sore¹⁰
that they were not able to keepe open doore,
 nor nothing thé¹¹ had left to giue to the pore.

so I am in
 this wood,
 and eat hips
 and haws,

108 therfore to this wood I doe repayre
 with hepps & hawes ; *that* is my best fare.

but am
 comforted
 by Mercy,
 Pity, and
 Almaseds."

" & yet within this same desert some comfort I haue
 of Mercy, of pittye, & of almes-deeds,
 who haue vowed to company me to my¹² graue.
 112 wee are ill¹³ put to silence, & liue vpon weeds ;¹⁴

.
 our banishment is their vtter decay,
 the *which* the rich glutton will answer one day."

¹ hond.—P.

² right.—*Rel.*

³ *proffitt heere* omitted.—*Rel.*

⁴ woldst.—*Rel.*

⁵ on.—*Rel.*

⁶ Telling.—*Rel.*

⁷ their.—P.

⁸ And at letting their farmes how
 always I came.—*Rel.*

⁹ their leases, i. e. the indulgent Leases
 let by our forefathers.—P.

¹⁰ soe.—*Rel.*

¹¹ (the) redundant.—P.

¹² *ny* in the MS. — F.

¹³ all.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ and hence such cold housekeeping
 proceeds.—*Rel.*

'why then," I said to him, "methinkes it were best
 116 to goe to the Clergee; for dealye¹ thé preach
 eche man to loue you aboue all the rest;
 of mercy & of Pittie & of almes they doe² teach."
 "O," said he, "no matter of a pin what they doe
 preach,
 120 for their wiues & their children soe hangs them vpon,
 that whosoener giues almes deeds³ they will⁴ giue
 none."

"Go to the Clergy," said I.

It'd be no good; their wives and children stop their giving.

then Laid he him downe, & turned him away,
 prayd⁵ me to goe & leaue him to rest,
 124 I told him I might happen to⁶ see the day
 to haue⁷ him & his fellowes to liue with the best;
 8 "first," said hee, "you must banish pride, & then
 all England were blest,⁹
 &¹⁰ then those wold loue vs *that* now sells¹¹ their lands,¹²
 128 & then good houses euerye where wold be kept¹³ out of
 hand."

Banish Pride; then England will be blest.

ffins.

¹ daily.—P.
² doe omitted.—*Rel.*
³ deeds omitted.—*Rel.*
⁴ It ought in justice and Truth to be
 "CAN."—P.
⁵ And prayd.—*Rel.*
⁶ haplie might yet.—*Rel.*
⁷ For.—*Rel.*

⁸ This line written as two in the MS.
 —F.

⁹ First said he, banish Pryde: Then
 all England were blest.—P. These make
 two lines in the MS.—F.

¹⁰ For.—*Rel.*

¹¹ sell.—*Rel.*

¹² land.—P.

¹³ house-keeping wold revive.—*Rel.*

Durham Feilde.¹

SAYS Shakespeare's Henry V. :

You shall read, that my grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnisht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim-fullness of his force ;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays ;
Girdling, with grievous siege, castles and towns,
That England being empty of defence
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Perhaps the best account of the expedition celebrated in the following ballad is given by Fordun. "The local accuracy," observes Surtees, "with which Fordun describes the advance of the English army from Auckland, infers that his account must have been received from eye-witnesses." Other accounts are furnished by Knighton, Walsingham, Froissart. Harl MS. No. 4843 contains an ancient monkish poem on it.

The confidence of the Scotch King is amusingly represented in the First Part of the ballad.

Oddly enough, nothing is said of the Queen, who, though probably Froissart exaggerates the part she played, yet was certainly not remote from the scene of the conflict. One would have expected her presence to have been made much of by the ballad-writer.

Jóhn Copeland, who captured the King, was a Northumbrian esquire. He was afterwards Governor of Berwick and Sheriff of Northumberland.

¹ Fought Oct: 17, 1346, at St. Nevil's Cross, near Durham. "An excellent" [*half scratched out*].—P.
Old Ballad. The Subject is the

inrode (*sic*) into England by the Scotts, & the taking of their King, while Edward 3^d was in France.—P. .

	<p>LORDINGES, listen, & hold yo[u]¹ still ; hearken to me a litle ; I shall you tell of the fairest battell</p>	<p>Listen,</p>
<p>4</p>	<p><i>that euer in England beffell.</i></p>	<p>and I'll tell you of a fair battle.</p>
	<p>for as it befell in Edward the 3^d dayes,² in England, where he ware the crowne, then all the cheefe chinalry of England</p>	<p>When Ed- ward III. was king,</p>
<p>8</p>	<p>they busked³ & made them bowne⁴ ;</p>	<p>all his knights</p>
	<p>they chosen all the best archers <i>that</i> in England might be found,</p>	<p>and archers</p>
<p>12</p>	<p>and all was to fight with the King of ffrance within a litle stounde.⁵</p>	<p>went to fight the French.</p>
	<p>and when our King was ouer the water, and on the salt sea gone, then tydings into Scotland came</p>	
<p>16</p>	<p><i>that</i> all England was gone ;</p>	<p>Then the Scotch hear</p>
	<p>bowes and arrowes they were all forth, at home was not left a man⁶</p>	<p>that no men are left in England</p>
<p>20</p>	<p>but shepards and Millers both, & preists with shauen crownes.</p>	<p>but millers and priests.</p>
	<p>then the King of Scotts in a study stood, as he was a man of great might ;</p>	<p>The Scotch king</p>
<p>24</p>	<p>he sware 'he wold hold his Parliament in leene⁷ London if he cold ryde there right.'</p>	<p>swears he'll ride to London.</p>

¹ ? MS. ; it may be *yo*.—F.
² when Edward the 3^d —P.
³ See P. 397, st. 46. (of MS.)—P.
⁴ *bowne*, paratus, L.—P.
⁵ *Stound*, signum, momentum, spatium, hora, tempus. Lye.—P.

⁶ mon.—P. See vol. i. p. 217, l. 109.—F.
⁷ Leene, perhaps the same as leef, lief, leif, dear, beloved—A.-S. *leofa*, *belg*. *lief*. Teut. *lieb*, charus, amicus, gratus. Gloss⁷ to Gaw². Douglas.—P.

- then came in famous Douglas,
 saies, " what shall my meede bee ?
 & Ile lead the vawward,¹ Lord,
 56 thorow the English countrie."
- " take thee Worster," sayd the King,
 " Tuxburye,² Killingworth, Burton vpon trent ;
 doe thou not say another day
 60 but I haue giuen thee lands and rent.
- " Sir Richard of Edenborrow, where are yee ?
 a wise man in this warr !
 Ile giue thee Bristow & the shire
 64 the time *that* wee come there.
- " my Lord Nevill, where beene yee ?
 you must in this warres bee !
 Ile giue thee Shrewsburye," saies the King,
 68 " and Couentrye faire & free.
- " my Lord of Hambleton, where art thou ?
 thou art of my kin full nye ;
 Ile giue thee lincolne & Lincolneshire,
 72 & *thats* enouge for thee."
- by then came in William Douglas
 as breeme³ as any bore ;
 he kneeled him downe vpon his knees,
 76 in his hart he sighed sore,
- saies, " I haue serued you, my louelye leege,
 this 30 winters and 4,
 & in the Marches⁴ betweene England & Scottland
 80 I haue beene wounded & beaten sore ;

to Douglas,

Worcester ;

to Sir
Richard of
Edinburgh,Bristol and
its shire ;to Lord
Nevill,Shrewsbury
and Coven-
try ;to Lord
Hambleton,Lincoln-
shire.William
Douglasreminds the
King of his
long services,¹ i. e. the Van, the Vanguard. Fr. avant-
garde. L.—P.² qu. MS.—F.³ breame, ferox, atrox, cruel, sharp,
severe. Lye.—P.⁴ Marches, confinia, limites, alicujus
territorii: refer ad *Mark* Scotis.
March, a landmark, &c. Vid. Lye, ad
Jun.—P.

and asks
what his re-
ward is to be.

“for all the good service *that* I haue done,
what shall my meed bee ?
& I will lead the vanward
84 thorrow the English countrye.”

“ Whatever
you ask,”
answers
James.
“ Then I ask
for London.”

“ aske on, douglas,” said the King,
“ & granted it shall bee.”
“ why then, I aske litle London,” saies William
Douglas,
88 “ gotten giff *that* it bee.”

James
refuses that,

the King was wrath, and rose away,
saies, “ nay, *that* cannot bee !
for *that* I will keepe for my cheefe chamber,
92 gotten if it bee ;

but gives
Douglas N.
Wales and
Cheshire,

“ but take thee North wales & weschaster,
the cuntrye all round about,
& rewarded thou shalt bee,
96 of *that* take thou noe doubt.”

makes 100
new knights

and gives
them the
English
towns.

5 score *knights* he made on a day,
& dubbd them with his hands ;
rewarded them right worthilye
100 with the townes in merry England.

They make
ready for
battle,

& when the fresh *knights* they were made,
to battell thé buske them bowne ;¹
Iames Douglas went before,
104 & he thought to haue wonnen him shoone.

but the
English
Commons
meet them,
and let none
escape ;

but thé were mett in a morning of May
with the comminaltye of litle England ;
but there scaped neuer a man away
108 through the might of christes hand,

¹ See Page 397, st. 46 [of MS.].—P.

- but all onely Iames Douglas ;
 in Durham in the ffeild
 an arrow stroke him in the thye.
 112 fast flinge[s he] towards the *King*.
- the *King* looked toward litle Durham,
 saies, "all things is not well !
 for Iames Dowglas beares an arrow in his thye,
 116 the head of it is of steele.
- "how now Iames ?" then said the *King*,
 "how now, how may this bee ?
 & where beene all thy merrymen
 120 That thou tooke hence with thee ?" [page 247]
- "but cease, my *King*," saies Iames ¹ Douglas,
 "aloue is not left a man !"
 "now by my faith," saies the *King* of scottes,
 124 "that gate ² was euill gone ;
- "but Ile reuenge thy quarrell well,
 & of *that* thou may be faine ;
 for one Scott will beate 5 Englishmen
 128 if thé meeten them on the plaine."
- "now hold your tounge," saies Iames Douglas,
 "for in faith *that* is not soe ;
 for one English man is worth 5 Scotts
 132 when they meeten together thoe ;
- "for they are as Egar men to fight
 as a faulcon vpon a pray.
 alas ! if euer thé winne the vanward,
 136 there scapes noe man away."

except
Douglas,who is
wounded
and flees to
the King.James asks
where his
men are.

All dead.

James vows

revenge ;

one Scot is a
match for
fve English."No," says
Douglas,"one Eng-
lishman is
worth fve
Scots ;they let no
one escape
alive."¹ *Ianes* in the MS.—F.² gate, *via* a way : march or walk. Lye.—P.

“ O peace thy talking,” said the *King*,
 “ they bee but English knaues,
 but shepards & Millers both,
 140 & [mass] preists with their staues.”

A herald
 reports to
 James

the *King* sent forth one of his heralds of armes
 to vew the Englishmen.

that he has
 ten to the
 English one,

144 “ be of good cheere,” the herald said,
 “ for against one wee bee ten.”

“ who leades those Ladds ? ” said the *King* of Scottes,
 “ thou herald, tell thou mee.”

whom the
 Bishop of
 Durham
 leada.

148 the herald said, “ the Bishopp of Durham
 is captaine of *that* companye ;

for the Bishopp hath spred the *Kings* banner
 & to battell he buskes him bowne.”

152 “ I sweare by St. Andrewes bones,” saies the *King*,
 “ Ile rapp *that* preist on the crowne ! ”

[Part II.]

James sees

Lord Percy
 in the field.

156

2^d part

The *King* looked towards litle Durham,
 & *that* hee well beheld,
that the Earle Percy was well armed,
 with his battell axe entred the feild.

160

the *King* looket againe towards litle Durham,
 4 ancyents there see hee ;
 there were to standards, 6 in a valley,
 he cold not see them with his eye. .

There, too,
 are Lords
 York, Car-
 lisle,
 and two Fitz-
 williams.

164 My Lord of yorke was one of them,
 my lord of Carlile was the other ;
 & my Lord fluwilliams,
 the one came with the other.

the Bishopp of Durham commanded his men,	The Bishop
& shortlye he them bade,	
' <i>that neuer a man shold goe to the feild to fight</i>	orders all his
168 till he had serued his god.'	men to hear mass.

500 preists said masse <i>that</i> day	500 priests
in durham in the feild ;	say it,
& afterwards, as I hard say,	
172 they bare both speare & sheeld.	and then take arms,

the Bishopp of Durham ¹ orders himselfe to fight
with his battell axe in his hand ;
he said, “ this day now I will fight
as long as I can stand ! ”

	“ & soe will I,” sayd my Lord of Carlile,	Carlisle
	“ in this faire morning gay ; ”	
	“ & soe will I,” said my Lord fluwilliams,	and the Fitzwilliams
180	“ for Mary, <i>that</i> myld may.”	swear to fight.

our English archers bent their bowes	Our archers
shortlye and anon,	first
they shott ouer the Scottish Oast	shoot too
184 & scantlye ² toucht a man.	high.

“hold downe your hands,” sayd the Bishopp of Durham,
 “my archers good & true.”
 the 2^d shoote *that* thé shott,
 full sore the Scottes itt rue.

The Bishop orders them to shoot low.
 They do, and punish the Scots.

the Bishopp of Durham spoke on hye
that both partyes might heare,
 “be of good cheere, my merrymen all,
 192 the Scotts flyen, & changen there cheere!”

¹ Durhan in MS.—F.

² scantily, scarcely.—P.

- but as thé saidden, soe thé didden,
 they fell on heapes hye ;
 our Englishmen laid on with their bowes
 196 as fast as they might dree.
- King James ¹ The *King* of Scotts in a studye stood [page 248]
 amongst his companye,
 is shot
 through the
 nose, 200 an arrow stoke him thorrow the nose
 & thorrow his armorye.
- gets off his
 horse, the *King* went to a marsh side
 & light beside his steede,
 he leaned him downe on his sword hilts
 204 to let his nose bleede.
- and is sum-
 moned to
 yield by an
 English
 yeoman,
 Copland. there followed him a yeaman of merry England,
 his name was Iohn of Coplande :
 208 “yeeld thee Traytor !” saies Coplande then,
 “thy liffe lyes in my hand.”
- James
 refuses, “how shold I yeeld me ?” sayes the *King*,
 “& thou art noe gentleman.”
 “noe, by my troth,” sayes Copland there,
 212 “I am but a poore yeaman ;
- “what art thou better then I, Sir *King* ?
 tell me if that thou can !
 what art thou better then I, Sir *King*,
 216 now we be but man to man ?”
- and strikes
 at Copland, the *King* smote angerly at Copland then,
 angerly in that stonde ² ;
 & then Copland was a bold yeaman,
 who floors 220 & bore the *King* to the ground.
 him,

¹ Here a short leaf is inserted in the MS. in a more modern hand, Percy's late upright hand, differing from the early

small one of most of his notes.—F.
² stound.—? Percy.

- he sett the *King* upon a Palfrey,
 himselfe upon a steede,
 he tooke him by the bridle rayne,
 224 towards London he can him Lead.
- & when to London *that* he came,
 the *King* from ffrance was new come home,
 & there unto the *King* of Scottes
 228 he sayd these words anon,
- “how like you my shepards & my millers,
 my priests with shaven crownes ? ”
 “by my fayth, they are the sorest fighting men
 232 *that* ever I mett on the ground ;
- “there was never a yeaman in merry England
 but he was worth a Scottish *knight* ! ”
 “I, by my troth,” said *King* Edward, & langhe,
 236 “for you fought all against the right.”
- but now the Prince of merry England
 worthilye under his Sheelde
 hath taken the *King* of ffrance
 240 at Poytiers in the ffeelde.
- the Prince did present his father with *that* food,¹
 the louely *King* off ffrance,
 & fforward of his Iourney he is gone :
 244 god send us all good chance !
- “you are welcome, brothers ! ” sayd the *King* of Scotts,
 to *the* *King* of ffrance,
 “for I am come hither to soone ;
 Christ leeve *that* I had taken my way
 248 unto the court of Roome ! ”

puts him on
a palfrey,

and takes
him to
London,

where King
Edward is.

Edward asks
James how
he likes his
millers and
priests.
“They’re
the hardest
fighters I
ever met.”

The King of
France is
also taken
at Poitiers

by the Black
Prince,

and both he
and the
Scotch King

¹ feod or feodary.—P. Person : see note ², p. 456, vol. i.—F.

wish they
had kept out
of England.

"& soe wold I," said the King of ffance,
"when I came over the streame,
that I had taken my Iourney
252 unto Ierusalem."

Durham
Field,

Thus ends the battell of ffaire Durham
in one morning of may,

[page 249]

Cressy, and
Poictiers,
all won in a
month!

256 the battell of Cressey, & *the* battle of Potyers,
All within one monthes day.

Then was
wealth
and mirth in
England,

then was welthe & welfare in mery England,
Solaces, game, & glee,
& every man loved other well,

and the King 260
loved the
yeomanry!

& the King loved good yeomanrye.

but God *that* made the grasse to growe,
& leaves on greenwoode tree,

God save
him, and the
yeomen too!

264 now save & keepe our noble King,
& maintaine good yeomanry!

ffinis.¹

¹ (*Pencil note in Percy's late hand.*)
"This & 2 following Leaves being unfortunately torn out, in sending the subsequent piece [King Estmere] to the Press, the conclusion of the preceding ballad has been carefully transcribed; and indeed the fragments of the other Leaves ought to have been so."

The loss of *King Estmere* is much to be lamented. It was, perhaps, the best ballad in the Manuscript. Percy says in the 2nd edition of the *Reliques*, p. 59, that "this old Romantic Legend . . is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS."; but we have not been able to find the second copy. It is not in the other small MS. in the possession of the Bishop's descendants now. It is evident at a glance that Percy must have touched up the ballad somewhat, as in line 4 he has *y-were*, were, for a perfect tense, *y* being the past participle prefix; and a comparison of the first three editions with the 4th shows what liberties he took with the (supposed) text of the MS. Some of these will be pointed out in a note at the end of this volume. The thing to be noticed here is

that Percy must have deliberately and unnecessarily torn three leaves out of his MS. when preparing his 4th edition for the Press, and after he had learnt—to use his own words—to *reverence* the MS. These leaves were in the MS. till that time, as he says in his note on "Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS." As the differences of the fourth from the other editions, after v. 253, are only in spelling *louked*, 'looked,' and *wyfe*, 'wiffe,' we must take the latter part of Percy's sentence to apply to the whole ballad. By tearing out the leaves he has prevented us from knowing the extent of his large changes, and has sacrificed not only the original of the whole of *King Estmere* but also the first 22 (or more or less) stanzas of *Guy and Phillis*, of which his version is printed in the *Reliques* iii. 143, 4th ed., and Child's *Ballads* i. 63-6. I calculate Percy's additions to *Estmere* and the lost part of *Guy* at 40 lines.—F.

Guy & Phillis.¹

[A fragment.]

[See the General Introduction to all the Guy Poems in *Guy & Colebrande* below.
The beginning of this Poem was on one of the torn-out leaves of the MS.]

	In winsor fforrest I did slay	[page 254]	In Windsor Forest I
	a bore of passing might & strenght, ²		slew a big
	whose like in England neuer was		boar,
4	for hugnesse, both for breadth & lenght ;		
	some of his bones in warwicke yett		some of
	within the Castle there doth ³ Lye ;		whose bones
	one of his sheeld bones to this day		are in
8	doth hang in the Citye of Couentrye.		Warwick
	on Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe		Castle
	a mightye wyld & cruell beast		and
	calld the Duncow of Dunsmore heath,		Coventry.
12	which many people had opprest ;		On Duns-
	some of her bones in warwicke yett		more Heath
	there for a monument doth ⁴ lye,		I slew
	which vnto euery lookers veue		the Dun
16	as wonderous strange they may espye.		Cow,
	another dragon in this Land		
	in fight I alsoe did destroye,		whose bones
	who did bothe men & beasts opresse,		are also in
20	& all the countrie sore anoye ;		Warwick.
	& then to warwicke came againe		
	like Pilgrim poore, & was not knowen ;		Another
	& there I liued a Hermitts liffe		Dragon I
24	a mile & more out of the towne ;		also slew,
			and then
			came back
			to Warwick,
			and lived a
			hermit's life,

¹ Title written in by P.—F. ² strenght in the MS.—F. ³ do.—P. ⁴ do.—P.

in a cave
cut out of a
rock,

where with my hands I hewed a house
out of a craggy rocke of stone,
& lined like a palmer poore

28 within the caue my selfe alone ;

and
begged my
food at my
own castle
of my wife.

& daylye came to begg my foode
of Phillis att my castle gate,
not knowing ¹ to my loued wiffe,

32 who daylye moned for her mate ;

At last I fell
sick,

till att the last I fell soe sicke,
yea, sicke soe sore *that* I must dye.

sent her a
ring,

I sent to her a ring of gold

36 by *which* shee knew me presentlye ;

and she
closed my
dying eyes.

then shee, repairing to the graue,
befor *that* I gaue vp the ghost
shee closed vp my dying eyes,

40 my Phillis faire, whom I loued most.

I died like a
palmer to
save my soul.

thus dreadfull death did me arrest,
to bring my corpes vnto the graue ;
& like a palmer dyed I,

44 wherby I sought my soule to saue.

You may
see my
statue now.

tho now it be consumed to mold,
my body *that* endured this toyle,
my stature ingrauen in Mold

48 this present time you may behold.

ffins.

¹ knowen.—P.

John : a : Side.

THE rescue of a prisoner was a favourite subject with the ballad-makers of the Borders. There are in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* "no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other; though the poetical description is so different, that the editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them as borrowed from the others." These three are *Jock o' the Side*, *Kinmont Willie*, and *Archie of Ca'field*. The ballad here given for the first time is vitally the same with *Jock o' the Side*. The persons are partly changed: Sybill o' the Side takes the place of the Lady Downie of Scott's ballad; Much the Miller's Son answers to the Laird's Saft Wat, though as the Folio copy does not give the names of the five who accompany Hobbie Noble, the Laird's Saft Wat may have been one of them. The incidents differ very slightly: as at Culerton or Cholerford, when the rescuers are going and returning, at Newcastle where the *Minstrelsy* copy brings in "a proud porter" to be duly made away with, at the gaol on the way back, where that same copy gives the banter with which the heavy-ironed prisoner was assailed by his triumphant friends. The Folio copy is a very fresh, valuable version of the ballad.

"The reality of this story," says Scott, "rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the Side seems to have been nephew to the laird of Margertoun, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of border clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he is also commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland:

He is weil kend, Johne of the Syde.
 A greater theif did never ryde ;
 He never tyris
 For to brek byris,
 Our muir and myris
 Ouir gude and guide.

- PEETER** a whifeild ¹ he hath slaine ;
 & Iohn a side, he is tane ;
 & Iohn is bound both hand & foote,
 4 & to the New-castle he is gone.
- John-a-Side
is taken,

and sent
prisoner to
Newcastle.
- His mother,
Sybill,

tells Lord
Mangerton.
- 8 but Tydinges came to the Sybill o the side,
 by the water side as shee rann ;
 shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,
 & fast shee runn to Mangerton.
- the Lord was sett downe at his meate ;
 when these tydings shee did him tell,
 neuer a Morsell might he eate.
- 12 but lords thé wrunge their fingars white,
 Ladyes did pull themselues by the haire,
 crying " alas and weladay ! ,
 for Iohn o the side wee shall neuer see more ² !
- Lords and
Ladies
lament,
- and vow to
lose their all

or rescue
him.
- 16 " but weele goe sell our droues of Kine,
 & after them our oxen sell,
 & after them our troopes of sheepe,
 but wee will loose him out of the New-castell."
- Hobby Noble
offers to
fetch John,
with five
men.
- 20 but then bespake him hobby noble,
 & spoke these words wonderous hye,
 sayes " giue me 5 men to my selfe,
 & Ile feitch Iohn o the side to thee."

[page 255]

¹ ? The first i may be t.—F.² maire.—P.

- 24 "yea, thoust haue 5, hobby noble,
of the best *that* are in this countrie!
Ile giue thee 5000, hobby Noble,
that walke in Tyuidale trulye." The lord
promises
5000 ;
- 28 "nay, Ile haue but 5," saies hobby Noble,
" *that* shall walke away with mee ;
wee will ryde like noe men of warr ;
but like poore badgers¹ wee wilbe." but Hobby
will only
have five,

dressed as
corn-dealers.
- 32 they stuffet vp all their baggs with straw,
& their steeds barefoot must bee ;
"come on my bretheren," sayes hobby noble, They start,
"come on your wayes, & goe with mee."
- 36 & when they came to Culerton² ford, but at
Culerton
Ford find the
water up.
the water was vp, they cold it not goe ;
& then they were ware of a good old man,
how his boy & hee were at the plowe.
- 40 "but stand you still," sayes hobby noble, Hobby
"stand you still heere at this shore,
& I will ryde to yonder old man,
& see were the gate³ it Lyes ore. asks an old
man
- 44 "but christ you saue, father," Quoth hee,
"crist both you saue and see !
where is the way ouer this fford ? the way
over the
ford.
for christs sake tell itt mee !"
- 48 "but I haue dwelled heere 3 score yeere,
soe haue I done 3 score and 3 ;
I neuer sawe man nor horsse goe ore The old man
won't tell it.
except itt were a horse of 3.⁴"

¹ corn-dealers, Fr. *bladiers*.—F.² Challerton, probably.—P.³ way, ford.—F.⁴ Tree, qu.—P.

- Hobby tells
him to go to
the devil,
- 52 “but fare thou well, thou good old man ;
the devill in hell I leave with thee!
noe better comfort heere this night
thow giues my bretheren heere & me.”
- and rides
back to his
mates.
They find
the ford,
- 56 but when he came to his brether againe,
& told this tydings full of woe,
& then they found a well good gate
they might ryde ore by 2 and 2.
- and get safe
over,
- 60 and when they were come ouer the fforde,
all safe gotten att the last,
“thankes be to god !” sayes hobby nobble,
“the worst of our perill is past.”
- cut down a
tree, 33 ft.
high,
- 64 & then they came into HOWBRAME wood,
& there then they found a tree,
& cutt itt downe then by the roote ;
the lenght was 30 ffoote and 3.
- carry it to
John-a-
Side's prison,
- 68 & 4 of them did take the planke
as light as it had beene a fflee,
& carryed itt to the Newcastle
where as Iohn a side did lye ;
- and climb up
to where he
is lamenting
his fate.
- 72 & some did climbe vp by the walls,
& some did climbe vp by ¹ the tree,
vntill they came vpp to the top of the castle
where Iohn made his moane trulye :
- He takes
leave of his
mother
Sybill,
- 76 he sayd, “god be with thee, Sybill o the side !
my owne mother thou art,” Quoth hee,
“if thou knew this knight ² I were here,
a woe woman then woldest thou bee !

¹ MS. eaten through by ink.—F.² night.—P.

- 80 " & fare you well, Lord Mangerton !
 & euer I say ' god be with thee ! '
 for if you knew this night I were heere,
 you wold sell your land for to loose mee.
 of Lord Mangerton,
- 84 " & fare thou well, Much Millers sonne !
 Much Millars sonne, I say ;
 thou has beene better att Merke midnight
 then euer thou was att noone o the day.
 of Much the Miller's son,
- 88 " & fare thou well, my good Lord Clough !
 thou art thy ffathers sonne & heire ;
 thou neuer saw him ¹ in all thy liffe,
 but with him durst thou breake a speare.
 and of Lord Clough ;
- 92 " wee are brothers childer 9: or :10:
 & sisters children 10: or :11:
 we neuer come to the feild to fight,
 but the worst of us was counted a man."
 and boasts that his family is large and brave.
- 96 but then bespake him hobynoble,
 & spake these words vnto him,
 saies, " sleepest thou, wakest thou, Iohn o the side,
 or art thou this castle within ? "
 Hobby tells him
- 100 " But who is there," Quoth Iohn oth side, [page 256]
 " *that* knowes my name soe right & free ? "
 " I am a bastard brother of thine ;
 this night I am comen for to loose thee."
 he has come to free him.
- 104 " now nay, now nay," quoth Iohn othe side ;
 " itt ffeares me sore *that* will not bee ;
 ffor a pecke of gold & silver," Iohn sayd,
 " infaith this night will not loose mee."
 I fear not, says John ;

¹ man.—F.

- but Hobby 108 but then bespake him hobby Noble,
 & till his brother thus sayd hee,
 says his four can do it. sayes, "4 shall take this matter in hand,
 and 2 shall tent our geldings ffree."
- 112 for 4 did breake one dore without,
 then Iohn brake 5 himsell;
 They break five doors, and get to the iron one. but when they came to the Iron dore,
 it smote 12 vpon the bell.
- Much fears they'll be taken. 116 "itt ffeares me sore," sayd much the Miller,
 "that heere taken wee all shalbee."
 "but goe away, bretheren," sayd Iohn a side,
 "for euer, alas! this will not bee."
- Hobby reproaches him, 120 "but ffeye vpon thee!" sayd Hobby Noble;
 "Much the Miller! fye vpon thee!"
 "it sore feares me," said Hobby Noble,
 "man *that* thou wilt neuer bee."
- files down the iron door, takes John out, 124 but then he had fflanders files 2 or 3,
 & hee fyled downe *that* Iron dore,
 & tooke Iohn out of the New-castle,
 & sayd "looke thou neuer come heere more!"
- 128 when he had him fforth of the Newcastle,
 "away with me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde."
 but euer alas! itt cold not bee;
 for Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.
- wraps sheets round his chains, and sets him on a horse 132 but then he had sheets 2 or 3,
 & bound Iohns boults fast to his ffeete,
 & sett him on a well good steede,
 himselfe on another by him seete.

- 136 then Hobby Noble smiled & lounge,¹
 & spoke these words in mickle pryde,
 "thou sitts soe finely on thy geldinge
that, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde."
 woman-
 fashion.
- 140 & when they came thorow HOWBRAME towne,
 Iohns horsse there stumbled at a stone ;²
 "out & alas !" cryed much the Miller,
 "Iohn, thoule make vs all be tane."
 Much the
 Miller gets
 into another
 fright,
- 144 "but fye vpon thee !" saies Hobby Noble,
 "much the Millar, fye on thee !
 I know full well," sayes Hobby Noble,
 "man *that* thou wilt neuer bee !"
 and is again
 snubbed by
 Hobby
 Noble,
- 148 & when the came into HOWBRAME wood,
 he had fflanders files 2 or 3
 to file Iohns bolts beside his ffeete,
that hee might ryde more easilye.
 who files off
 John's
 chains from
 his feet.
- 152 sayes Iohn, "Now leape ouer a steede,"
 & Iohn then hee lope ouer 5 :
 "I know well," sayes Hobby Noble,
 "Iohn, thy ffellow is not aline !"
 Thereupon
 John leaps
 over five
 horses,
- 156 then he brought him home to Mangerton ;
 the Lord then he was att his meate ;
 but when Iohn o the side he there did see,
 for faine hee cold noe more eate ;
 and goes
 home to
 Lord
 Mangerton.
- 160 he sayes "blest be thou, Hobby Noble,
*th*at euer thou wast man borne !
 thou hast feitched vs home good Iohn oth side
that was now cleane ffrom vs gone !"
 ffins.

¹ lounge.—P.² stane.—P.

Risinge in the North: ¹

THIS ballad is printed in the *Reliques*, "from two MS. copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained (*sic*) considerable variable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history."

On the subject see the Introduction to "The Earle of Westmorelande," vol. i. p. 292, and Percy's, in the *Reliques*, i. 248, 1st ed.

Listen,		LISTEN, liuely lordings all,	
		& all <i>that</i> beene this place within !	
and I'll tell all about it.		if youle giue eare vnto my songe,	
	4	I will tell you how this geere did begin.	
.			
The Earl of Westmore- land		It was the good Erle of westmorlande,	
		a noble Erle was called hee ;	
turned traitor ;		& he wrought treason against the crowne ;	
	8	alas, itt was the more pittye !	
.			
so did the Earl of North- umberland.		& soe itt was the Erle of Northumberland,	
		another good Noble Erle was hee,	
		they tooke both vpon one part,	[page 257]
	12	against their crowne they wolden bee.	
.			
Earl Percy		Earle Percy is into his garden gone,	
tells his wife		& after walkes his awne ladye ² ;	
		" I heare a bird sing in my eare	
he must fight or flee.	16	<i>that</i> I must either ffight or fflee."	

¹ A.D. 1569. N.B.—To correct this by my other copy, which seems more modern.—P. The other copy in many

parts preferable to this.—Pencil note.

² This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, E. of Worcester.—*Rel.*

- “ god fforbidd,” shee sayd, “ good my lord,
that euer soe *that* it shalbee !
 but goe to London to the court,
 20 & faire ffall truth & honestye ! ”
- “ but nay, now nay, my Ladye gay,
that euer it shold soe bee ;
 my treason is knowen well enoughe ;
 24 att the court I must not bee.”
- “ but goe to the Court ! yet, good my Lord,
 take men enowe with thee ;
 if any man will doe you wronge,
 28 your warrant they ¹ may bee.”
- “ but Nay, Now Nay, my Lady gay,
 for soe itt must not bee ;
 If I goe to the court, Ladye,
 32 death will strike me, & I must dye.”
- “ but goe to the Court ! yett, [good] my Lord,
 I my-selfe will ryde with thee ;
 if any man will doe you wronge,
 36 your borrow ² I shalbee.”
- “ but Nay, Now nay, my Lady gay,
 for soe it must not bee ;
 for if I goe to the Court, Ladye,
 40 thou must me neuer see.
- “ but come hither, thou litle footpage,
 come thou hither vnto mee,
 for thou shalt goe a Message to Master Norton
 44 in all the hast *that* euer may bee :
- She advises
 him to go to
 court.
- He says
- his treason
 is too well
 known.
- She again
 says, “ Go to
 court with
 plenty of
 men.”
- No, says the
 Earl,
- it would be
 certain
 death.
- She offers to
 go with him.
- He still
 refuses,
- but sends a
 page to ask
- Master
 Norton

¹ altered from *them*.—F. they.—P. fide jussor, vadimonium, pignus. A.-S.
² *Borrow, borow, borge*. Sponsor, vas, *borge, borhoc*, Lye.—P.

to go with
him.

48 “ comend me to *that* gentleman ;
 bring him here this letter from mee,
 & say, ‘ I pray him Earnestlye
 that hee will ryde in my companye.’ ”

The page
hurries off

to Master
Norton,

52 but one while the foote page went,
 another while he rann ;
 vntill he came to *Master* Norton,
 the ffoot page neuer blanne ; ¹

and gives
him the
letter.

56 & when he came to *Master* Nortton,
 he kneeled on his knee,
 & tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
 & lett the gentleman it see.

60 & when the letter itt was reade
 affore all his companye,
 I-wis,² if you wold know the truth,
 there was many a weeping eye.

Norton asks
his son
Kester

for advice.

64 he said, “ come hither, Kester³ Nortton,
 a ffine ffellow thou seemes to bee ;
 some good counsell, Kester Nortton,
 this day doe thou giue to mee.”

Kester tells

him not to
draw back
from his
word.

68 “ marry, Ile giue you counsell, ffather,
 if youle take counsell att me,
 that if you haue spoken the word, father,
 that backe againe you doe not flee.”

Norton

promises
him reward,

72 “ god amercy, Christopher Nortton,
 I say, god amercye !
 if I doe lue & scape with liffe,
 well advanced shalt thou bee ;

¹ cessavit.—P.

² to *wis*, to know. Germ. *wissen*,
Johns.—P.

³ Kester, Christopher. *Northern*. Hal-
liwell's Glossary.—F.

“ but come you hither, my 9 good sonnes,
in mens estate I thinke you bee ;
how many of you, my children deare,
76 on my part *that* wilbe ? ”

and asks his
own nine
sons

who will be
on his side.

but 8th of them did answer soone,
& spake ffull hastilye,
sayes “ we wilbe on your part, ffather,
80 till the day *that* we doe dye.”

Eight vow

to be with
him to the
death.

“ but god amercy, my children deare,
& euer I say godamercy !
& yett my blessing you shall haue,
84 whether-soeuer I line or dye. [page 258]

“ but what sayst thou, thou ffrancis Nortton,
mine eldest sonne & mine heyre trulye ?
some good counsell, ffrancis Nortton,
88 this day thou giue to me.”

He asks his
eldest son,
Francis,
for advice ;

“ but I will giue you counsell, ffather,
if you will take counsell att mee ;
for if you wold take my counsell, father,
92 against the crowne you shold not bee.”

and he
answers

Don't go
against the
Crown.

“ but ffye vpon thee, ffrancis Nortton !
I say ffye vpon thee !
when thou was younge & tender of age
96 I made ffull much of thee.”

Norton
reproaches
his son
Francis,

“ but your head is white, ffather,” he sayes,
“ & your beard is wonderous gray ;
itt were shame ffor your countrie
100 if you shold rise & flee away.”

and calls him
a coward.

“but ffye vpon thee, thou coward ffrancis !
thou neuer tookest *that* of mee !
when thou was younge & tender of age
104 I made too much of thee.”

Francis
offers to go
unarmed,
but invokes
death on
traitors.

“but I will goe with you, father,” Quoth hee ;
“like a Naked man will I bee ;
he *that* strikes the first stroake against the
crowne,
103 an ill death may hee dye !”

Norton and
his men join
the Earls

but then rose vpp Master Nortton *that* Esquier, .
with him a ffull great companye ;
& then the Erles they comen downe
112 to ryde in his companye.

at Wether-
by ;

they have
13,000 men.

att whethersbye thé mustered their men
vpon a ffull fayre day ;
13000 there were seene
116 to stand in battel ray.¹

Westmore-
land's
standard is
the Dun
Bull,

the Erle of westmoreland, he had in his ancyent²
the DUME bull in sight most hye,
& 3 doggs with golden collers
120 were sett out royallye.

Northum-
berland's the
half-moon.

the Erle of Northumberland, he had in his
ancyent³
the halfe moone in sight soe hye,
as the Lord was crucifyed on the crosse,
124 & sett forthe pleasantlye.

¹ array.—P.

² Ensign, standard. See vol. i. p. 304, for the Dun Bull. That of Nevill (Chevet, Co. York ; granted 1513), is “A greyhound's head erased or, charged on the neck with a label of three points, vert, between as many pellets, one and two.” The crest of Nevill (Ireland), is a greyhound's head, erased argent, collared

gules, charged with a harp or. *Burke's Armorie*.—F.

³ Burke gives the Percy (Duke of Northumberland) badge as ‘A crescent argent within the horns, per pale, sable and gules, charged with a double manacle, fesseways or.’ *Armorie*, 1847.—F.

- & after them did rise good Sir George Bowes,¹
 after them a spoyle to make ;
 the Erles returned backe againe,
 128 thought *ener that Knight* to take.
- this Barron did take a Castle then,
 was made of lime & stone ;
 the vttermost walls were ese to be woon ;
 132 the Erles hane woon them anon ;
- but tho they woone the vttermost walls
 quickly and anon,
 the innermost² walles thé cold not winn,
 136 thé were made of a rocke of stone.
- but newes itt came to leene London
 in all they speede *that ener* might bee ;
 & word it came to our royall Queene
 140 of all the rebells in the North countrye.
- shee turned her grace then once about,
 & like a royall Queene shee sware,³
 sayes, "I will ordaine them such a breake-fast
 144 as was not in the North this 1000 yeere!"
- shee caused 30000 men to be made
 with horsse and harneis all quicklye ;
 & shee caused 30000 men to be made
 148 to take the rebells in the North countrye.
- they tooke with them the false Erle of Warwicke,
 soe did they many⁴ another man ;
 vntill they came to yorke Castle,
 152 I-wis they neuer stinted nor blan.

Sir G. Bowes
rises behind
them.

They turn
back,

take the
outer walls
of his castle

but can't
win the
inner.

News of the
rebellion
reaches
London.

Elizabeth
swears she'll
give the
rebels a
breakfast
they won't
stomach.

She sends
30,000 men

against them

under Lord
Warwick.

They march
to York,

¹ Bowes.—P.

² innermost in MS.—P.

³ This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes swear at her

nobles, as well as box their ears. *Reliques*, i. 255.—F.

⁴ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

but West-
moreland,

Northum-
berland,

and Norton
flee like
cowards.

“spread thy ancyent, Erle of Westmoreland!

The halfe moone ffaine wold wee see!”

[page 259]

156 but the halfe moone is fled & gone,
& the Dun bull vanished awaye;
& ffancis Nortton & his 8 sonnes
are fled away most cowardlye.

160 Ladds with mony are counted men,
men without mony are counted none;
but hold your tounge! why say you soe?
men wilbe men when mony is gone.

ffins.

Northumberland : Betrayd by : Bowglas.¹

[A Sequel to *the* preceding.—P.]

THIS ballad is printed in the *Reliques* (from another copy) and elsewhere.

After the dispersion of their forces, the rebel Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland sought refuge in the Borders. See Introduction to *Earl of Westmoreland*, vol. i. p. 294. Neville found his trust in the Borderers justified; but Percy was betrayed to the Regent Moray by Hector Graham (not Armstrong, as the ballad, v. 209, calls him) of Harlaw; whose name became thenceforward infamous, to take *Hector's cloke* becoming a proverbial phrase for betraying a friend. Moray's successor, the Earl of Morton, who during his exile in England has received many kindnesses from Northumberland, "sold his unhappy prisoner to Elizabeth," in May 1572. He delivered him up to Lord Hunsdon, governor of Berwick, who sent him to York, where he was executed.

The extradition of the refugee by Morton gave as deep dissatisfaction to the country at large as his betrayal by Hector of Harlaw did to the Borderers. Many furious ballads made their appearance, as —'Ane exclamation maid in England upone the delyverance of the Erle of Northumberland furth of Lochlevin, quho immediattlie thairefter was execute in Yorke, 1572'—the answer to the English ballad, 'Ane schort inveccyde maid aganis the delyverance of the Erle of Northumberland.' The present

¹ Whose Sister being an enchantress would have saved him, from her Brother's treachery.—P.

This song seems unfinished.—P.

N.B. My other Copy is more correct than this, and contains much which is

omitted here.—P.

N.B. The other Copy begins with Lines the same as that in pag. 112. [*Earle of Westmorelande* i. 300.] The minstrels often made such Changes. —Pencil note.

ballad so far recognises this national feeling as to introduce a Scotch woman using her utmost endeavours to preserve the Earl, from the snare laid for him. Mary Douglas¹ represents Scotia. But the Earl will not listen. He goes away with her brother, his keeper, to be the victim of a second betrayal, which was finally to conduct him to the scaffold at York.

I'll tell you
how Douglas
betrayed
banished
Percy.

Now list & lithe you gentlemen,
& Ist tell you the veretye,
how they haue delt with a banished man,
4 driuen out of his countrie.

when as hee came on Scottish ground,
as woe & wonder be them amonge,
ffull much was there traitorye
8 thé wrought the Erle of Northumberland.

At supper

they ask
Percy

when they were att the supper sett,
beffore many goodly gentlemen
thé ffell a fflouting & Mocking both,
12 & said to the Erle of Northumberland,

to go to a
shooting in
Scotland.

“what makes you be soe sad, my Lord,
& in your mind soe sorrowffullye?
in the North of Scotland to-morrow theres a shooting,
16 & thither thoust goe, my Lord Percy.

“the buttes are sett, & the shooting is made,
& there is like to be great royaltie,
& I am sworne into my bill
20 thither to bring my Lord Pearcy.”

¹ “The interposal of the WITCH-LADY [l. 26, here] is probably his [the northern bard's] own invention: yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl

of Angus and nearly related to Douglas of Loughleven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the lady alluded to in verse” [101 here]. *Reliques*, i. 258.—F.

- "He giue thee my Land,¹ Douglas," he sayes,
 & be the faith in my bodye,
 if *that* thou wilt ryde to the worlds end,
 24 He ryde in thy companye."
- & then bespake the good Ladye,—
 Marry a Douglas was her name,—
 "you shall byde here, good English Lord;
 28 my brother is a traiterous man;
 "he is a traitor stout & stronge,
 as Ist² tell you the veretye,
 for he hath tane liuerance of the Erle,³
 32 & into England he will liuor thee."
- "now hold thy tounge, thou goodlye Ladye,
 & let all this talking bee;
 ffor all the gold *thats* in Long Leuen,⁴
 36 william wold not liuor mee!
- "it wold breake truce betweene England & Scotland,
 & freinds againe they wold neuer bee
 if he shold liuor a bani[s]ht⁵ Erle
 40 was driuen out of his owne countrie."
- "hold your tounge, my Lord," shee sayes,
 "there is much ffalsehood them amonge;
 when you are dead, then they are done,
 44 soone they will part them freinds againe.
- "if you will giue me any trust, my Lord,
 He tell you how you best may bee;
 youst lett my brother ryde his wayes,
 48 & tell those English Lords trulye
- Percy pro-
 mises to go
 with
 Douglas.
- Mary
 Douglas
- warns Percy
 that her
 brother is a
 traitor
- and will give
 him up to
 the English.
- Percy de-
 clares that
 he trusts
 Douglas.
- Mary
 Douglas
- advises
 Percy
- to let
 Douglas go
 alone,

¹ hand. *Reliques*.—F.² I'll. See note 4, p. 20, vol. i.—F.³ pay "of the earl of Morton:" James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected regentof Scotland, Nov. 24, 1572. *Rel.* vol. i. p. 251, 259.—F.⁴ Lough Leven.—P.⁵ banisht.—P.

- and then
she'll see
him safe
52 "how *that* you cannot with them ryde
because you are in an Ile of the sea¹ ;
then, ere my Brother come againe,
to Edenborrow castle² Ile carry thee,
- into Lord
Hume's
hands.
56 "Ile liuor you vnto the Lord HUME,
& you know a trew Scothe Lord is hee,
for he hath lost both Land & goods
in ayding of your good bodye."
- Percy says
that no
friend shall
suffer for
him again,
60 "marry ! I am woe ! woman," he sayes,
"that any freind fares worse for mee ;
for where one saith 'it is a true tale,'
then 2 will say it is a Lye.
- his old ad-
herents have
64 "when I was att home in my [realme,]³ [page 260]
amonge my tennants all trulye,
in my time of losse, wherin my need stoode,
they came to ayd me honestlye ;
- suffered
enough.
68 "therfore I left many a child ffatherlese,
& many a widdow to looke wanne ;
& therfore blame nothing, Ladye,
but the woeffull warres *which* I began."
- Mary
Douglas
offers to
prove her
words.
72 "If you will giue me noe trust, my Lord,
nor noe credence you will give mee,
& youle come hither to my right hand,
indeed, my Lord,⁴ Ile lett you see."
- Percy will
have nothing
to do with
her witch-
craft.
76 saies, "I neuer loued noe witchcraft,
nor neuer dealt with treacherye,
but enermore held the hye way ;
alas ! *that* may be seene by mee ! "

¹ i.e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.—*Rel.* i. 261.

² At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.—*Rel.*

³ This line is partly pared away.—F.

⁴ ? MS. Loid, or Louerd ; or Lord, with one stroke too many.—F.

- “if you will not come your selfe, my Lord,
 youle lett your chamberlaine goe with mee,
 3 words *that* I may to him speake,
 80 & soone he shall come againe to thee.”
- when Iames Swynard came *that* Lady before,
 shee let him see thorow the weme¹ of her ring
 how many there was of English lords
 84 to wayte there for his *Master* and him.
- “but who beene yonder, my² good Ladye,
that walkes soe royallye on yonder greene? ”
 “yonder is Lord Hunsden,³ Iamy,” shee saye;
 88 “alas! heele doe you both tree⁴ & teene!”
- “& who beene yonder, thou gay Ladye,
that walkes soe royallye him beside? ”
 “yond is Sir william Drurye,⁵ Iamy,” shee sayd,
 92 “& a keene Captain hee is, and tryde.”
- “how many miles is itt, thou good Ladye,
 betwixt yond English Lord and mee? ”
 “marry, 3⁶ 50 mile, Iamy,” shee sayd,
 96 “& euen to seale⁶ & by the sea:
- “I neuer was on English ground,
 nor neuer see itt with mine eye,
 but as my witt & wisdomes serues,
 100 and as [the] booke it telleth mee.
- “my mother, shee was a witch woman,
 and part of itt shee learned mee;
 shee wold let me see out of Lough Leuen
 104 what they dyd in London Cytye.”

Mary
Douglas
shows the
chamberlain

through her
ring the llers
in wait for
Percy:

Lord Huns-
den,

and Sir Wm.
Drurye,

(150 miles
off,

as her
mother's
witchcraft
tells her.)

¹ weme, the Scottish word for the belly, i. e. womb.—P.

² ny in MS.—F.

³ The Lord Warden of the East

Marches.—*Rel.* i. 263.

⁴ dre, dree, to suffer, endure.—P.

⁵ Governor of Berwick.—*Rel.* i. 264.

⁶ saile.—P.

- “but who is yond, thou good Layde,
that comes yonder with an Osterne¹ fface?”
- and Sir J.
 Forster. 108 “yonds Sir Iohn fforster,² Iamye,” shee sayd;
 “methinkes thou sholdest better know him
 then I.”
- “Euen soe I doe, my goodlye Ladye,
 & euer alas, soe woe am I!”
- The cham-
 berlain
 weeps, 112 he pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,
 & lord, he wept soe tenderlye!
 and tells
 Lord Percy he is gone to his *Master* againe,
 & euen to tell him the veretye.
- that Mary 116 “Now hast thou beene with Marry, Iamy,” he sayd,
 “Euen as thy tounge will tell to mee;
 but if thou trust in any womans words,
 thou must refraine good companye.”
- has shown
 him the
 English
 Lords wait-
 ing to take
 him, 120 “It is noe words, my Lord,” he sayes,
 “yonder the men shee letts me see,
 how many English Lords there is
 is wayting there for you & mee;
- with Lord
 Hunsden, 124 “yonder I see the Lord Hunsden,
 & hee & you is of the 3^d. degree;
 his greatest
 enemy. a greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,
 in England none haue yee,”
- Percy says
 that he's
 been three
 years in jail, 128 “& I haue beene in Lough Leven
 the most part of these yeeres 3:
 yett had I neuer noe out-rake,³
 nor good games *that* I cold see;

¹ Austerne, austere, fierce. L. austerus. Gloss. ad G.D.—P.

² Warden of the Middle March.—*Rel.* i. 264.

³ *rake raik*, ambulare, expatiari. As Isl. *reika*. *Raik* gradus citatus, a long

raik, Iter longum, to *raik* home, accelerato gradu domum abire; hinc a *Rake*, homo dissolutus; an *out-raik*, a Riot, at large. Lye. See G.D. 224. 39.—P.

- “ & I am thus bidden to yonder shooting
 132 by william Douglas all trulye ;
 therefore speake neuer a word out of thy mouth
 That thou thinkes will hinder mee.¹ [page 261]
- then he writhe the gold ring of his ffigar²
 136 & gaue itt to *that* Ladye gay ;
 sayes, “ *that* was a legacye left vnto mee
 in Harley woods where I cold³ bee.”
- “ then ffarewell hart, & farewell hand,
 140 and ffarwell all good companye !
that woman shall neuer beare a sonne
 shall know soe much of your priuitye.”
- “ now hold thy tounge, Ladye,” hee sayde,
 144 “ & make not all this dole for mee,
 for I may well drinke, but Ist neuer eate,
 till againe in Lough Leuen I bee.”
- he tooke his boate att the Lough Leuen
 148 for to sayle now ouer the sea,
 & he hath cast vpp a siluer wand,
 saies “ fare thou well, my good Ladye ! ”
 the Ladye looked ouer her left sholder ;
 152 in a dead swoone there fell shee.
- “ goe backe againe, Douglas ! ” he sayd,
 “ & I will goe in thy companye,
 for sudden sicknesse yonder Lady has tane,
 156 and euer, alas, shee will but dye !

and he will
go to the
shooting
with
Douglas.

He gives
Mary a gold
ring.

She laments
over him.

He says he
shall soon be
back,

and gets into
the boat to
sail away.

Mary
Do ugi
swoons.

Percy asks
her brother
to return,

as she will
die.

¹ Part cut away by the binder.—F.
Percy gives the verse as :
Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight :

Betide me weale, betide me woe,
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

² A.-S. *wriðan* to twist: perf. *wrāð*
twisted. —F.

³ did.—F.

“if ought come to yonder Ladye but good,
 then blamed fore *that* I shall bee,
 because a banished man I am,
 160 & drinen out of my owne cuntrye.”

Douglas
 refuses ;

“ come on, come on, my Lord,” he sayes,
 “ & lett all such talking bee ;

the ladies can
 look after his
 sister.

theres Ladyes enow in Lough Leuen,
 164 & for to cheere yonder gay Ladye.”

Percy asks
 that his
 Chamberlain
 may go back
 with him.

“ & you will not goe your selfe, my lord,
 you will lett my chamberlaine goe with mee ;
 wee shall now take our boate againe,
 168 & soone wee shall ouertake thee.”

Douglas says

“ come on, come on, my Lord,” he sayes,
 “ & lett now all this talking bee !

it's only his
 sister's
 tricks.

ffor my sister is craftye enoughe
 172 for to beguile thousands such as you & mee.”

They sail 50
 miles :

When they had sayled ¹ 50 : myle,
 now 50 mile vpon the sea,
 hee had fforgotten a message *that* hee
 176 shold doe in lough Leuen trulye :
 hee asked ‘ how ffarr it was to *that* shooting.
that william Douglas promised mee.’

the Cham-
 berlaine asks
 how far it is
 to the
 shooting.

Douglas
 says

now faire words makes fooles faine² ;
 180 & *that* may be seene by thy Master & thee ;
 ffor you may happen think³ itt soone enoughe
 when-euer you *that* shooting see.”

he'll never
 see it.

¹ There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.—*Rel.* i. 266.

² *Belle promesse fol lie*: Prov. Faire promises oblige the fool; or, are noe

better than fopperies; (for the words *fol lie* equivocate vnto *folie*.) *Douces promesses obligent les fols*: Prov. Faire promises oblige fools; or, (as our) faire words make fools faine.—F.

³ A Lancashire phrase.—F.

- Iamye pulled his hatt now ouer his browe ;
 184 I wott the teares fell in his eye ;
 & he is to his *Master* againe,
 & ffor to tell him the veretye :
- “ he sayes, fayre words makes fooles faine,
 188 & *that* may be seene by you and mee,
 ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone enoughe
 when-euer wee *that* shooting see.”
- “ hold vpp thy head, Iamye,” the Erle sayd,
 192 & neuer lett thy hart fayle thee ;
 he did itt but to proue thee *with*,
 & see how thow wold take with death trulye.”
- when they had sayled other 50 mile,
 196 other 50 mile vpon the sea,
 Lord Peercy called to him, himselfe,
 & sayd, “ Douglas what wilt thou doe with
 mee ? ”
- “ looke *that* your brydle be wight, my Lord,
 200 *that* you may goe as a shipp att sea ;
 looke *that* your spurres be bright & sharpe,
that you may pricke her while sheele awaye.”
- “ what needeth this, Douglas,” he sayth.
 204 “ *that* thou needest to floute mee ?
 for I was counted a horsseman good
 before *that* euer I mett with thee.
- “ A ffalse Hector hath my horsse ;
 208 & euer an euill death may hee dye !
 & willye Armestronge hath my spurres
 & all the geere belongs to mee.”

Jamilie

tells Percy
Douglas's
words.Percy says
Douglaswas only
trying his
courage.After 100
miles' sail,Percy asks
Douglas
what he'll
do with him.Douglas tells
him to have
his bridle
and spurs
ready.Percy asks
“ why this
mockery ?[page 262] My horse
and spurs are
in others'
hands.”

After 150
miles' sail,

212 when thé had sayled other 50 mile,
other 50 mile vpon the sea,
thé landed low by Barwicke side;
a deputed land ¹ Landed Lord Percy.

Percy is
landed and
betrayed on
English soil.

ffin[s²].

¹ So in MS. Percy prints 'The
Douglas' in *Rel.* i. 268, and winds up
with an added stanza:

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,

It was, alas! a sorrowful sight:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.—F.

² s pared off by the binder.—F.

Guye : of : Gisborne : ¹

[The fight between him and Robin Hood.—P.]

THIS ballad was printed from the Folio in the *Reliques*, and from the *Reliques* by Ritson, Child, and others.

“As for Guy of Gisborne,” says Ritson, “the only further memorial which has occurred concerning him is in an old satirical piece by William Dunbar, a celebrated Scottish poet of the fifteenth century, on one Schir Thomas Nory (MS. Maitland, p. 3, MMS. More (l. 5. 10) where he is named along with our hero, Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured of a similar stamp, but whose merits have not, less fortunately, come to the knowledge of posterity.

Was nevir Weild Robeine under bewch,
Nor yitt Roger of Clekkinslewch
So bauld a bairne as he;
Gy of Gisborne, na Allane Bell,
Na Simones Sones of Qutrynsell
Off thocht war nevir slie.

Gisborne is a market town in the west riding of the county of York, on the borders of Lancashire.

WHEN shales becene sheene, & shradds² full fayre,
& leeuës both Large & longe,
itt is merrry walking in the fayre fforrest
4 to heare the small birds singe.³

It is merry
to walk in
the forest in
spring.

¹ A very curious Old Song, much more ancient and perfect than the common printed Ballads of Robin Hood.—P.

² *Shale*, a husk. The *shales* or stalkes of hempe. Hollyband's *Diction-*

ary, 1593, Halliwell. *Shradd* is a twig, either from “shred, to cut off the smaller branches of a tree,” or “*schrags*, the clippings of live fences.” Halliwell.—F.

³ songe.—P.

the woodweete sang & wold not cease
amongst the leaues a lyne ; ¹
[* * * * * *]

Robin Hood
dreams that
two yeomen 8 “ ²& it is by 2 ³ wight yeomen,
by deare god *that* I meane :

beat him. “ me thought they did mee beate & binde,
 & tooke my bow mee froe :

He vows
revenge on
them, 12 If I bee Robin a-liue in this Lande,
 He be wrocken on both them towe.”

 “ sweeuens ⁴ are swift, *Master*,” quoth Iohn,
 “ as the wind *that* blowes ore a hill ;
 ffor if itt be neuer soe lowde this night,
and orders 16 to-morrow it may be still.”
his men to
go with him.

 “ buske ⁵ yee, bowne yee, my merry men all !
 ffor Iohn shall goe with mee ;
 for He goe seeke yond wight yeomen
 20 in greenwood where thé bee.”

They all
start, thé cast ⁶ on their gowne of greene ; ⁷
 a shooting gone are they
 vntill they came to the Merry greenwood
 24 where they had gladdest bee ;

and soon see
one yeoman, there were thé ware of [a] wight yeoman ;
 his body Leaned to a tree,

¹ of lime: I would read ‘so greene.’—P.

² As the lines that follow are part of a Speech of Robin hood relating a dream: there are certainly some lines wanting and we can no where better fix the *hiatus* than between the 2^d & 3^d lines of st. 2^d. N.B. In my printed Copy of this song in *the Reliques*, &c., Vol. I. I took the Liberty to fill up some of these *Lacunæ*, &c., from Conjecture, &c.—P.

Percy also alters lines 6 7 and 8: his verses in the 1st edition are—

The woodweete sang, and wold not cese,
Sitting upon the spraye,

Soe lowde, he wakend Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by faye, said jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow mighty yemen
That fast with me can fight.—F.

³ of 2.—P.

⁴ i. e. dreams.—P.

⁵ i. e. get you ready.—P.

⁶ *then* inserted by Percy.—F.

⁷ Two lines wanting at *the* beginning of this St., if these 2 lines are not rather to be added to the next St.—P.

- a sword & a dagger he wore by his side,
 28 had beene many a mans bane,¹
 & he was cladd in his Capull ² hyde, clad in a horse's hide.
 topp, & tayle, and mayne.
- "stand you still, *Master*," quoth litle Iohn,
 32 "vnder this trusty tree,
 & I will goe to yond wight yeoman
 to know his meaning trulye."
- "a, Iohn! ³ by me thou setts noe store,
 36 & *thats* a ffarley ⁴ thinge;
 how oft send I my men beffore,
 & tarry my-selfe behinde? ⁵
- "it is noe cunning a knaue to ken,
 40 & a man but heare him speake;
 & itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
 Iohn, I wold thy head breake."
- but often words they breeden ball; ⁶
 44 *that parted* Robin and Iohn;
 Iohn is gone to Barnsdale,
 the gates ⁷ he knowes eche one.
- & when hee came to Barnesdale,
 48 great heaunesse there hee hadd;
 he ffound 2 of his own fellowes
 were slaine both in a slade,⁸
- & Scarlett a ffoote flyinge was
 52 ouer stockes and stone,
 for the sheriffe with 7 score men
 fast after him is gone.

Little John
tells Robin
to stop while
he asks who
the man is.

Robin Hood
is angry at
John's
wanting to
keep him
back,

and threat-
ens to break
Little John's
head.

This parts
them, and

Little John
goes to
Barnsdale,

where he
finds two
mates slain,

and Scarlett
flying

from the
Sheriff.

¹ Of many a man the bane.—P.

² Horse.—P.

³ Ah! John.—P.

⁴ wonderous. Lye.—P.

⁵ meaning that he never did so.—P.

⁶ bale.—P.

⁷ passes, paths, ridings.—P. *in Rel.*

⁸ i. e., a parting between 2 Woods.—P.

- Little John
tries to shoot
the Sheriff, 56 “yett one shoote Ile shoote,” sayes Litle Iohn ;
“with crist his might & Mayne
Ile make yond fellow *that* flyes soe fast
to be both glad & ffaine.
- John bent vp a good veiwe ¹ bow,² [page 263]
60 & ffetteled ³ him to shoote :
but his bow
breaks. the bow was made of a tender boughe,
& fell downe to his footee.⁴
- 64 “woe worth thee, wicked wood !” sayd litle Iohn,
“*that* ere thou grew on a tree !
ffor ⁵ this day thou art my bale,
my boote when thou shold bee !”
- and yet the
arrow kills 68 this shoote it was but looselye shott,
the arrowe flew in vaine,
& ⁶ it mett one of the Sheriffes men :
William a
Trent, good *william* a Trent was slaine.
- (who'd
better have
been hung). 72 it had beene better ⁷ for a *william* Trent
to hange vpon a gallowe
then for to lye in the greenwoode
there slaine with an arrowe.⁸
- 76 & it is sayd, when men be mett,
6 ⁹ can doe more then 3 :
But Little
John is
taken. & they haue tane ¹⁰ litle Iohn,
& bound him ffast to a tree.

¹ Query MS: the word is partly pared away.—F.

² John bent up a good yew bow.—P.

³ prepared, addressed him, verbum Salopiense.—P.

⁴ foote.—P.

⁵ ffor now.—P.

⁶ or Yet.—P.

⁷ as good.—P.

⁸ Altered in the *Reliques*, 1st ed. i. 81, to

To have been abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood
slade

To meet with Little Johns arrowe.—F.

⁹ Fyve.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ insert now.—P.

- “thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,” quoth
the sheriffe,¹
- 80 “& hanged hye on a hill.”
- “but thou may ffayle,” quoth litle Iohn,
“if itt be christs owne will.”
- let vs leaue talking of Litle Iohn,
84 for hee is bound fast to a tree,
& talke of Guy & Robin hood
in they² green woode where they bee ;
- how these 2 yeomen together they mett
88 vnder the leanes of Lyne,³
to see what Marchandise they made
euen at that same time.
- “good morrow, good fellow !” quoth Sir Guy ;
92 “good morrow, good ffellow !” quoth hee ;
“methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,
a good archer⁴ thou seems to bee.⁵
- “I am wilfull⁶ of my way,” quoth Sir Guye,
96 “& of my morning tyde.”
“He lead thee through the wood,” quoth Robin,
“good ffellow, He be thy guide.”
- “I seeke an outlaw,” quoth Sir Guye,
100 “men call him Robin Hood ;
I had rather meet with him vpon a day⁷
then 40^u of golde.”

and the
Sheriff vows
he shall be
hanged.

“Don’t be
too sure,”
says Little
John.

Let us turn
to Guy and
Robin.

Guy greets
Robin

and tells him
he seeks an
outlaw,
Robin Hood.

¹ These three words seem added by some explainer.—P.

² the.—P.

³ perhaps Lime ; tho’ Line or Lyne is more common in these old ballads.—P.

⁴ An *e* has been added at the end.—F.

⁵ shouldest bee.—P.

⁶ probably the same as “wilsome,” page 357 [of MS.] st. 6.—P.

⁷ this day.—P.

Robin pro-
poses some
sport.

“if you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were
better

104 afore yee did part awaye ;
let vs some other pastime find,
good ffellow, I thee pray.¹

No doubt, as
they go on,
they'll meet
Robin Hood.

108 “let vs some other masteryes make,
& wee will walke in the woods euen,
wee may chance ² mee[t] with Robin Hoode
att some vnsett steven.” ³

They make
pricks ready
to shoot at.

112 they cutt them downe the ⁴ summer shroggs ⁵
which grew both vnder a Bryar,⁶
& sett them 3 score rood in twinn⁷
to shoote the prickes full neare.⁸

“leade on, good ffellow,” sayd Sir Guye,
116 “lead ⁹ on, I doe bidd thee.”
“nay, by my faith,” quoth Robin Hood,
“the leader thou shalt bee.”

¹ Percy alters this in his *Reliques*, i. 81, 1st ed., to

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soon shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

² to.—P.

³ See page 358, st. 16.—P. unfixed, unexpected moment. There is a stroke before the *v* of *steven* in the MS.—F.

⁴ two.—*Rel.*

⁵ *scrog*, a stunted shrub: Jamieson.—F.

⁶ pronounced Breer in some parts of England.—P. *Bryar* is entered in Levin's, 1570, under the words in *eare*.

⁷ apart.—F.

⁸ *y-fere*.—*Rel.* Threescore roods or 330 yards must have been a long range. The *Pricke-wandes* were, I suppose, willow wands or long thin branches stuck in the ground to shoot at. *Prickes* seem

to have been the long-range targets, *butts* the near.

Moll. Out upon him, what a suiter have I got; I am sorry you are so bad an Archer, sir.

Eare. Why Bird, why Bird?

Moll. Why, to shoote at *Buts*, vwhen you shou'd use *prick-shafts*, short-shooting vwill loose ye the game, I as[sure] you, sir.

Eare. Her minde runnes sure upon a *Fletcher*, or a *Bowyer*, 1633, Rowley. *A Match at Midnight*, Act ii. sc. 1.

“Modern prick shooting is practised by the Royal Archers at Edinburgh, and is their favourite, at a small round target fixed at 180 yards,” says Mr. Peter Muir, their Bowmaker. See my note on *pricks* in *The Babees Boke* &c. 1868, p. ci.—F.

⁹ *i. e.* begin to shoot.—P.

the first good shoot *that* Robin ledd,
 120 did not shoote an inch the pricke ¹ ffroe.
 Guy was an archer good enoughe,
 but he cold neere shoote soe.

Robin shoots
 first,
 an inch from
 the prick.

the 2^d shoote ² Sir Guy shott,
 124 he shott within the garlande ;
 but Robin hoode shott it better then hee,
 for he cloue the good pricke wande.

Guy next,
 within the
 garland.
 Robin then
 cleaves the
 prick-wand.

“ gods blessing on thy heart ! ” sayes Guye,
 128 “ goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode ;
 for on ³ thy hart be as good as thy hands,
 thou were better then Robin Hood.

“ Bless your
 heart, you
 shoot well,”
 says Guy.

[page 264]

“ tell me thy name, good ffellow,” quoth Guy,
 132 “ vnder the leanes of Lyne.”
 “ nay, by my faith,” quoth good Robin,
 “ till thou haue told me thine.”

“ Tell me
 your name.”

“ Not till
 you tell me
 yours.”

“ I dwell by dale & downe,” quoth Guye,
 136 “ & I haue done many a curst turne ;
 & he *that* calles me by my right name,
 calles me Guye of good Gysborne.”

“ Mine is
 Guye of
 Gysborne.”

“ my dwelling is in the wood,” sayes Robin ;
 140 “ by thee I set right nought ;
 my name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
 a ffellow thou has long sought.”

“ And mine
 Robin Hood
 of Barnes-
 dale.”

he *that* had neither beene a ⁴ kithe nor kin ⁵
 144 might haue seene a full fayre sight,
 to see how together these yeomen went
 with blades both browne & bright ;

It was a
 pretty sight
 to see 'em
 fight.

¹ was not an Inch the prick.—P.

² *that* inserted by P.—F.

³ an, or and.—P.

⁴ a delend.—P.

⁵ neither acquaintance nor relation.
 —P.

- to haue seene how these yeomen together foug[ht]
- 148 2 howers of a summers day :
- Neither
thinks of
flying. itt was neither Guy nor Robin hood
 that ffetled them to flye away.
- But Robin
stumbles,
152 Robin was reacheles¹ on a roote,
 & stumbled² at *that* tyde ;
- and Guy
hits him. & Guy was quicke & nimble with-all,
 & hitt him ore the left side.
- Robin calls
on the
Virgin, 156 “ah, deere Lady !” sayd Robin hoode,
 “thou art both Mother & may !
I thinke it was neuer mans destinye
 to dye before his day.”
- leaps up, 160 Robin thought on our Lady deere,
 & soone leapt vp againe ;
 & thus he came with an awkward³ stroke ;
- kills Sir
Guy, good Sir Guy hee has slayne.
- sticks his
head on his
bow, 164 he tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
 & sticked itt on his bowes end ;
 “thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
 which thing must haue an ende.”
- slashes his
face till no
one can
know him, 168 Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
 & nicked Sir Guy in the fface,
 that hee was neuer on⁴ a woman borne
 cold tell who Sir Guye was :
- 172 saies, “lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,
 & with me be not wrothe ;
if thou haue had the worse stroakes at my hand,
 thou shalt haue the better cloathe.”

¹ i. e. careless.—P.² he stumbled.—P.³ perhaps backward.—P.⁴ of woman.—P.

Robin did on ¹ his gowne of greene,
 176 [on] Sir Guye ² hee did it throwe ;
 & hee put on *that* Capull hyde
that cladd him topp ³ to toe.

throws his
 own green
 coat on the
 corpee,
 puts on Sir
 Guy's horse-
 hide,

“the ⁴ bowe, the ⁴ arrowes, & litle horne,
 180 & ⁵ with me now Ile beare ;
 ffor now I will goe to Barnsdale,
 to see how my men doe ffare.”

and takes
 his horn,

Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth ;
 184 a lowd blast in it he did blow.
that beheard the Sheriffe of Nottingham
 as he leaned vnder a lowe ⁶ ;

and blows it.

“hearken ! hearken !” sayd the Sheriffe,
 188 “I heard noe tydings but good ;
 for yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
 for he hath slaine Robin hoode :

thinks Guy
 has slain
 Robin Hood,

“for yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,
 192 itt blowes soe well in tyde,
 for yonder comes *that* wighty yeoman
 cladd in his capull hyde.

“come hither,⁷ thou good Sir Guy !
 196 aske of mee what thou wilt haue ! ”
 “Ile none of thy gold,” sayes Robin hood,
 nor Ile none of itt haue ⁸ ;

and promises
 him what-
 ever reward
 he asks.
 Robin asks

“but now I haue slaine the *Master*,” he sayd, [page 265]
 200 let me goe strike the knaue ;
 this is all the reward I aske,
 nor noe other will I haue.”

leave to kill
 Little John.

¹ off.—P.

² On Sir Guy.—P.

³ from topp.—P.

⁴ thy.—*Rel.*

⁵ and delend.—P.

⁶ perhaps bowe.—P. hill, A.-S. *hlæw*.

—F.

⁷ come hither [repeated].—P.

⁸ Perhaps

None of it I will have

or

Nor nothing else Ill have.—P.

- 204 "thou art a Madman," said the shiriffe,
 "thou sholdest haue had a knights ffee.
 seeing thy asking beene ¹ soe badd,
 well granted it shall be."
- The Sheriff
 grants it.
- 208 but litle Iohn heard his *Master* speake,
 well he knew *that* was his steuen ²;
 "now shall I be loset, ³" quoth litle Iohn,
 "with Christs might in heauen."
- Little John
 knows
 Robin's
 voice,
 and thinks
 he shall be
 freed.
- 212 but Robin hee hyed him towards Litle Iohn;
 hee thought hee wold loose him belue.
 the Sheriffe & all his companye
 fast after him did driue.
- The Sheriff
 and his men
 press on
 them.
- 216 "stand abacke! stand abacke!" sayd Robin;
 "why draw you mee soe neere?
 itt was neuer the vse in our countrie
 ones shrift ⁴ another shold heere."
- Robin orders
 them back,
- 220 but Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffee,
 & losed Iohn hand & ffoote,
 & gaue him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,
 & bade it be his boote.
- looses Little
 John, and
 gives him
 Guy's bow.
- 224 ⁵ but Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand,
 his arrowes were rawstye by the roote;
 the Sherriffe saw litle Iohn draw a bow
 & ffettle him to shoote;
- Little John
 prepares to
 shoot.

¹ hath been.—P.² i. e. voice.—P.³ loosed.—P.⁴ i. e. confession.—P.⁵ Then John he took Guyes bowe in his hand,His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend
his bow.He fettled him to be gone.—*Rel.*? is *rawstye*, l. 224, rusty. *Rawly* is
rude; unskilful. Halliwell.—F.

towards his house in Nottingham
 228 he fled full fast away,—
 & soe did all his companye,
 not one behind did stay,—

The Sheriff
 takes to
 flight,

but he cold neither soe fast goe,
 232 nor away soe fast runn,¹
 but litle Iohn with an arrow broade
 did cleaue his heart in twinn.²

but can't get
 away from
 Little John's
 arrow,
 which
 cleaves his
 heart.

ffins.

¹ ryde.—*Rel.*
² He shott him into the 'backe'-
 syde.—*Rel.* Too bad, Bishop! And to

put your inverted commas too, as if
 you'd only altered the one word 'backe.'
 —F.

Herefford & Norfolke.¹

THIS ballad is to be found in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, in the 1727 *Collection of Old Ballads*, and elsewhere.

The subject is the well-known quarrel between the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk,² which finally resulted in their banishment in 1398. A full description of the Lists of Coventry (in September, not August) is given by Hall.³ The ballad's account of the origin of the quarrel is not quite fair. Hereford accused Norfolk, not Norfolk Hereford, of treason. But the ballad goes with the winning side. Vox populi mostly shouts in favour of the successful. The cause pleases it that "pleases the gods."

The ballad is evidently written by a practised ballad-writer, some time about 1600 probably. But it may have been founded on some older one. The subject is not likely to have lain uncelebrated till late in Elizabeth's reign.

I sing the
fall of two
noble Dukes,

TOWE noble dukes of great renowne
that long had liued in ffame,
throug ffatall envye were cast downe
4 & brought to sudden bane:

Hereford

the Duke of Hereford was the one,
a prudent prince & wise,
gainst whom such mallice there was shown,
8 which soone in fight did rise.

¹ In the printed *Collection of old Ballads*, 1727, Vol. i. p. 120. N. XV., and in Dryden's *Misc.* Vol. 5. 382.—P.

² See Shakspeare's *Richard II.*—F.

³ Hall's descriptions of armour and

fashions before his time were his own fabrication, though adopted as genuine by Gough and Sharon Turner. *Planché's Hist. of Costume*, p. 223.—F.

- the Duke of Norfolke most vntrue ¹
declared to the King,
“ the duke of Hereford greatly grew
12 in hatred of eche thinge
- which by his grace was acted still
against both hye & lowe,
& how he had a traiterous will
16 his state to ouerthrowe.”
- the Duke of Hereford then in hast
was sent for to the Kinge,
& by his lords in order placet
20 examined in eche thinge ;
- which being guiltesse of *that* crime
which was against him layd,
the duke of Norfolke at that time ²
24 these words vnto him sayd :
- “ how canst thou with a shamelesse face
deny a truth soe stout,
& there before his royall grace
28 soe falselye faced itt out ?
- “ did not these treasons from thee passe
when wee together were,
how *that* the King vnworthye was
32 the royall crowne to weare ?
- “ wherfore, my gracyous Lords,” quoth hee,
“ & you, his Noble Peeres,
to whom I wish long liffe to bee,
36 with many happy yeeres,
- and Norfolk.
Norfolk de-
nounces
Hereford
- to the King
- as a traitor.
- The King
sends for
Hereford,
has him
examined,
- and he is
guiltless.
- Norfolk
- reproves him
for his
shameless-
ness,
- declares
Hereford has
talked
treason,

[page 266]

¹ Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

² MS. time.—F.

and avows

he is a
traitor.

“I doe pronounce before you all
the duke of Hereford here,
a traytour to our Noble Kinge,
40 as time shall show itt clere.”

Hereford

the Duke of Herefford hearing *that*,
in mind was greeved much,
& did returne this answer flatt,
44 *which* did Duke Norfolke tuche ;

hurls back
his accusa-
tion in his
face,

“the terme of Traytor, trothelesse Duke,
in scorne & deepe disdaine,
with flatt deffiance to thy face¹
48 I doe returne againe !

and craves
leave to fight
Norfolk.

“& therfore, if it please your grace
to grant me grace,” quoth hee,
“to combatt with my knowen ffoe
52 *that* hath accused mee,

“I doe not doubt but plainlye proue,
that like a periured knight
hee hath most falslye sought my shame
56 against all truth & right.”

The King
grants it,
and fixes
Coventry as
the place.

the *King* did grant their iust request,
& did therto agree,
att Couentry in August next
60 this combatt fought shold bee.

The Dukes
appear
armed,

the Dukes in barbed steeds full stout,
in coates of steele most bright,
with speares in brest did enter list,
64 the combatt feirce to ffight

¹ There is a stroke between the *c* and *e* in the MS.—F.

the *King* then cast his warder downe,
 commanding them to stay ;
 & with his Lords some counsell tooke
 68 to stint *that* Mortall ffraie.

but the *King*
 stops the
 combat,

att lenght vnto the Noble Duke[s]
 the *King* of Herald's came,
 & vnto them with loftye speech
 72 this sentence did proclaime :

and a Herald

proclaims
 his judg-
 ment.

“with Henery Bullenbrooke this day,
 the Duke of Hereford here,
 & Thomas Mawbray, Norfolkes Duke,
 76 soe valyant did apeare,

“ & haue in honourable sorte
 repayred to this place.
 our noble *King* for specyall cause
 80 hath altered thus the case :

“ffirst, Henery Duke of Hereford,
 Ere 15 dayes were past
 shall part this realme, on payne of death,
 84 while 10 yeeres space doth last.

Hereford

is banished
 for ten
 years ;

“ & Thomas, duke of Norfolke, thou
 that hast begun this striffe,—
 & therefore noe good proue can bring,
 88 I say,—for terme of liffe,

Norfolk

for life ;

“by iudgment of our souerraine Lord
 which now in place doth stand,
 for euermore I banish thee
 92 out off thy Natiue Land,

“charging thee on payne of death,
 when 15 dayes are past,
 thou neuer treade on English ground
 96 soe long as liffe doth last.”

and both
 must go in
 fifteen days.

Each swears

not to go
where the
other is.

thus were the sworne before the *King*
ere they did further passe,
the one shold neuer come in place
100 wheras the other was.

then both the dukes with heaiuy hart
were parted presentlye,
the vncoth streames of froward chance
104 in forraine lands to trye.

[page 267]

Norfolk,
before
sailing off,laments his
lot.

the duke of Norfolke cominge then
where [he] shold shipping take,
the bitter teares fell from his cheekes,
108 & thus his moane did make :

“ May grief
burst my
heart !

“ now let me sob & sigh my fill
ere I from hence depart,
that inward panges with speed may burst
112 my sore afflicted hart !

“ accursed man, whose lothed liffe
is held soe much in scorne,
whose companye ¹ is cleane despised,
116 & left as one forlorne,

I bid adieu
to my loved
land.

“ Now take thy leane & last adew
of this thy country deare,
which neuer more thou must behold,
120 nor yett approache itt neere !

Would I were
dead, that I
might be
buried here,

“ how happy shold I count my selfe,
if death my hart had torne,
that I might haue my bones entombed
124 where I was bredd and borne ;

¹ In the MS. there is only one stroke for the *n*.—F.

“or *that* by Neptunes rathfull rage,
 I might be prest to dye,
 while *that* sweet Englands pleasant bankes
 128 did stand before mine eye.

or that I
 might die
 now!

“how sweete a sent hath Englands ground
 within my sences now!
 how fayre vnto my outward sight
 132 seemes euery branch & bowe!

How sweet
 smells Eng-
 land's
 ground!

“the ffeleds, the flowers, the trees & stones,
 seeme such vnto my minde,
that in all other countreys sure,
 136 the like I shall not ffinde.

There are no
 such fields
 abroad.

“oh *that* the sun ¹ his shining face
 wold stay his steeds by strenght!
that this same day might streched bee
 140 to 20 yeeres of lenght;

Oh that this
 night could

last twenty
 years,

“& *that* they true performed tyde
 their hasty course wold stay,
that Æolus wold neuer yeeld
 144 to bring me hence away!

“*that* by the fountaine of mine eyes
 the ffeldes might wattered bee,
that I might graue my greevous plaints
 148 vpon eche springing tree!

and that I
 could graue
 my plaints
 on the trees!

“but time, I see, with Egles wings,
 I see, doth flee away,
 & dusty clouds begin to dimm
 152 the brightnesse of the day;

But Time
 flies,

¹ MS. or *that* the shuning.—F.

- “ the ffatall hower draweth on,
the winds & tydes agree ;
& now, sweet England, ouer soone
156 I must depart from thee !
- the sailors
call me.
“ the Mariners haue hoysed sayle,
& call to catch me in,
& in [my] woefull hart doe ¹ feele
160 my torments to begin.
- Farewell,
sweet Eng-
land,
“ wherfore, farwell for euermore,
Sweet England, vnto thee !
& farewell all my freinds which I
164 againe shall neuer see !
- I kiss thy
soil
“ & England, heere I kisse the ground
vpon my bended knee,
to show how
I loved
thee.”
168 herby to shew to all they world
how deere I loued thee.”
- Hereford
goes,
this being ² sayd, away he went
As fortune did him guide ;
and att the lenght, with greefe of hart,
and dies in
Venice. 172 in Venis ³ there he dyed.
- Norfolk
lives in
France,
the other duke in dolefull sort
did lead his life in ffrance,
& at the last the mightye Lord
is promoted, 176 did him ffull hiye advance.
- recalled to
England
the Lords of England afterwards
did send for him againe,
while
Richard II.
was in
Ireland, 180 while *that* King Richard ⁴ in the warres
in Ireland did remaine ;

[page 268]

¹ I.—F.² A *de* follows in the MS., but is
crossed out.—F.³ or Veins, MS.—F.⁴ The *d* has a curl like *s* to it.—F.

who thro¹ the vile and great abuse
 which through his deeds did springe,
 deposed was, & then the duke
 184 was truly crowned Kinge.

and is
 crowned
 King.

ffins.

¹ MS. tho. "The vile and great abuse" is dwelt on in the curious incomplete alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II., edited by Mr. Thomas Wright for the Camden Society in 1838 from the Cambridge MS. Ll. 4. 14. Take, among other passages, lines 88-106, pp. 4, 5:

Now, Richard the redeles, reweth on
 3ou self,
 That lawelesse leddyn 3oure lyf and
 3oure peple bothe;
 Ffor thoru the wyles and wronge and
 wast in 3oure tyme,
 3e were lyghtlich y-lyste ffrom that 3ou
 leaf thou3te,
 And ffrom 3oure willffull werkis, 3oure
 will was chaungid,
 And rafte was 3oure riott, and rest, ffor
 3oure daie3
 Weren wikkid thoru 3oure cursid coun-
 ceill, 3oure karis weren newed,

And coveitise hath crasid 3oure croune
 ffor evere.
 Of a-legeaunce now lerneth a lesson
 other tweyne
 Wherby it standith and stablithe moste,
 By dride, or be dyntis, or domes untrewē,
 Or by creaunce of coyne ffor castes of
 gile;
 By pillynge of 3oure peple 3oure prynces
 to plese,
 Or that 3oure wyllē were wrou3te, thou3
 wisdom it nolde,
 Or be tallage of 3oure townnes without
 ony werre,
 By rewthles routus that ryffled evere,
 Be preysing of polaxis that no pete
 hadde,
 Or be dette ffor thi dees, deme as thu
 ffyndist,
 Or be ledinge of lawe with love well
 y-temprid.—F.

Ladies : fall.¹

THIS ballad is given in the *Reliques* “(with corrections²) from the Editor’s ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black letter: one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is ‘A lamentable ballad of the Lady’s fall,’ to the tune of ‘In Peascod Time,’” (to which air “Chevy Chace,” as Mr. Chappell informs us, was sometimes sung). There is also a copy of it in the Douce Collection. It appears in the 1727 Collection of Old Ballads, and many later Collections.

It is evidently of very much the same date as *The Children in the Wood* (which is certainly as old as 1595, as its name is entered in the Stationers’ Registers of that year), and may possibly be by the same author. The same facility of language and of rhyme, the same power of pathos, the same extreme simplicity characterise both ballads.

The story is who can say how old? Who was the first frail woman? who the first false man? It touchingly illustrates Goldsmith’s pathetic lines:

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

The poor weak betrayed lady had looked in vain for the fulfilment of her lover’s promises :

¹ In y^e printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 244. N. xxxiv.—P.

² Noticed in the 4th edition only.—F.

If any person she had spied
 Come riding o'er the plain,
 She thought it was her own true love ;
 But all her hopes were vain.

She gives birth to a child,

And with one sigh which brake her heart
 This gallant dame did die.

Then, at last, repentance is given to her lover, and his bosom is wrung. He kills himself. And so the ballad ends with a word of admonition and warning to "dainty damsels all."

-
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>MARKE: well my heauy dolefull tale,
 you loyall louers all,
 & heedfully beare in your brest
 4 a gallant Ladyes fall.</p> <p>long was shee wooed ere shee was woone
 to lead a wedded liffe,
 but folly rought her ouerthrowe
 8 before shee was a wiffe ;</p> <p>to soone, alas ! she gaue consent,
 & yeeled to his will,
 tho he protested to be true
 12 & faithfull to her still.</p> <p>shee felt her body altered quite,
 her bright hue waxed pale,
 her faire red cheekes changed color quite,¹
 16 her strenght began to fayle.</p> <p>& soe ² with many a sorrowfull sighe,
 this bewtious Ladye Milde
 with greened hart perceined her selfe
 20 to be ³ conceined with chyld.</p> | <p>Hear the sad
 tale of a
 lady's fall :</p> <p>Long was
 she wooed,</p> <p>but con-
 sented too
 soon.</p> <p>Her shape
 changed,</p> <p>and she
 found her-
 self with
 child.</p> |
|--|---|

¹ Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white.—*Rel.* 1st ed. (only partly collated.—*F.*)

² Soe that.—*Rel.*

³ have.—*Rel.*

She hid it
from her
parents,

shee kept it from her parents sight
as close as close might bee,
& soe put on her silken gowne
24 none shold her swelling see.

but told her
lover,

vnto her loue secretly
her greefe shee did bewray,
& walking with him, hand in hand,
28 these words to him did say :

“ behold,” quoth shee, “ a Ladyes distresse
by loue brought to *your* bowe ;
see how I goe with chyld with thee,
32 tho none thereof doth knowe !

prayed him
not to let
her babe be
a bastard,

“ my litle babe springs in my wombe
to heare it ¹ fathers voyce ;
o lett itt not be a bastard called,
36 sith I make thee my choyce ! ²

to remember
his promises,

“ thinke on thy former promises,
thy words & vowes eche one !
remember with what bitter teares
40 to mee thou madest thy Moane !

and marry
her
or kill her.

“ conuay me to some secrett place,
& marry me with speede,
or with thy rapyer end my liffe,
44 lest further shame proceede ! ”

Her lover
makes ex-
cuses :

“ alacke, my derest loue ! ” quoth hee,
“ my greatest Ioy on earthe !
which way shold I conuay you hence
48 to scape ³ a sudden death ?

¹ *It* preceded *its* as the gen. neuter of
he.—F. *its*.—*Rel*.

² *Rel*. inserts four lines here.—F.
³ without.—*Rel*.

- “your freinds are all of hye degree,
 & I of meane estate;
 ffull hard itt is to gett you forthe
 52 out of your ffathers gate.” [page 269]
- “dread not your liffe to saue your fame!
 for if you taken bee,
 my selfe will step betweene the sword
 56 to take the harme of thee;
- “soe may you ¹ scape dishonor quite.
 if soe you ² shold be slaine,
 what cold they say, but *that* true loue
 60 had wrought a Ladyes paine ³?
- “but feare not any further harme;
 my selfe will soe devise,
 I will safelye ryd ⁴ with thee
 6 vnknownen of Morttall Eyes.
- disguised like some pretty page
 Ile meete thee in the darke,
 & all alone Ile come to thee
 68 hard by my ffathers parke.”
- “& there,” quoth hee, “Ile meete my deere—
 if god doe lend me liffe—
 on this day month without all fayle;
 72 Ile make thee then my wiffe.”
- & with a sweet & loking kisse
 they parted presentlye,
 & att their partinge brinish ⁵ teares
 76 stoode in eche others eye.

how can he
get her away
from her
home?

She says

she will save
him from
harm,

and will
come to him

disguised as
a page.

He agrees to
meet her
that day
month.

They kiss
and part.

¹ shall I.—*Rel.*

² ? I.—F. and if I.—*Rel.*

³ bane.—P. and *Rel.*

⁴ ryde away.—*Rel.*

⁵ ? MS.; perhaps it is *bainish*.—F.

On the day
fixed
the lady is
ready,

att lenght the wished day was come
wherin ¹ this louely Mayd
with longing eyes & strange attire
80 for her true loue ² stayd.

but her lover
never comes.

if any person shee had spyed ³
came ryding ore the plaine,
shee thought ⁴ itt was her owne true loue;
84 but all her hopes was vaine!

She weeps,

then did shee weepe, & soer bewayle
her most vnhappy fate;
then did shee speake these wofull words
88 when succourles shee sate:

reproaches
her false
lover,

“ O ffalse, fforsworne, ffaithlesse man!
disloyall in thy loue!
hast thou fforgott thy promise past,
92 & wilt thou periured prooue?

“ & hast thou now fforsaken mee
in this my greate distresse,
to end my dayes in heauinesse ⁵
96 which well thou might ⁶ redresse?

and wishes
she had
never
trusted him.

“ woe worth ⁷ the time I did beleene ⁸
that flattering tounge of thine!
wold god *that* I had neuer seene
100 the teares of thy false eyen! ”

Grieving, she
goes home,

soe *that* with many a grieuous groane ⁹
homewards shee went amaine.
noe rest came in her waterye eyes,
104 shee found ¹⁰ such priuy payne.

¹ On which.—*Rel.*

² ? MS. loves.—*F.*

³ When any person she espyed.—*Rel.*

⁴ hoped.—*Rel.*

⁵ open shame.—*Rel.*

⁶ thou mightst well.—*Rel.*

⁷ be to; A.-S. *weorthan*, to become, be.
—*F.*

⁸ I e'er believ'd.—*Rel.*

⁹ sorrowful sigh.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ felt.—*Rel.*

- in trauell strong shee fell *that* night
 with many a bitter thraw ¹:—
 what woefull paines shee felt *that* night ²
 108 doth eche good woman knowe!—
- shee called vp her waiting mayds
 who lay att her bedds feete,³
 and musing at her great ⁴ woe
 112 began full fast to weepe.
- “weepe nott,” shee sayth, “but shutt the dores
 & windowes all about;
 let none bewray my wretched state,
 116 but keepe all persons out!”
- “O Mistrus! call *your* mother here;
 of women you haue neede;
 & to some skilfull midwiffe helpe
 120 the better may you speed.”
- “call not my mother for thy liffe,
 nor ffeitch noe woman here!
 The midwiffes helpe comes all to late;
 124 my death I doe not feare.”
- with *that* the babe sprang from her wombe,
 noe creature being by,⁵
 & with one sighe *which* brake her hart
 128 this gallant dame did dye.
- the litle louely infant younge,
 the pretty smiling babe,⁶
 resigned itt new receiued berath
 132 to him *that* had it made.
- is taken with
 childbirth
 pangs,
- calls up her
 maids,
- has the
 doors shut,
- and bids
 them keep
 out every
 one.
- The maids
 urge her to
- have a mid-
 wife.
- She refuses
- [page 270]
- gives birth
 to a babe,
- and dies.
- Her babe
 dies too.

¹ throwe.—*Rel.*² then did feel.—*Rel.*³ A curl at the end like another *e*.—*F.*⁴ Who musing at her mistress.—*Rel.*⁵ nye.—*Rel.*⁶ The mother being dead.—*Rel.*

Her lover
comes, and

kills himself.

next morning came her owne true loue
affrighted with this newes,
& he for sorrow slew himselfe,
136 whom eche one did accuse.

Mother and
babe are
buried
together.

the Mother with her new borne babe
were laide both in one grane;
their parents, ouerworne ¹ with woe,
140 noe Ioy *that* they ² cold haue.

Damsels!
ware flat-
tering
words!

take [heed] you dayntye damsells all;
of flattering words beware;
& to the honor of *your* name
144 haue you a specyall care.³

ffins.

¹ overcome.—*Rel.*

² joy thenceforth.—*Rel.*

³ The *Reliques* add:

Too true, alas! this story is,

As many one can tell.

By others harmes learne to be wise,

And you shall do full well.

Buckingham betrayed : by Banister.¹

IN the late autumn of 1483, the nobles who had previously determined to put an end to the usurpation of Richard the Third, and who had lately heard of the murder of the young Princes, fixed on Henry of Richmond for their king. About the middle of October the Marquess of Dorset proclaimed him at Exeter. Men declared for him in Wiltshire, in Kent, in Berkshire. The Duke of Buckingham made a rising at Brecon. But the conspiracy failed. Richard was on the alert; Henry could not land; the insurgents could not combine. From Brecon the Duke "marched through the forest of Deane to the Severn; but the bridges were broken down, and the river was so swoln that the fords had become impassable. He turned back to Weobley, the seat of the lord Ferrers; but the Welshmen who had followed him disbanded; and the news of their desertion induced the other bodies of insurgents to provide for their own safety. Thus the King triumphed without drawing the sword. Weobley was narrowly watched on the one side by Sir Humphrey Stafford, on the other by the clan of the Vaughans, who for their reward had received a promise of the plunder of Brecon. Morton effected his escape in disguise to the isle of Ely, and thence passed to the coast of Flanders; *the Duke, in a similar dress, reached the hut of Banister, one of his servants in Shropshire, where he was betrayed by the perfidy of his host.* If he hoped for pardon on the merit of his former services, he had

¹ There is another Song on this Subject in *the* printed Collection 12^{mo} 1738, Vol. 3^d p. 38. N. 5.—P.

mistaken the character of Richard. That prince had already reached Salisbury with his army; he refused to see the prisoner, and ordered his head to be immediately struck off in the market-place." (Lingard).

There is another ballad on this same subject given in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. iii. 1727, entitled "The Life and Death of the Great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely End, for consenting to the deposing of the two gallant young Princes, King Edward the Fourth's children. To the tune of *Shore's Wife*." In point of style this is of much the same date with that here given from the Folio. It is the production of a thorough-bred ballad-writer, viz. Robert Johnson, and included in his *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*. It administers political justice in the same uncompromising manner :

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg
And crave for Food with Cap and Leg;
But none on him would Bread bestow,
That to his Master prov'd a Foe.

Thus wandring in this poor Estate,
Repenting his misdeeds too late,
Till starved he gave up his Breath,
By no man pitied at his Death.

To woful End his Children came,
Sore punish'd for their Father's shame;
Within a channel one was drown'd
Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another by the Powers divine
Was strangely eaten up of swine;
The last a woful ending makes
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

A third ballad, entitled "A most sorrowful Song, setting forth the miserable end of Banister, who betrayed the Duke of Buckingham, his Lord and Master," is in the Pepys Collection, vol. i. p. 64, and reprinted in Evans's *Old Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 23, 8vo, 1810. It begins thus :—

If ever wight had cause to rue
 A wretched deed, vile and untrue,
 Then Banister with shame may sing,
 Who sold his life that loved him.

Perhaps all three ballads are founded on some common older original.

- YOU: Barons bold, ma[r]ke ¹ and behold
 the thinge *that* I will rite ²;
 a story strange & yett most true .
 4 I purpose to Endite.³
- ffor the Noble Peere while he liued heere,
 the duke of Buckingham,
 he ffourisht in King Edwards time,
 8 the 4th King of *that* name.
- in his service there he kept a man
 of meane & low degree,
 whom he brought vp then of a chyld
 12 from basenesse to dignytye ;
- he gaue him lands & livings good
 wherto he was noe heyre,
 & then ⁴ mached him to a gallant dame
 16 as rich as shee was fayre.
- it came to passe in tract of time
 his wealth did soe excell,
 his riches did surpasse them all
 20 *that* in *that* shire did dwell.
- who was soe braue as Banister ?
 or who durst with him contend ?
 which ⁵ wold not be desirous still
 24 to be his daylye freind ?

A strange
 true tale I
 tell.

The Duke of
 Buckingham

has a servant

whom he
 enriches,

and marries
 to a gallant
 dame,

so that the
 man is
 very
 wealthy ;

none dares
 strive with
 Banister.

¹ mark.—P.

² write.—P.

³ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁴ This and 19 other words in different

places are marked in red brackets, for
 omission.—F.

⁵ who.—P.

- for then ¹ it came to passe; more woe, alas!
 for ² sorrowes then began;
 for why, the *Master* was constraind ³
 28 to seeke succour of his man.
- Richard III. then Richard the 3^d. swaying the sword,
 cryed himselfe a kinge,⁴
 murders the princes; 32 murthered 2 princes in their bedds,
 which deede great striffe did bringe.
- Buckingham raises a host to avenge them;
 36 & then the duke of Buckingham,
 hating this bloody deede,
 against the tyrant rayased an Oaste
 of armed men indeed.
- & when *King* Richard of this hard tell,
 a mightye Ost he sent
 against the duke of Buckingham,
 40 his purpose to prevent.
- but his men flee from Richard's army,
 44 & when the dukes people of this heard tell,
 feare filled their hearts eche one;
 many of his souldiers fledd by night,
 and left him one by one.
- and he flees to Banister 48 in extreme need the Duke tooke a steede,⁵ [page 271]
 & posted night and day
 towards Banister his man,
 in secrett there to stay.
- to hide him. "O Banister, Sweet Banister!
 pittie thow my cause," sayes hee,
 52 "& hyde me from mine⁶ Enemyes
 that here accuseth⁷ mee."

¹ Now it.—P.² such.—P.³ The M^r. was constrained to seek.—P.⁴ Himself proclaimed king.—P.⁵ Part of the line pared off the MS.—F.⁶ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.⁷ persueth (in red ink: by Percy in his late hand.—F.)

- 56 "O, you be welcome, my Lord!" hee sayes,
 "your grace is welcome here!
 & as my liffe Ile keepe you safe,
 although it cost me deere!"
- 60 "be true, sweete Banister!" sayes hee,
 O sweete Banister, be true!"
 "christs curse," he sayd, "on me & mine
 if euer I proue ffalse to you!"
- 64 then the Duke cast of his veluett sute,
 his chaine of gold likewise,
 & soe he did his veluett capp,
 to blind the peoples eyes;
- 68 a lethern Ierkyn¹ on his backe,
 & lethern slopps² alsoe,
 a heidging bill vpon his backe,
 & soe into the woods did goe!
- 72 an old felt hat vpon his head,
 with 20 holes therin;
 & soe in labor he spent the time,
 as tho some drudge he had beene.
- 76 & there he liued long vnknowen,
 & still vnknowne might bee,
 till Banister for hope of gaine
 betrayd him Iudaslye.
- 80 for a proclamation there was made,
 'whosoouer then cold bringe
 newes of the Duke of Buckingham
 to Richard then our Kinge,

Banister

vows to keep
him safe,"Christ's
curse on
me if I be
false!"Buckingham
takes off his
velvet
clothes,dresses as a
woodman,and works
away

in safety.

But Richard

¹ Languedoc *jhergaon*, an over-coat;
Fr. *Jargeot*, *Jargot*, a kind of course
garment worne by countrey people. Cot-

grave; in Wedgwood.—F.

² slopps, A kind of open breeches,
trowsers. Johnson.—P.

offers 1000
marks

and knight-
hood, for
news of
Bucking-
ham.

84 ' a 1000 markes shalbe his ffee
 of gold & silver bright,
 & then be preferred by his grace,
 & made a worthy knight.'

Banister
betrays his
master.

88 & when Banister of *that* heard tell,
 straight to the court sent hee,
 & soe betrayd his *Master* good
 for lucre of *that* ffee.

Buckingham
is seized.

92 a herald of armes there was sent,
 & men with weapons good,
 who did attach this noble Duke
 where he was labouring in the wood.

He re-
proaches
Banister,

96 " Ah, ffalse Banister ! a, wreched man !
 Ah, Caitiffe ! " then sayes hee ;
 " haue I maintained thy poore estate
 to deale thus Iudaslye ?

100 " alas *that* euer I beleened
 that flattering tounge of thine !
 woe worth the time *that* euer I see
 that false Bodye of thine ! "

but is be-
headed at
Salisbury.

104 then ffraught with feare & many a teare,
 with sorrowes almost dead,
 this noble Duke of Buckingham
 att Salisbury ¹ lost his head.

Banister

is cast into
prison,

108 then Banister went to the court,
 hoping this gold to haue,
 but straight in prison hee was cast,
 & hard his liffe to ² saue.

¹ query Shrewsbury.—P.

² hard his life could.—P.

small ffreinds he found in his distresse,
 nor any comfort in his need,
 but euery man reuiled him
 112 [for] this ¹ his trecherous deede.

reviled by
 all,

& then, according to his wishe,
 gods Iudgments did on him fall ;
 his children were consumed quite,
 116 his goods were wasted all ;

and Christ's
 curse falls
 on him :

[page 272]

ffor one of his sones for greeffe Starke madd did fall ; ²
 the other ffor sorrow drowned was
 within a shallow runing streame
 120 where euery man might passe.

one son
 turns mad,
 the other is
 drowned.

his daugter right of bewtye bright,
 to such lewde liffe did ffall
 that shee dyed in great miserye ;
 124 & thus they were wasted all.

His daugh-
 ter becomes
 a strumpet.

Old Banister liued long in shame,
 & att the lenght did dye ;
 & thus they Lord did plague them all
 128 ffor this his trecherye.

He lives in
 shame and
 dies.

now god blesse our king & counsell graue, ³
 in goodness still to proceed ;
 & send euery ⁴ distressed man
 132 a better ffreind att need ! ffins.

God send

all in need
 a better
 friend !

¹ for this. Qu.—P.

² stark mad did fall.—P. This line is
 made two in the MS. *Starke* begins
 p. 272.—F.

³ Our k^e G^d bless And grant his
 grace.—P.

⁴ to each.—P.

Earle Bothwell.¹

THIS ballad is printed in the *Reliques*, vol. ii. pp. 198–200, under the title of “The Murder of the King of Scots.” Percy’s Introduction, p. 197, is as follows:—“The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

“Henry lord Darnley, was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was married, Feb. 9, 1567–8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

¹ On the Murther of David Riccio and of *the* king of Scotts. Written while *the* Queen of Scotts was in England.—P.

"This ballad (printed¹ from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Q. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II, who died Dec. 4, 1560."

WOE: worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scottlande!
 ffor thou hast euer wrought by a² sleight;
 for² the worthiest Prince *that* euer was borne,
 4 you hanged vnder a cloud by night!

Woe to you,
 Scotland,
 you've
 hanged the
 best of
 Princes!

the queene of ffrance a letter wrote,
 & sealed itt³ with hart and ringe;
 & bade him come Scotland within,
 8 & shee wold marry him² & crowne him *King*.

Queen Mary
 bade him
 come and
 marry her;

to be a *King*, itt² is a pleasant thing;
 to bee⁴ a Prince vnto a Peere;
 but you haue heard, & so haue I too,²
 12 a man may well by⁵ gold to deere.

there was an Italyan in that place,
 was as welbeloved as euer was hee;
 Lord David⁶ was his name,
 16 chamberlaine⁷ vnto the Queene was hee.

but she had
 an insolent
 Chamber-
 lain, Rizzio,

ffor⁸ if the King had risen forth² of his place,
 he wold haue sitt⁹ him downe in the cheare,¹⁰
 & tho itt¹¹ beseemed him not soe well,
 20 altho the King had beene¹² present there.

¹ So in 2nd and 3rd editions too:
 "printed with a few corrections," 4th ed.
 —F.

² *Rel.* omits these.—F. 4th and 2nd
 and 3rd editions restore *too*, l. 11.

³ it.—*Rel.* itt.—4th ed.

⁴ be.—*Rel.* bee.—4th ed.

⁵ buy.—P.

⁶ And Dav^d Rizzio—qu. David Rizzio.
 —P.*

⁷ Lord Chamberlⁿ.—P.

⁸ from.—P.

⁹ sate.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ i' th' chaire.—*Rel.* in the cheare.—
 4th ed.

¹¹ although it.—*Rel.* And tho itt.—
 4th ed.

¹² And tho . . . were.—P. *Rel.*
 Although . . had biene.—4th ed.

* And David Riccio.—*Rel.* Lord David.—4th ed.

- and some
Scotch lords some lords in Scotland waxed wonderous ¹ wroth,
 & quarrelld with him for the nonce ² :
 I shall you tell ³ how itt beffell ;
- stabbed him. 24 12 daggers were in him all ¹ att once.
- The Queen
was wroth, when this queene see the ⁴ Chamberlaine was ¹ slaine,
 for him her ⁵ cheeks shee did weete,
 & made a vow for a 12 month & a day ⁶
28 the King & shee ⁷ wold not come in one sheete.
- and other
Lords then some of the Lords of Scotland ⁸ waxed wrothe,
 & made their vow ⁹ vehementlye,
vowed to
kill the
King. ' for death of the queenes ¹⁰ Chamberlaine ¹¹
32 the King himselfe he shall dye.' ¹²
- they strowed his chamber ouer with gunpowder, ¹³
 & layd greene rushes in his way ;
 ffor the traitors thought *that* ¹⁴ night
36 the ¹⁵ worthy king for to betray. ¹⁶
- to bedd the worthy King made ¹⁷ him bowne ; ¹⁸
 to take his rest, *that* ¹⁹ was his desire ;
- They set
fire to his
bedroom, he was noe sooner cast on sleepee, ²⁰
40 but his chamber was on a blasing fyer. ²¹
- he jumped
out of
window, vp he lope, & a glasse ²² window broke ;
 he ²³ had 30 foote for to ffall.

¹ *Rel.* omits these.—F.
² ? MS. *noncett*, with *tt* blotted out.—
F. nonce.—*Rel.*
³ And I shall tell.—*Rel.* 4th ed.
omits *And*.
⁴ the queen she saw her.—*Rel.* 4th
ed. omits *she*, and restores *was*.
⁵ [her] fair.—P.
⁶ year & a day.—P.
⁷ shee'd ne'er.—P.
⁸ lords they.—*Rel.*
⁹ [vow] now.—P.
¹⁰ That for the death of the.—*Rel.*
For the death of the queenes.—4th ed.

¹¹ Queen's Lo. Chⁿ.—P.
¹² How he, the king himself sh^d dye.
—P. and.—*Rel.* The king himselfe
how he shall dye.—4th ed.
¹³ with Gunpowd^r they strew^d his
room.—P.
¹⁴ very.—P. ¹⁵ this.—*Rel.*
¹⁶ betraye.—*Rel.* betray.—4th ed.
¹⁷ the k^g he made —P.
¹⁸ ready, *paratus*. Lye.—P.
¹⁹ omitted.—*Rel.*
²⁰ sleepee.—*Rel.*
²¹ it was all on fire.—P.
²² and the.—*Rel.* ²³ And.—P.

Lord Bodwell kept a priuy wach
 44 vnderneath ¹ his castle wall.
 "who haue wee ² heere?" sayd Lord Bodwell;
 "answer me, now I doe call."³

and was
 caught by
 Lord
 Bodwell,

"King Henery the 8th my vnckle was;
 48 some pittie show for his sweet sake!⁴
 "Ah, Lord Bodwell! I know thee well;
 some pittie on me I pray thee take!"

whom he
 prayed for
 mercy.

"He ⁵ pittie thee as much," he sayd,
 52 "& as much favor ⁶ He show to thee
 As thou had on the Queenes Chamberlaine
 that day thou deemedst ⁷ him to dye.⁸"

But Both-
 well would
 have none,

[page 273]

through halls & towers this ⁹ King they Ledd,
 56 through castles & towers ¹⁰ that were hye,¹¹
 through an arbor into an orchard,
 & there hanged him in a peare tree.¹²

and hanged
 him on a
 pear-tree.

when the gouernor of Scottland he ¹³ heard tell ¹³
 60 that ¹⁴ the worthy king he ¹³ was slaine,
 he hath banished ¹⁵ the Queene soe bitterlye
 that in Scottland shee dare not remaine;

The Go-
 vernor
 cursed Mary,

¹ all undr &c.—P. All underneath.
 —Rel. Underneath his.—4th ed.

² we.—Rel. wee.—4th ed.

³ Now answer me that I may know.
 —Rel.

⁴ For his sweete sake some pittie
 show.—Rel.

The next two lines Percy has altered
 into

Who haue we here? lord Bodwell sayd,
 Now answer me when I doe speake.—F.

⁵ I'll.—Rel.

⁶ favour.—Rel. favor.—4th ed.

⁷ i. e. doomedst—deem, est opinari,
 censere, judicare. Jun.—P. l. 51 is
 partly pared off the MS.—F.

⁸ dye.—Rel. die,—with the note
 "Pronounced after the northern manner
 dee" in ed^s 2, 3, 4.

⁹ the.—P.

¹⁰ thro' towers & castles, &c.—P.

¹¹ nye.—Rel.

¹² There on a peare-tree hangd him
 hye.—Rel.

¹³ omitted.—Rel. ¹⁴ how that.—P.

¹⁵ He persued.—Rel. ? banish=ban,
 curse.—F.

and she fled
to England,

where she
now is.

64 but shee is fled into Merry England,
& Scotland to aside hath laine ;¹
& through the Queene of Englands good² grace
now in England shee doth remaine.³

ffins.

¹ And here her residence hath tane.
—*Rel.* A change not for the better.
—*F.*

² omitted.—*Rel.*
³ In Engl^d now shee doth remain.
—*P.*

[Those readers (if any) who have looked at the notes will have noticed that the fourth edition of the *Reliques* has restored the reading of the MS. in several places where the first has altered it,—though in others it leaves the changes of the first edition untouched:—thus in lines

First three editions.	Fourth edition and MS.
6. it	<i>is changed into</i> itt
15. And David Riccio	„ Lord David
18. i' th' chaire	„ in the cheare
19. Although it	„ And tho itt
20. And though	„ Altho
23. And I	„ I
25. queene shee	„ queene
25. slaine	„ was slaine
29. wroth	„ wrothe
36. betraye	„ betray
44. All underneath	„ Underneath his
45. we	„ wee
51. hee	„ he
52. favour	„ favor

while in lines 31–32 the manuscript

“for death of the queenes Chamberlaine,
the King himselfe he shall dye,”

which Percy altered in his first edition to

That for the death of the chamberlaine,
How hee, the king himselfe sholde dye,

he changed back in the fourth to,

For the death of the queenes chamber-
laine,

The king himselfe, how he shall die.”

I write *he* changed back, for Mr. David Laing says that a friend of Percy's and his assured him that Percy himself edited the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, and that with great care, though he let his nephew, in the Advertisement to that edition, take the responsibility of it off his own episcopal shoulders, supposed to be burdened with “more important” matters. It is, indeed, evident that the many changes made in the text of the fourth edition must have been carefully considered by Percy, for they are changes of lines sometimes as well as of words.
—*F.*]

Bishophe & Browne.¹

SEE Introduction to *King James & Brown*, vol. i. p. 135.

This piece is printed in the *Reliques*. "The original copy," says Percy, "(preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is entitled, 'A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young King of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an Englishman, which was the King's Chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves.' At the end is subjoined the name of the author 'W. Elderton.' 'Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church,' in black-letter folio."

It is the work of the professional ballad-writer who could "rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted"; and it is well-executed work of its sort. The image is fairly well shaped; but there is scarcely a spark of Heaven's fire in it—no breath of life breathed into its nostrils.

It was written, no doubt, rather to give information than entertainment. At a time when there were no newspapers circulating through the country, the ballad was an ordinary vehicle of news. "Marry, they say that *the running stationers of London*, I mean *such as use to sing ballads*, and those that cry malignant pamphlets, &c." (*Knaves are honest men, or More Knaves yet*, apud Collier's Book of Roxburghe Ballads.)

¹ N.B. This Copy is very imperfect. See Page 58 & 59 [of MS.], Stanza the last in that Page [vol. i. p. 141, l. 108-9 of print], where the subject of this ballad is alluded to.—P. The title in the *Re-*

liques, vol. ii. p. 204, first edition, is the "King of Scots and Andrew Browne." The version there printed contains 15 stanzas, while the present one has only 10, and two of these are incomplete.—F.

How sad
that subjects
can't be
true!

IESUS god ! what ¹ greeffe is this
that Princes subiects cannot be true !
but still the devill & ² some of his
4 doth play his part, as plaine is in shew.³

In Scotland

in Scotland dwelles a bony king,
as proper a youth as any can bee ;
hee is ginen to euery happy ⁴ thing
8 that can be in a Prince to see.⁵

King
James's
nurse heard
that he was
to be
poisoned.

on whitsontyde, as itt befell,
a possett was made to giue the King ;
& that his Ladye Nurse heard tell
12 that itt was made a poysoned thing.

She called
for help.

shee cryed, & called pittiouslye,
"helpe ! or else the King must dye !"

Browne
sprang
forward,

& Browne being ⁶ an Englishman,
16 he did heare ⁷ that Ladyes pityous crye ;
but with his sword he besturred him then ;
forth att the dore he thought to flee,

leapt out of
a window,

but euery dore was made full fast ;
20 forth of a window hee lope at last.⁸

met the
Bishop with
the

he mett the Bishopp att the dore,
& with the possett in his hand.
the sight of Browne made the Bishopp agast ;

¹ Out alas ! what a.—*Rel.*

² hath.—*Rel.*

³ Will play their parts, whatsoever
ensue :

Forgetting what a grievous thing

It is to offend the anointed kinge?

Alas for woe, why should it be so,

This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

—*Rel.*

The collation after this is not complete.—*F.*

⁴ The *y* is made over an *k* in the MS.
—*F.*

⁵ *Rel.* adds:—

Yet that unluckie countrie still
Hath people given to craftie will,
Alas for woe, &c.

⁶ One Browne that was.—*Rel.*

⁷ And hard.—*Rel.*

⁸ MS. at last lope hee.—*F.* Out of a
window he got at last.—*Rel.*

24 he bade him soe boldleye stay & stand.
 with him were 2 *that* ran awaye
 for feare lest browne shold make a fray.

“Bishopp,” said Browne, “what hast thou there?”
 28 “nothing at all, my ffreinde,¹” Quoth hee,
 “but a possett to make the King good cheere.”
 “is itt soe?” sayd Browne, “*that* will I see;
 before thou goe any further inn,
 32 of this possett thou shalt begin.”

poisoned
posset,

“Browne,” said the Bishopp, “I know thee well;
 thou art a yong man both pore & bare;
 & linings² of³ thee I shall bestowe;
 36 goe thou thy way, & take noe care.”
 “noe!” said Browne, “*that* shall not bee!
 Ile not be a traitor for all christentye!
 for be itt for wayle,⁴ or for woe be itt,
 40 drinke thou off this sorrowfull possett.”

rejected his
bribes to be
quiet,

and made

the Bishopp dranke; then by & by
 his belly burst, & he ffell downe:
 a iust reward for his traitorye.
 44 “marry, this was a possett indeed!” sayd Browne.
 he searched the Bishopp, & found they Kayes
 to goe to the King when he did please.

the Bishop
drink the
posset.
The Bishop
burst and
died.

& when the Kinge heard tell of this,
 48 he meekelye fell downe on his knee,
 & thanked god *that* he did misse
 then of this false trecherye;
 & then he did perceiue & know
 52 *that* his clergye wold haue him betraid [so.⁵]

King James
thanked
God,

¹ The last *e* is made over an *s* in the MS.—F.

² Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

³ on.—*Rel.*

⁴ i. e. sorrow: unless it be corruptly

written for weal, welfare, good: written by the Scots weil, wele.—P.

⁵ *Rel.* inserts another stanza here, and adds four after the next.—F.

he called the nurse befor his grace,
 & gaue vnto her 20^{tye} pounds [a yeere.]
 rewarded the nurse,
 doughtye Browne, [i'] the like case,
 and knighted Browne. 56 he dubbd him *Knight* with gallant cheere,
 bestowed vpon him liuings great
 [For dooing such a manly feat.¹]

ffins.

¹ Last line cut away in the MS. ; and then four more stanzas about a fresh
 supplied here from the *Rel.*, which adds : attempt to make away with the King.
 As he did shoue, to the bishop's woe, —F.
 Which made &c.

Child Waters.¹

[page 274]

THIS ballad was printed in the *Reliques* from the Folio, with a few "corrections." These amount to the insertion of six new lines, and numerous minor changes. The copy is indeed somewhat mutilated, and needed a little patching to make it presentable to the general reader.

"Several traditional versions," says Professor Child in his *English and Scotch Ballads*, "have since been printed, of which we give *Burd Ellen* from Jamieson's, and in the Appendix *Lady Margaret* from Kinloch's Collection. Jamieson also furnishes a fragment, and Buchan² (*Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 30) a complete copy of another version of *Burd Ellen*; and Chambers (*Scottish Ballads*, 193) makes up an edition from all the copies, which we mention here because he has taken some lines from a manuscript supplied by Mr. Kinloch."

The love and fidelity of a woman are here tried to the utmost limit. Worse sufferings than are even mentioned in the *Nut-brown Maid*, and in that feeble reflection of it, *A Jigge*, are here verily endured. Certainly "Burd Ellen" is the better, more expressive title for the ballad. She is the one centre of interest in it—the one living glory and delight. Child Waters appears but to introduce her—to "bring her out"—to furnish her with an opportunity for displaying her splendid trust and adherence. He must be regarded so, or he is intolerable. This part he performs excellently. He brings Ellen's faithfulness into glorious

¹ A Tryal of female Affection not unlike the Nut-brown Maid. Shewing how child Waters made his M^{rs} undergo many Hardships, & afterwards married her. It was not necessary to correct this much for the Press.—P.

² This Buchan (whom I once endeavoured to assist in his poverty by procuring purchasers for his books) was a most daring forger: scarcely anything that he has published can be trusted to as genuine.—A. Dyce.

relief. Let this and kindred ballads, then, be accepted as atonements for the light doubting talk men sometimes hold about women.

Be it true or wrong
 These men among
 On women do complaine
 Affermynge this
 How that it is
 A labour spent in vaine
 To love them wele
 For never a dele
 They love a man agayne.
 For lete a man
 Do what he can
 Ther favour to attayne
 Yet yf a newe
 To them pursue
 Ther furst trew lover than
 Laboureth for nought
 And from her thought
 He is a bannisshed man.

I say not nay
 But that all day
 It is both writ & sayde
 That woman's fayth
 Is as who sayth
 All utterly decayed.

This and kindred ballads show how, in spite of many sad scandals, in spite of suspicions and sneers, the heart of men still nursed and cherished a precious fond belief in the truth of women. Much frivolity there might be,¹ much hypocrisy, much falseness; but ever here and there was one to be found—one who, through good report and through evil, through all extreme distresses and neglects and cruelties, would never withdraw her trust from him to whom once she had given it—would never falsify the vows she had once uttered—would never fail from her true-love's side—*una de multis face nuptiali*

¹ See the ballad in the metre of the beginning,
 Notbrowne Mayd in Mr. Skeat's Preface
 to *Partenay*, p. ii, (E. E. T. Soc. 1866)

masteres anne,
 I am your man.—F.

digna. Such an one is Ellen in this ballad. She illustrates how “many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.” She cares nothing for gold and fee; had rather have one kiss of her love’s mouth or one twinkling of his eye than “Cheshire and Lancashire both”; will lay aside her woman’s dress, sacrifice her long yellow locks, endure strange hardships—running barefoot through the broom and struggling through the water—invoke generous blessings on the head of her supposed rival, obey the most trying orders, that she may accompany and please the master of her heart. Her love never hesitates. When, after much ill usage, she gives birth to a child in the stable whither she has gone in the early morning to feed the Child’s horse, she lets no murmur against the author of her miseries escape her.

She said, “Lullaby, my own dear child,
Lullaby, dear child dear!
*I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bier.*”

In the end her trust wins its reward.

“Peace now,” he said, “good fair Ellen,
And be of good cheer, I thee pray;
And the bridal and the churching both
They shall be upon one day.”

<p>CHILDE: watters in his stable stoode, & stroaket his milke white steede: to him came a ffaire young Ladye 4 as ere did weare¹ womans wee[de²];</p> <p>saies, “christ you saue, good Chyld waters!” sayes, “christ you saue and see! my girdle of gold which was too longe 8 is now to short ffor mee;</p>	<p>To Childe Waters</p> <p>comes fair Ellen,</p> <p>says,</p>
--	---

¹ ware.—P. ever ware.—*Rel.*

² weod.—P.

"I am with
child by
you."

"& all is with one¹ chyld of yours,
I ffeelee sturre att my side.
my gowne of greene, it is to strayght;
12 before it was to wide."

"If so,

take
Cheshire and
Lancashire,

16 "if the child be mine,² faire Ellen," he sayd,
"be mine, as you tell mee,
take³ you Cheshire & Lancashire both,
take them your owne to bee.

and make
the child
your heir."

20

"if the child be mine, ffaire Ellen," he said,
"be mine, as you doe sweare,
take you Cheshire & Lancashire both,
& make *that* child your heyre."

"I'd rather
have a kisse

24

shee saies, "I had rather haue one kisse,
child waters, of thy mouth,
then I wold haue Cheshire & lancashire both,
that lyes⁴ by north & south.

and a look
from you,
than your
counties."

28

"& I had rather haue a twinkling,
Child waters, of your eye,⁵
then I wold haue Cheshire & Lancashire both,
to take them mine ounes to bee!"

He says
he must take
the fairest
lady north
with him.

32

"to-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
soe ffarr into⁶ the North countrye;
the ffairest Lady *that* I can ffind,
Ellen, must goe with mee."⁷

Ellen asks
to be his
footpage.

"& euer I pray you, Child watters,
your ffootpage let me bee!"

¹ a.—P.

² Only one stroke for the *m*.—F. be mine.—P.

³ Then take.—*Rel*.

⁴ lye.—P.

⁵ thine ee.—*Rel*.

⁶ far into.—P.

⁷ The *Reliques* inserts:

Though I am not that ladye fayre,

Yet let me go with thee.—F.

Tho' I am not that fayre Lady,

Yet let me go with thee.—P.

- 36 “if you will my ffootpage be, Ellen,
 as you doe tell itt mee,
 then you must cutt your gownne of greene
 an inche aboue your knee ;
- 40 “soe must you doe your yellow lockes,
 another inch ¹ aboue your eye ;
 you must tell noe man what is my name ;
 my ffootpage then you shall bee.”
- 44 all this ² long day Child waters rode,
 shee ran bare ffoote ³ by his side ;
 yett was he neuer soe curteous a *Knight*,
 to say, “Ellen, will you ryde ?”
- 48 but all this day Child waters rode,
 shee ran ⁴ barffoote thorow the broome !
 yett he was ⁵ neuer soe curteous a *Knight*
 as to say, “put on your shoone.”
- 52 “ride softlye,” shee said, ⁶ “Child watters ;
 why doe you ryde soe ffast ?
 the child, which is no mans but yours, ⁷
 my bodeye itt will burst. ⁸”
- 56 he sayes, ⁹ “sees thou yonder ¹⁰ water, Ellen,
 that fflowes from banke to brim ?”
 “I trust to god, Child waters,” shee said, ¹¹
 “you will neuer ¹² see mee swime.”
- 60 but when shee came to the waters side,
 shee sayled to the Chinne :
 “except the ¹³ Lord of heauen be my speed,
 now must I ¹⁴ learne to swime.”

He agrees,

If she'll cut
her gown

and hair.

She runs
barefoot by
his sideall day thro'
the broom.Ride softly,
she says.He makes
her

¹ an inch.—P.
² Shee all the.—*Rel.* and omits ‘shee’
 in the next line.—F.
³ Shee all the long day (that) Ch. Wat.
 rode, ran barefoot.—P.
⁴ She all *the* long day, Ch. W. rode,
 Ran.—P.

⁵ was he.—P.
⁷ thine.—P.
⁹ Hee sayth.—*Rel.*
¹¹ I trust in God O Child Waters.
 —*Rel.* ¹² you'll never.—P. not.—P.
¹³ but the.—P. Now the.—*Rel.* and P.
¹⁴ For I must.—*Rel.*

⁶ O.—P.
⁸ brast.—P.
¹⁰ yond.—P.

swim thro'
the water.

the salt waters bare vp Ellens ¹ clothes ;
64 our Ladye bare vpp he[r] chinne ;
& Child waters was a woe man, ² good Lord, ³
to ssee faire Ellen swime.

He shows
her

& when shee ouer the water was,
68 Shee then came to his knee :
he said, "come hither, ffaire Ellen,
loe yonder what I see !

[page 275]

a hall.

"seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
72 of redd gold shine the yates ⁴ ;
theres 24 ffayre ladyes, ⁵
the ffairest is my wordlye make. ⁶

The fairest
girl there is
his bride,

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
76 of redd gold shineth the tower ;
there is ⁷ 24 ffaire Ladyes, ⁸
the fairest is my paramoure."

his para-
mour.

Ellen

"I doe see the hall now, Child waters,
80 *that* of redd gold shineth the yates. ⁹
god giue ¹⁰ good then of your selfe,
& of your wordlye make ¹¹ !

wishes him
and his bride
God speed.

"I doe see the hall now, Child waters,
84 *that* of redd gold shineth the tower.
god giue ¹² good then of your selfe
and of your paramoure ! "

¹ her.—*Rel.*

² i. e. a woeful man.—P.

³ Ch. W. was a woe man good Lord.
—P.

⁴ shines [the] gate.—P.

⁵ Of twenty foure fayre ladyes there.
—*Rel.* of.—P.

⁶ mate : so the rhyme seems to require,
but Make signifies also a Mate, match, or
equal, a familiar companion. from A.-S.

maca, gemaca, par, socius, conjux. Vid.
Jun. Gloss. Sax. Voc.—P. *Rel.* omits
'wordlye.'—F.

⁷ There are . . . there.—P.

⁸ *Rel.* adds 'there.'—F.

⁹ yate.—P.

¹⁰ [insert] you.—P.

¹¹ worthy mate.—P.

¹² [insert] you.—P.

- there were 24 Ladyes,¹
 88 were ² playing at the ball ;
 & Ellen was ³ the ffairest Ladye,⁴
 must bring his steed to the stall. She stables
his steed,
- there were 24 faire Ladyes ⁵
 92 was ⁶ playing att the Chesse ;
 & Ellen shee was⁷ the ffairest Ladye,⁸
 must bring his horsse to grasse. and takes it
to grass.
- & then bespake Child waters sister,
 96 & ⁹ these were the words said shee ;
 “you haue the prettyest ffootpage, brother,
 that euer I saw ¹⁰ with mine eye, His sister

asks that
his footpage
- “ but *that* his belly it is soe bigg,
 100 his girdle goes ¹¹ wonderous hye ;
 & euer I pray you, Child waters,
 let him goe into the Chamber with mee.¹² ” may go to
her room
with her.
- ¹³ “ it is more meete for a litle ffootpage
 104 *that* has run through mosse and mire,
 to take his supper vpon his knee
 & sitt downe ¹⁴ by the kitchin fyer,
 then to goe into the chamber with any Ladye
 108 that weares soe [rich] attyre.¹⁵ ” Childe
Waters says
the page had

better sup
by the
kitchen fire.

¹ ‘were playing’ follows and is crossed out.—F. There were 24 faire Ladies there.—P. There twenty four ladyes were.—*Rel.*

² A.—*Rel.* A.—P.

³ that was, Qu.—P.

⁴ the fayrest ladye there.—*Rel.*

⁵ P. has written *there* at the end.—F. *Rel.* omits ‘were.’

⁶ a.—P.

⁷ that was, Qu.—P.

⁸ the fayrest ladye there.—*Rel.*

⁹ *Rel.* omits &.—F.

¹⁰ I did see.—P. I did see.—*Rel.*

¹¹ is.—P.

¹² in my chamber lie.—P.

¹³ Percy turns the last two lines into another stanza, and prefixes it to the first four:—

It is not fit for a little foot page
 That has run through mosse and
 myre,
 To lye in the chamber of any lady
 That weares soe riche attyre.

¹⁴ And lye.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ rich attyre, Qu.—P.

- He sends but when thé had supped euery one,
to bedd they tooke they ¹ way ;
- Ellen he sayd, " come hither, my litle footpage,
112 hearken what I doe say !
- to hire a prostitute
for him " & goe thy downe into ² yonder towne,
& low into the street ;
the ffairest Ladye *that* thou can find,
116 hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
and carry her up to him. & take her vp in thine armes ² ³
for filinge ⁴ of her ffeete."
- Ellen Ellen is gone into the towne,
120 & low into the streete :
hires the woman the fairest Ladye *that* shee cold find,
shee hyred in his armes to sleepe,
and carries her up, & tooke her in her armes ²
124 for filing of her ffeete.
- and asks to lie at his bed-foot. " I pray you now, good Child waters,
that I may creepe in att your bedds feete ; ⁵
for there is noe place about this house
128 where I may say ⁶ a sleepe."
- At daybreak ⁷ this, & itt drone now afterward ⁸
till itt was neere the day :
Childe Waters he sayd, " rise vp, my litle ffoote page,
orders Ellen 132 & giue my steed corne & hay ;
to feed his steed. & soe doe thou ⁹ the good blacke oates,
that he may carry me the ¹⁰ better away."

¹ their.—P. they = the.—F.
² thee into.—P. thee downe into.
—*Rel.*
³ twaine.—*Rel.*
⁴ i. e. for fear of defiling.—P.
⁵ Let me lie at your feet.—P. Let
me lye at your feete.—*Rel.*
⁶ Vide *Liffe & Death*. Pag. 384,
lin. 36 ; pag. 390, lin. 453 [of MS.]—P.
say = essay, try.—F.

⁷ In the *Reliques* a stanza is made of
the next two lines :—
He gave her leave, and faire Ellen
Down at his beds feet laye :
This done the nighte drove on a pace,
And when it was neare the daye.—F.
⁸ This done, the night drove on apace.
—P.
⁹ And give him nowe.—*Rel.*
¹⁰ To carry mee.—*Rel.*

- And vp then rose ¹ faire Ellen, [page 276]
 136 & gaue ² his steed corne & hay, She does it,
 & soe shee did on ³ the good blacke oates,
 that he might carry him the better ⁴ away.
 shee layned ⁵ her backe to the Manger side,
 140 & greiuouslye did groane ; ⁶ but groans,
 & that beheard his mother deere, for her paine
 and ⁷ heard her make her moane. come on.
 shee said, "rise vp, thou Child waters ! Childe
 144 I thinke thou art a ⁸ cursed man ; Waters's
 for yonder is a ghost in thy ⁹ stable mother
 that greiuouslye doth groane, tells him to
 or else some woman laboures of ¹⁰ child, get up,
 148 shee is soe woe begone ! " there's a
 but vp then rose Child waters, ¹¹ ghost in his
 & did on his shirt of silke ; stable,
 then he put on his ¹² other clothes or a woman
 152 on his body as white as milke. in labour.
 & when he came to the stable dore, He dresses,
 full still that hee did ¹³ stand, goes to the
 that hee might heare now faire Ellen, stable,
 156 how shee made her monand ¹⁴ : and hears
 shee said, " lullabye, my ¹⁵ owne deere child ! Ellen
 lullabye, deere child, deere ! sing to her
 I wold thy father were a king, child :
 160 thy mother layd on a beere ! would that
 his father
 were a king,
 she dead !

¹ [insert] the.—P. ² to give.—P.
³ *Rel.* omits on.—F.
⁴ to carry him th' bet.—P.
⁵ leaned.—P.
⁶ The *Reliques* inserts and alters thus :
 She leaned her back to the manger side
 And there shee made her moane,
 And that beheard his mother deare,
 Shee heard her 'woeful woe ;'
 Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
 And into thy stable goe.—F.

⁷ she.—P.
⁸ thee a.—P.
⁹ the.—P.
¹⁰ with.—*Rel.*
¹¹ 'soon' is written at the end by P.
 —F.
¹² and so he did his.—P.
¹³ there did he.—P.
¹⁴ monand, is moaning, i. e. moan. Lye.
 —P.
¹⁵ mine.—*Rel.*

Childe
Waters
promises

to marry
her.

“peace now,” he said, “good faire Ellen !
& be of good cheere, I thee pray ;
& the Bridall, & the churching both,
164 they ¹ shall bee vpon one day.”²

ffins.

¹ *Rel.* omits they.—F.

² In the admiration bestowed on fair Ellen, Enid, and patient Grisild, it is doubtful whether disgust and indignation at their friends' conduct have been suf-

ficiently expressed or felt. Anything more deliberately brutal, I find it hard to conceive. “Cursed man” is surely an epithet well deserved here.—F.

Perhaps the most poetical and finest version of this poem is to be found in Bürger's melodious German ballad, entitled *Graf Walter*, which he professes to have made *nach dem Alt-englischen*, and which follows Percy's edition pretty closely. He has made it into a very pleasing poem, having paraphrased it after his own fashion with great artistic skill.

Bürger concludes thus :

“Sammt deinem Vater schreibe Gott
Dich in sein Segensbuch !
Werd' ihm und dir ein Purpurkleid,
Und mir ein Leichentuch !”

“O nun, O nun, süß, süsse Maid,
Süß, süsse Maid, halt ein !
Mein Busen ist ja nicht von Eis,
Und nicht von Marmelstein.

“O nun, O nun, süß, süsse Maid,
Süß, süsse Maid, halt ein !
Es soll ja Tauf' und Hochzeit nun
In einer Stunde sein.”

He has also translated “King John and the Abbot of Canterbury” as *Der Kaiser und der Abt*, and “The Child of Elle” as *Die Entführung*.—Skeat.

Bessie : off Bednall : ¹

THERE are copies of this ballad in the Roxburghe and the Bagford collections, and in the Collection of Old Ballads. It is printed in the *Reliques* chiefly from the Folio MS. "compared with two ancient printed copies." It appears in numberless recent collections, as Professor Child's, Mr. Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry*, Mr. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*. The Folio copy, differing slightly from the current ones, is here printed faithfully for the first time; for the editor of the *Reliques* seems to have thought that to him too, as to painters and poets,

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,

and freely used his license in the case of this ballad. He was offended by the "absurdities and inconsistencies" of the old version, "which so remarkably prevailed" in that part of the song where the Beggar discovers himself. These were, we suppose, that a Montfort should be spoken of as serving in the wars,

When first our King his fame did advance
And fought for his title in delicate France,

and then that the blinded soldier, when at last he got back to his country, should resign himself to a beggar's life instead of at once declaring himself and appealing to the royal bounty, if he was possessed of no estate to support him. There seemed no hope of curing such grievous deformities as these; so the whole limb was lopped off, and a new one substituted, manufactured by Robert Dodsley, author of *The Economy of Human Life*. Eight new stanzas were substituted. "By the alteration of a

¹ In the printed collection of Old Ballads, 1726. Vol. 2, p. 202, N. 35.—P.

few lines," says Percy, "the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history." Let those who think it profitable or possible to bring about such a reconciliation be thankful. The copy as now at last reproduced gives one stanza (vv. 228-32) not found in the ordinary versions.

The ballad was certainly not written later than Queen Elizabeth's reign; for, as Percy points out, *Mary Ambree* was sung to the tune of it. One reason for which Percy attributes it to that reign seems odd—because the "Queen's Arms" are mentioned in v. 23!

It was an extremely popular ballad, and no wonder. "This very house," writes Pepys in his Diary, June 25, 1663, of Sir W. Rider's place at Bethnal Green, "was built by the blind Beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads; but they say it was only some outhouses of it." (*apud* Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, where the tune is given.) The story is pretty, and is told unaffectedly. Each part has its own surprise: the one revealing the wealth, the other the high birth of the Beggar. These *dénouements* are not supremely noble; but they are such as please the crowd. Such sudden reverses are always delightful. But what a bathos it would seem if, in the ballad of King Cophetua, the Beggar-maid should turn out to be a disguised Princess, or the village maiden, whom the Lord of Burleigh in Mr. Tennyson's poem leads home, a Lady of title! The present ballad is not satisfied to represent Bessie as "pleasant and bright," "of favours most fair," "courteous." It crowns her with vulgarer honours—showers riches on her, and proves her of high lineage.

Regium certe genus et penates
 Mœret iniquos.
 Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
 Plebe dilectam.

ITT. was a blind beggar *that* long lost his sight,
 he had a faire daughter both pleasant & bright,
 & many a gallant braue sutor had shee,
 4 for none was soe comelye as pretty Bessye.

A blind
 beggar had
 a fair
 daughter.

And tho shee was of ffavor most faire,
 yett seeing shee was but a beggars heyre,
 of ancyent houskeepers despised was shee,
 8 whose sonnes came as sutors to prettye Bessye.

House-
 holders
 despised her,

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
 "good ffather & mother, let me goe away
 to seeke out my fortune, where euer itt be."
 12 this sute then they granted to pretty Bessye.

so she

Then Bessye *that* was of bewtye soe bright,
 they cladd in gray russett, & late in the night
 with teares shee lamented her destinye ;
 16 soe sadd & soe heauy was pretty Bessye.

left her
 parents,

Shee went till shee came to Stratford the bow,
 then knew shee not whither nor *which* way to goe ;
 ffrom ffather & mother alone parted shee,
 20 who sighed & sobbed for pretty Bessye.

walkt to
 Stratford,

Shee kept on her Iourney till it was day,
 & went vnto Rumford along the hye way,
 & att the Queenes armes entertained was shee,
 24 soe faire & welfavoured was pretty Bessye.

stopt at the
 Queen's
 Arms,
 Rumford,

Shee had not beene there a month to an End,
 but *Master* & *Mistress*, and all, were her ffreind ;
 & euery braue gallant *that* once did her see,
 28 was straight-way in loue with pretty Bessye.

and all the
 gallants fell
 in love with
 her,

Great guifts they did giue her of siluer & gold,
 & in their songs daylye her loue was extold ;
 her beawtye was blessed in euery degree,
 32 soe faire & soe comlye was pretty Bessye.

sang of her
 beauty,

- and did her bidding. 36 The young men of Rumford in her had their Ioy,
shee showed herseffe curteous, & neuer to coye ;
and att her commandement wold they [ever] bee,
soe ffayre and soe comly was pretty Bessye.
- Four suitors sue her : 40 ffowre sutors att once thé vnto her did goe, [page 277]
thé craved her ffavor, but still shee sayd noe ;
“ I wold not wish gentlemen marry with mee : ”
yett euer thé honored pretty Bessye.
1. a rich London Merchant,
2. a Gentleman, 44 A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
was there the ffirst sutor, & proper with-all ;
the 2^d a genteleman of good degree,
who wooed & sued ffor pretty Bessye ;
3. a Knight,
4. the Land-lady's son, who will die for her. 48 The 3^d of them was a gallant young Knight,
& he came vnto her disguised in the night ;
her Mistress owne sonne the 4. man must bee,
who swore he wold dye ffor pretty Bessye.
- The Knight will make her a lady ; 52 “ And if thou wilt wedd with me,” quoth the Knight,
“ Ile make thee a Ladye with Ioy [and] delight ;
my hart is intralled by thy bewtye !
then grant me thy ffavor, my pretty Bessye ! ”
- the Gentleman will clothe her in velvet ; 56 The gentleman sayd, “ marry with mee ;
in silke & in veluett my bessye shalbee ;
my hart lyes distressed ; O helpe me ! ” quoth hee,
“ & grant me thy Loue, thou pretty Bessye ! ”
- the Merchant will give her jewels. 60 “ Let me bee thy husband ! ” the Merchant cold say,
“ thou shalt lue ín London both gallant & gay ;
my shippes shall bring home rych Iewells for thee ;
& I will ffor euer loue pretty Bessye.”
- Bessy refers them to her father. 64 Then Bessye shee sighed, & thus shee did say,
“ my ffather & mother I meane to obey ;
ffirst gett their good will, & be ffaithfull to mc,
& you shall enioye your prettye Bessye.”

- To euery one this answer shee made,
 wherfore vnto her they Ioyffullye sayd,
 "this thing to ffulfill wee doe all agree ;
 68 & where dwells thy ffather, my pretty Bessy ? "
- " My ffather," shee said, " is soone to be seene ;
 he is the blind beggar of Bednall greene,
 that daylye sitts begging ffor charitye ;
 72 he is the good ffather of pretty Bessye ;
- " his markes & his tokens are knowen ffull well,
 he alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell ;
 a silly blind man, god knoweth, is hee,
 76 yett hee is the good ffather of pretty Bessye."
- " Nay then," quoth the Merchant, " thou art not for mee ! "
 " nor," quoth the Inholder, " my Wiffe thou shalt bee ! "
 " I lothe," sayd the gentleman, " a beggars degree ;
 80 therffore, ffarwell, my pretty Bessye ! "
- " Why then," quoth the knight, " hap better or worsse,
 I way not true loue by the waight of my pursse,
 & bewtye is bewtye in euery degree,
 84 then welcome to me, my pretty Bessye !
- " With thee to thy ffather fforth will I goe."
 " nay sofft," quoth his kinsman, " itt must not be soe ;
 a beggars daughter noe Ladye shalbe ;
 88 therefore take thy due [leane] of pretty Bessye."
- But soone after this, by breake of the day,
 the knight ffrom Rumfford stole Bessye away.
 the younge men of Rumfford, as thicke as might bee,
 92 rode affter to ffeitch againe pretty Bessye ;
- As swift as they winde to ryd they were seene
 vntill they came to Bednall greene ;
 & as the knight lighted most curteouslye,
 96 thé ffought against him for pretty Bessye ;

Who is he ?

The Blind
Beggar of
Bednall
Greene,led by a dog
with a bell.The
Merchant,Innkeeper,
and Gentle-
man cry off.But the
Knight sayshe'll have
Bessy.His kinsman
says No :but he
carries off
Bessy.The Rum-
ford menovertake
him ;

but he is
rescued.

But rescue speedily came on the plaine,
or else the young knight ffor his loue had beene slaine.
this ffray being ended, then straight he did see
100 his kinsman came rayling against pretty Bessye.

The Blind
Beggar

offers to
give his girl
as much
gold as the
Knight's
kin will.

Then spake the blind Beggar, "althoe I be poore,
yett rayle not against my child at my dore ;
thoe shee be not decked in veluett & pearle,
104 yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle ;
" And then if my gold may better her birthe,
& equall the gold you lay on the earth,
then neyther rayle, nor grudge you to see
108 the blind beggars daughter a Lady to bee.

[page 278]

Agreed.

" Butt ffirst I will heare, & haue itt well Knowen,
the gold *that* you drop shall all be your owne."
with *that* they replied, " contented wee bee."
112 "then here is," quoth the Beggar, "ffor pretty Bessye."

The Beggar
lays down
angels
against the
Knight's

With *that* an angell he dropped on the ground,
& dropped in angells 500!
& oftentimes itt was proued most plaine,
116 ffor the gentlemans one the beggar dropt twayne,

till the
latter's store
is gone,

Soe *that* the place wherin the did sitt,
with gold was couered euery whitt.
the gentleman hauing dropped all his store,
120 said, " Beggar, hold ! for wee haue noe more.

and then
gives 100l.
more.

" Thou hast ffulfilled thy promise arright."
" then marry," quoth hee, " my girle to this *Knight* ;
& heere," quoth hee, " Ile throw you downe
124 a 100l more to buy her a gowne."

The gentleman *that* all this treasure had seene,
admired the beggar of Bednall greene,
& those *that* were her sutors before,
128 their fflesh for verry anger they tore.

Then was faire Bessye mached to the knight,
& made a Ladye in others despite;
a ffairer Ladye was neuer seene
132 then the Beggars daughter of Bednall gree[ne].

So fair Bessy
is made a
Lady,

But of their sumptuos marriage & ffeast,
& what brane Lords & *Knights* thither we[r]e prest,
the 2^d. fitt shall sett to sight,
136 with marueilous pleasure & wished delight.

and I'll
tell you all
about the
Marriage in
Fitt II.

[Part II.]

140 Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,
that late was betrothed vnto a younge Knight,
all the discourse ther-of you did see :
but now comes the wedding of pretty Bes[sye]. The wedding

2^d parte { within a gallant pallace most braue,
adorned with all the cost thé cold hane,
this wedding was kept most sumptuously,
144 & all ffor the creditt of pretty Bessye. is held in
a palace,

All kind of daintyes & delicates sweete
was brought ffor the banquet, as it most mee[t],
Partridge, plouer, & venison most ffree,
148 against the braue wedding of pretty Bessye.

and a grand banquet is made.

This marriage through England was sp[r]ead by
 repor[t],
 soe that a great number therto did resort
 of nobles & gentles in euery degree ;
 152 & all was ffor the ffame of pretty Bessye.

**Nobles and
gentles come
to it.**

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
h[i]s bride ffollowed, an angell most bright,
with troopes of Ladyes, the like were neuer seene
156 as went with Sweet Bessye of Bednall greene.

**Ladies
follow
Bessy to
church.**

After the
marriage,

comes the
feast,

This marryage being solempnized then
with musicke perfourmed by the skillfullest men,
the Nobles & gentles sate downe at *that* tyde,
160 each one beholding the beautifull bryde.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
to talke & to reason a number begunn
of the blind Beggars daughter most bright,
164 & what with his daughter he gaue to the Knight.

and then
the Beggar
is asked
for.

Then spake the Nobles, "most marueill haue wee,
this Iolly blind beggar wee cannott here see."
"my Lord," said the Bride, "my father is soe base,
168 he is loth by his *presence* these states¹ to disgrace;

Bessy's
beauty puts
away his
baseness.

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe'
before her fface heere, were a flattering thing."
"wee thinke thy ffathers basenesse," quoth they,
172 "might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

So the
Beggar
comes in

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
but in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cote,
a velluett capp and a ffether had hee,
176 & now a Musityan fforsooth hee wold bee;

with a lute,

And being led in, ffor catching of harme [page 279]
he had a dainty Lute vnder his arme,
saies, "please you to heare any Musicke of mee?
180 He sing you [a] song of pretty Bessye."

and sings a
song of

With *that* his lute he twanged straight-way,
& there begann most sweetlye to play,
& after a lesson was playd 2 or 3 :
184 he strayned on this song most delicatelye:

¹ Nobles.—F.

- “ A Beggars daughter did dwell on [a] greene,
 who ffor her ffaire might well be a queene;
 a blithe bonny Lasse, & daintye, was shee,
 188 & many a one called her pretty Bessye.”
- “ Her ffather hee had noe goods nor noe Lands,
 but begd ¹ for a penny all day with his hand[s];
 yett to her marriage hee gaue thousands 3 :
 192 & still he hath somewatt for pretty Bessye ;
- “ And if any one her birth doe disdaine,
 her ffather is ready with might & with maine
 to proove shee is come of a Noble degree ;
 196 therefore neuer flout att pretty Bessye.”
- With *that* the Lords & the companye round
 with harty Laughter were like to sound.
 att last said the Lords, “ full well wee may see,
 200 the Bride & the Beggar is behouldinge to thee.”
- With that the Bride all blushing did rise
 with the salt water within her faire eyes :
 “ O pardon my ffather, graue Nobles,” quoth shee,
 204 “ *that* thorrow blind affection thus doteth on mee.”
- “ If this be thy ffather,” the ² noble[s] did say,
 “ well may he be proud of this happy day ;
 yett by his countenaunce well may wee see,
 208 his birth & his ffortune did neuer agree ;
- “ And therfor, blind man, I pray thee bewray,
 & looke *that* the truth thou to vs doe say,
 thy birth & thy parentage, what itt may bee,
 212 euen for the loue thou bearest to pretty Bessye.”

the Beggar's
daughter,

Pretty
Bessy,

whose father
gave her
3,000*l.*,

and can
prove she's
of noble
birth.

The Lords
laugh.

Bessy begs
them to
excuse her
father's
praise of her.

The Lords
ask

the Blind
Beggar to
confess who
he really is.

¹ The *g* is made over a *d* in the MS.
—F.

² The *e* is made over a *g* in the MS.
—F.

He tells
them.

“Then giue me leaue, you Gengells¹ eche one,
a song more to sing, then will I goe on ;
& if *that* itt may not winn good report,
216 then doe not giue me a groat for my sport.

With King
Henry,

“When ffirst our King his fflame did Advance,
& fought for his title in delicate ffrance,
in many a place many perills past hee :
220 then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

went to
France
young
Mountford.

“And then in those warres went over to fight
many a braue duke, a Lord, & a Knight,
& with them younge Mountford, his courage most free :
224 but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

At Blois he
was
wounded,

“Att Bloyes there chanced a terrible day,
where many braue ffrenchmen vpon the ground Lay ;
amonge them Lay Mountford for companye :
228 but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

lost both
his eyes,
and nearly
his life,
but for a
young
woman

“But there did younge Mountford, by blow on the
face,
loose both his eyes in a very short space ;
& alsoe his liffe had beene gone with his sight,
232 had not a younge woman come forth in the night

who saved
him.

“Amongst the slaine men, as fancy did moue,
to search & to seeke for her owne true loue ;
& seeing young Mountford there gasping to bee,
236 shee saued his liffe through charitye.

Together
they begged ;

“And then all our vittalls, in Beggars attire [page 280]
att hands of good people wee then did require.

came to
Bednall
Greene,

att last into England, as now it is seene,
240 wee came, & remained att Bednall greene ;

¹ Gentles.—F.

“ And thus wee haue liued in ffortunes despite,
 tho ¹ poore, yett contented with humble delight ;
 & in my young ² yeeres, a comfort to bee,
 244 god sent mee my daughter, pretty Bessye. and begot
Pretty
Bessy.

“ And thus, noble Lords, my song I doe end,
 hoping the same noe man doth offend ;
 full 40 winters thus I haue beene,
 248 a silly blind beggar of Bednall greene.” That's the
Beggar's
tale.

Now when the companye euerye one
 did heare the strange tale in the song he had show[n],
 they were all amazed, as well thé might bee,
 252 both at the blind beggar & pretty Bessye. The Lords
wonder.

with *that* he did the fayre bride imbrace,
 saying, “ thou art come of an honourable race ;
 thy ffather likewise of a highe degree,
 256 & thou art well worthy a lady to bee ! ” The Beggar
embraces
Bessy,

Thus was the ffeast ended with Ioy & delight ;
 a br[i]degrome [blissful] was the young knight,
 who liued in Ioy & felicitye
 260 with his ffaire Ladye, pretty Bessye. and she and
her Knight
live happily.
 ffins.

¹ MS. the.—F.² ? old.—F.

Hugh : Spencer : ¹

[His great atchievements on an Embassy to france.—P.]

THIS piece is now printed from the Folio for the first time. It is no very considerable addition to English literature. It gives, with average dulness, a ridiculously bragging account of the achievements of one Sir Hugh Spencer at the court of France, whither he was dispatched as ambassador—a truly Philistine piece, such as might have been told at Gath or published at Askalon. There does not seem to be any historical ground for it. Not even the most triumphant English history of England contains any account of the terrifying a French king into promises of peace by the prowess of an English ambassador, as here happens when Spencer, with four others, manages to kill “about two or three score” of the King’s guards (p. 295, l. 134), after having slain “13 or 14 score on a previous occasion (p. 294, l. 122). The piece is, indeed, nothing better than a tissue of coarse English braggadocio. An English “old hackney” outvalues any one of a French knight’s war-steeds. An English staff is as stout as three French spears bound together. And as for an English man, why he is good for a French host. What a vulgar Philistine was this ballad-monger!

<p>The King tells Sir H. Spencer</p>	4	<p style="text-align: center;">THE: Court is kept att leene London, . & euermore shall be itt; the <i>King</i> sent for a bold Ambassador, & Sir Hugh Spencer <i>that</i> he hight.</p>
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¹ The subject of this Ballad seems to be all-together fabulous.—P.

- “come hither, Spencer,” saith our Kinge,
 “& come thou hither vnto mee,
 I must make thee an Embassadour
 8 betweene the *King* of ffrance & mee. to go to the
King of
France,
- “thou must comend me to the *King* of ffrance,
 & tell him thus & now ffrom mee,
 ‘I wold know whether there shold be peace in his land,
 12 or open warr kept still must bee.’ and ask him
whether he's
for peace or
war.
- “thoust haue thy shipp at thy comande,
 thoust neither want for gold nor ffee,
 thoust haue a 100 armed men
 16 all att thy bidding ffor to bee.”
- they ¹ wind itt serued, & they sayled,
 & towards ffrance thus they be gone ;
 they ¹ wind did bring them safe to shore,
 20 & safelye Landed euerye one. Spencer and
his men

land in
France.
- the ffrrenchmen lay on the castle wall ²
 the English souldiers to be-hold :
 “you are welcome, traitors, out of England ;
 24 the heads of you are bought and sold !” The French

count on
their heads.
- with *that* spake proud Spencer,
 “my leege, soe itt may not bee !
 I am sent an Embassador
 28 ffrom our English King to yee. Spencer says
he

comes from
the English
King
- “the *King* of England greetes you well,
 & hath sent this word by mee ;
 he wold know whether there shold be peace in your
 Land,
 32 or open warres kept still must bee.” to ask
whether it's
to be peace
or war.

¹ the.—P.² There is a tag at the end of this word in the MS.—F.

War, says
the French
King ;

“ Comend me to the English Kinge,
& tell this now ffrom mee ;
There shall neuer peace be kept in my Land [page 281]
36 while open warres kept there may bee.”

and his
Queen

sneers at
him for
talking to
English
traitors.

with *that* came downe the Queene of ffrance,
and an angry woman then was shee ;
saies, “ itt had beene as ffit now for a *King*
40 to be in his chamber with his ladye,
then to be pleading with traitors out of England
kneeling low vppon their knee.”

Spencer

calls her a
liar.

But then bespake him proud Spencer,
44 for noe man else durst speake but hee :
“ you haue not wiped your mouth, Madam,
since I heard you tell a lye.”

She dares
him to fight
her knight.

“ O hold thy tounge, Spencer ! ” shee said,
48 “ I doe not come to plead with thee ;
darest thou ryde a course of warr
with a knight *that* I shall put to thee ? ”

Spencer says
he has

neither
armour nor
steed.

“ but euer alacke ! ” then Spencer sayd,
52 “ I thinke I haue deserued gods cursse ;
ffor I haue not any armour heere,
nor yett I haue noe lusting horsse.”

The Queen
tells him he's
too spindle-
shanked,

“ thy shankes,” quoth shee, “ beneath the knee
56 are verry small aboue the shinne
ffor to doe any such honourablle deeds
as the Englishmen say thou has done.

and too
small-
thighed

for a
jouster.

“ thy shankes beene small aboue thy shoone,
60 & soe thé beene aboue thy knee ;
thou art to slender euery way,
any good luster ffor to bee.”

- “but euer alacke,” said Spencer then,
 64 “for one steed of the English countrie!”
 with *that* bespake & one ffrench knight,
 “this day thoust haue the Choyce of 3:”
- the first steed he ffeiched out,
 68 I-wis he was milke white.
 the ffirst ffoot Spencer in stirropp sett,¹
 his backe did from his belly type.²
- the 2^d steed *that* he ffeicht out,
 72 I-wis³ *that* hee was verry Browne;
 the 2^d ffoot Spencer in stirropp settt,
that horsse & man and all fell downe.
- the 3^d steed *that* hee ffeichted out,
 76 I-wis *that* he was verry blacke;
 the 3^d ffoote Spencer into the stirropp sett,
 he leaped on to the geldings backe.
- “but euer alacke,” said Spencer then,
 80 “for one good steed of the English countrie!”
 goe ffeitch me hither my old hacneye
that I brought with me hither beyond the sea.”
- but when his hackney there was brought,
 84 Spencer a merry man there was hee;
 saies, “with the grace of god & St. George of England,
 the ffeild this day shall goe with mee!”
- “I haue not fforgotten,” Spencer sayd,
 88 “since there was ffeild foughten att walsingam,
 when the horsse did heare the trumpetts sound,
 he did beare ore both horsse & man.”

A French
knight offers
him one of
three steeds:

1. a white

(whose back
breaks?),

2. a brown

(who
tumbles
down),

3. a black

which
Spencer
jumps on,

but soon
calls for his
old English
hack,

and hopes to
win the
fight with
him.

¹ There is a curl between the *e* and *t* in the MS.—F.

² ? MS. tylpe, with the *l* crossed at top: no doubt for *tyte*, quickly, or Sc. *tyte* to snatch, draw suddenly, Du. *tijden*

to draw, goe.—F.

³ As the *I wis* is followed by *that*, it may mean here ‘I know,’ and not be the adverb ‘certainly.’—F.

The joust
begins;

the day was sett, & togetther they mett
92 with great mirth & melodye,
with minstrells playing & trumpetts soundinge,
with drumes striking loud & hye.

Spencer
breaks his
French spear
on his
opponent;

the ffirst race that spencer run,
96 I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;
he [hit] the knight vpon his brest,
but his speare itt burst, & wold touch noe more.

asks for an
English one,

“but euer alacke,” said Spencer then,
100 “for one staffe of the English cuntrye!
without youle bind me 3 together,”
quoth hee, “theyle be to weake ffor mee.”

[page 282]

with *that* bespake him the ffrench Knight,
104 sayes, “bind him together the whole 30^{ye},
for I haue more strenght in my to hands
then is in all Spencers bodye.”

and bets the
Frenchman
five to four
he'll beat
him.

“but proue att parting,” spencer sayes,
108 “ffrench Knight, here I tell itt thee,
for I will lay thee 5 to 4
the bigger man I proue to bee.”

So they joust
again,

but the day was sett, & together they mett
112 with great mirth & melodye,
with minstrells playing & trumpetts soundinge,
with drummes strikeing loud & hye.

and Spencer

the 2^d race *that* Spencer run,
116 I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,
& he hitt the Knight vpon the brest,
& draue him ore his horsse beside.

unhorses the
French
knight,

but he run thorow the ffrench campe;
120 such a race was neuer run beffore;
he killed of *King* Charles his men
att hand of 13 or 14 score.

kills about
280 men,

- but he came backe againe to the K[ing]
 124 & kneeled him downe vpon his knee,
 saies, "a knight I haue slaine, & a steed I haue woone,
 the best *that* is in this countrie."
- and tells
King
Charles of
it.
- "but nay, by my faith," said the King,
 128 "Spencer, soe itt shall not bee;
 He haue *that* traitors head of thine
 to enter plea att my lollye."
- Charles says
he'll have
his head.
- but Spencer looket him once about;
 132 he had true bretheren left but 4:
 he killed ther of¹ the Kings gard
 about 2 or 3 score.
- Spencer
and his men
kill fifty of
the King's
Guard.
- "but hold thy hands," the King doth say,
 136 "Spencer! now I doe pray thee;
 & I will goe into litle England,
 vnto *that* cruell Kinge with thee."
- Charles
prays him
to stop,

and offers
to go to
England.
- "Nay, by my ffaith," Spencer sayd,
 140 "my leege, for soe itt shall not bee;
 for on² you sett³ ffoot on English ground,
 you shall be hanged vpon a tree."
- Spencer
refuses this.
- "why then, comend [me] to *that* English Kinge,
 144 & tell him thus now ffrom mee,
that there shall neuer be open warres kept in my Land
 whilst peace kept *that* there may bee."
 ffin.
- Then
Charles
promises
peace.

¹ MS. therof.—F.² on = an, if.—F.³ ? MS. seitt or settt.—F.

Kinge : Adler : ¹

THIS Adler may be the same with that one who appears in the ballad of *King Estmere*. As that ballad narrates the marriage of the elder brother Estmere, and how the younger Adler assisted to bring it about, so here the younger brother's wooing and winning are described, and how Estmere promoted them. Perhaps the lost second line made mention of Estmere. There seems to be an error in the eleventh verse: Estmere there should be Ardine. Both brothers are somewhat fastidious in their conjugal tastes. "I know not," says Estmere in the ballad dedicated to him in the *Reliques*,

"I know not that ladye in any lande
That is able to marry with mee."

And here Adler insists on a wife silk-soft, milk-white, lithe and lissome.

In this ballad the comic element predominates. The narrative is humorous, and so is the narration. The piece reads like a nursery tale, as Mr. Furnivall suggests in the note.

King Adler	<p>KINGE: Adler, as hee in his window Lay, [unto a stranger knight he did say, "I wold my lands they were as broada 4 as the red rose is in my garden : there were not that woman this day aliue, I kept to bee my wedded wiffe, without thé ² were as white as any milke 8 or as soft as any silke,</p>
------------	---

describes the wife he wants.

¹ Poor stuff.—P. No doubt meant for a nursery tale.—F.

² she.—F.

- & they royall rich wine ran downe her brest bone,
 & lord ! shee were & a leath ¹ maiden.”
- “ but Estmere our *King* has a daughter soe younge ;
- 12 god Lord ! shees as soft as any silke,
 & as white as any milke,
 the royall rich wine runes downe her brest bone,
 & lord ! shee is a leath maiden.”
- 16 “ but will you goe vnto *King* Ardine,
 & will *that* faire Lady *that* shee wilbe mine ? ”
- Hee tooke the fflood, & the winde was good, [page 283]
 vntill hee came vnto *that* Kings hall.
- 20 he grett them well both great & small :
 “Kinge Adler hath sent me hither to thee,
 & wills thy ffayre daughter, shee will his bee.”
- he sayes, “ if *King* Adler will my daughter winne,
- 24 of another manner he must begin :
 ifaith he shall bring Lords to the Mold,
 100 Shippes of good red gold,
 100 Shippes of Ladyes on the moure,
 28 100 Shippes of wheat boulted flower,
 100 Shippes of Ladyes bright,
 100 Shippes of new dubbd knights.
 yett he shall doe *that* is more pine,
- 32 he shall take the salt sea & turne itt to red wine ;
 when hee has done all these deeds,
 then my faire daughter shalbe his ;
 but I haue sett her on such a pinn,²
- 36 *King* Adler shall her neuer winne.”
- he tooke the flood, & they wind was good,
 & neuer stayd in noe stead
 vntill he came to Kinge Adlers hall.
- 40 he greeted them well both great & small,

A stranger
says his
king has the
daughter to
suit Adler.

“ Will you
go and ask
for her, for
me ? ”

The man
goes and
asks.

King
Estmere or
Ardine

recounts
what ship-
loads of
things Adler
must first
bring him,

and then
turn the sea
to red wine. •

Adler's
messenger
returns

¹ *Leath*, soft, supple, limber, pliant,
Denbighshire; in Halliwell's Gloss.
Lithe.—F.

² ? high point, station, or ‘fancy,

humour,’ as in ‘Each sett on a mery
pin,’ *Fryar & Boye*, l. 484, Lo. and Hum.
Songs, p. 28.—F.

and gives
him

saies " I haue beene att yonder *Kings* place
to speake with his daughter fayre of face ;
he sayes, if you will his daughter winne,

44 of another manner you must begin :

King
Estmere's
message :
the ship-
loads he's to
bring him,

you must bring lords to the mold,
100 Shippes of good redd gold,
100 Shippes of Ladyes of the moure,

48 100 Shippes of wheat boulted flower,

100 Shippes of Ladyes bright,
100 Shippes of new dubdd knights ;

and then
turn the sea
into wine.

& yett you must doe *that* is more pine,

52 take the salt sea & turne it to red wine ;

but he hath sett her on such a pinne
that you can her neuer winne."

Adler says

" some thing you must doe for mee,

56 I tell you all in veretye ;

they must
dress him as
a woman,
and take him
to the
Princess's
court to
board with
her ladies.

in Ladyes [clothes¹] will yee mee bowne,

& bring mee to *that* Ladyes towne,

& boaird me there one yeere or towe

60 amongst those Ladyes for to² goe,

& board³ me there yeeres 2 or 3 :

amongst those faire Ladyes for to bee."

His
messenger
takes him,

he tooke the flood, & the wind was good,

64 & he neuer stayd nor stoode

vntill he came to *that* Ladyes hall :

he greeted them well both great & small,

sayes, " heere I haue brought a fayre Ladye ;

and tells
Estmere he
has brought
a lady to
board among
his ladies.

68 from her owne ffreinds shee is comen to bee ;

I must board her a yeere or tow

amongst your Ladyes for to goe."

these Ladyes sate all on a rowe ;

72 some began to cut silke, some for to sowe ;

¹ clothes, qu.—P.

² a *K*, seemingly marked out, stands
between *to* and *goe*.—F.

³ Mr. Gee, in his *Vocabulary of B.
Words*, gives *board* v. n. lodge, as early as
1390 A.D.—F.

- the *Kings* daughter sayes, "your ffingars are too
great,
or else your eyes beene out of seat,—
I tell you full soone anon,—
76 to sowe silke or Lay gold on."
but ere the 12 moneth was come & gone
he wan the farrest Ladye of euerye one.
thé cast the lot, & one by one,
80 & all the Ladyes euerye one
they cast it ouer 2 or 3 :
King Adler fell with the *Kings* daughter to lye.
but when they were in bedd Laid,
84 these words vnto her then hee said ;
saies, "Lady, were *that* man this day alieue
that you wold be his wedded wiffe,
& were *that* man soe highlye borne
88 *that* you wold be his hend lemman ?"
"there is noe man this day alieue
I kept to be his wedded wiffe,
without itt were King Adler, hee,
92 the noblest *Knight* in Christentye.
my father hath sett me on such a pinne,¹
King Adler must me neuer winne."
"but, Ladye, how &² soe betyde
96 King Adler were in your bed hidd ?
wold you not call them all att a stowre,
none of the Ladyes within your bower ?
nor wold you not call them all at a call,
100 none of the Lords in your fathers hall ?
nor wold you not call them all by-deene,
your ffather the *King*, nor your mother the queene ?
but soe quickly you wold gett you bowne,
104 to goe with King Adler out of the towne ?"
sais shee, "if itt wold soe betyde
King Adler were in my bed hidd,

The Princess
tells Adler
his fingers
are too big.

One night
they cast
lots for bed-
fellows,

[page 284]

and Adler
wins the
Princess.

He asks her
whom she'd
like to
marry.

"King
Adler."

"Suppose he
were in your
bed,

would you
wake up
your ladies

and the
King and
Queen, or
elope with
Adler ?"

¹ MS. pime.—F.

² an, if.—F.

"I wouldn't
call up my
ladies,

I wold not call them all in stowre,
108 none of the Ladyes in my bower ;
nor I wold not call them all att a call,
none of the Lords in my fathers hall ;
nor I wold not call them all by-deenee,
112 my ffather the King, nor my mother the Queene ;

but would
go off with
Adler."

but soe quicklye I wold gett me bowne
to goe with King Adler out of the towne."

Adler
discovers
himself,

"but turne thee, Ladye, hither to mee !
116 for I am the K[ing] that speakes to thee ! "

"alacke ! King Adler ! I shall catch cold,
for I can neuer tread on the mold,
but vpon rich cloth of gold

120 that is 5 thousand fold."

carries his
love off
under his
arm, and
sails away
home.

"peace, faire Lady ! youst catch noe harme,¹
for I will carry you vnder mine arme."

he tooke the fflood, & the winde was good,

124 & he neuer stinted nor stood

vtill he came to his owne hall ;

he greeted them well both great & small.

May we all
prosper till
men wed so !

god send vs all to be well, & none to be woe,
128 vtill they wine their true loue soe !

ffins.

¹ harne in MS.—F.

Down the left margin of this p. 284
of the MS. is written :

*my sweet brother sweet Cous Edward
Revell Booke Elizabeth Renell.*

And in the same hand are written on the
right of verse 3 of "Boy and Mantle"
the sam and f henerey.—F.

Boy and Mantle.¹

THIS ballad was printed by Professor Child as the first in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, under the title of "The Boy and the Mantle," with the following Introduction:—

No incident is more common in romantic fiction, than the employment of some magical contrivance as a test of conjugal fidelity, or of constancy in love. In some romances of the Round Table, and tales founded upon them, this experiment is performed by means either of an enchanted horn, of such properties that no dishonoured husband or unfaithful wife can drink from it without spilling, or of a mantle which will fit none but chaste women. The earliest known instances of the use of these ordeals are afforded by the *Lai du Corn*, by Robert Bikez, a French minstrel of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the *Fabliau du Mantel Mautailié*, which, in the opinion of a competent critic, dates from the second half of the thirteenth century, and is only the older lay worked up into a new shape. (Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 327, sq., 342, sq.) We are not to suppose, however, that either of these pieces presents us with the primitive form of this humorous invention. Robert Bikez tells us that he learned his story from an abbot, and that "noble ecclesiast" stood but one further back in a line of tradition which curiosity will never follow to its source. We shall content ourselves with noticing the most remarkable cases of the use of these and similar talismans in imaginative literature.

In the *Roman de Tristan*, a composition of unknown anti-

¹ This seems to have furnish'd the Hint of Florimel's Girdle to Spencer. Lib. 4. Cant. 2. St. 25 seq. Lib. 5. Cant. 5.—P.

quity, the frailty of nearly all the ladies at the court of King Marc is exposed by their essaying a draught from the marvellous horn, (see the English *Morte Arthur*, Southey's ed. i. 297). In the *Roman de Perceval*, the knights, as well as the ladies, undergo this probation. From some one of the chivalrous romances Ariosto adopted the wonderful vessel into his *Orlando*, (xlii. 102, sq., xliii. 31, sq.,) and upon his narrative La Fontaine founded the tale and the comedy of *La Coupe Enchantée*. In German, we have two versions of the same story,—one, an episode in the *Krone* of Heinrich vom Türlein, thought to have been borrowed from the *Perceval* of Chrétien de Troyes, (*Die Sage vom Zauberbecher*, in Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 378,) and another, which we have not seen, in Bruns, *Beiträge zur kritischen Bearbeitung alter Handschriften*, ii. 139; while in English, it is represented by the highly amusing “bowrd,” which we are about to print, and which we have called *The Horn of King Arthur*.¹ The forms of the tale of the mantle are not so numerous. The *fabliau* already mentioned was reduced to prose in the sixteenth century, and published at Lyons, (in 1577,) as *Le Manteau mal taillé*, (Legrand's *Fabliaux*, 3rd ed. i. 126,) and under this title, or that of *Le Court Mantel*, is very well known. An old fragment (*Der Mantel*) is given in Haupt and Hoffmann's *Altdeutsche Blätter*, ii. 217, and the story is also in Bruns' *Beiträge*. Lastly, we find the legends of the horn and the mantle united, as in the German ballad *Die Ausgleichung*, (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 389,) and in the English ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle*, where a magical knife is added to the other curiosities. All three of these, by the way, are claimed by the Welsh as a part of the *insignia* of Ancient Britain, and the special property of Tegau Eurvron, the wife of Caradog with the strong arm. (Jones, *Bardic Museum*, p. 49.)

In other departments of romance, many other objects are

¹ Child's Ballads, i. 17–27, from MS. Ashmole 61, fol. 59–62.

endowed with the same or an analogous virtue. In Indian and Persian story, the test of innocence is a red lotus-flower; in *Amadis*, a garland, which fades on the brow of the unfaithful; ¹ in *Perceforest*, a rose. The *Lay of the Rose* in *Perceforest* is the original (according to Schmidt) of the much-praised tale of Senecé, *Camille, ou la Manière de filer le parfait Amour*, (1695),—in which a magician presents a jealous husband with a portrait in wax, that will indicate by change of colour the infidelity of his wife,—and suggested the same device in the twenty-first novel of Bandello, (Part First,) on the translation of which in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, (vol. ii. No. 28,) Massinger founded his play of *The Picture*. Again, in the tale of *Zeyn Alasman and the King of the Genii*, in the *Arabian Nights*, the means of proof is a mirror, that reflects only the image of a spotless maiden; in that of the carpenter and the king's daughter, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (c. 69,) a shirt, which remains clean and whole as long as both parties are true; in *Palmerin of England*, a cup of tears, which becomes dark in the hands of an inconstant lover; in the *Fairy Queen*, the famous girdle of Florimel; in *Horn and Rimnild* (Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, iii. 301,) as well as in one or two ballads in this collection [ed. Child], the stone of a ring; in a German ballad, *Die Krone der Königin von Afion*, (Erlach, *Volkslieder der Deutschen*, i. 132,) a golden crown, that will fit the head of no incontinent husband. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, we may add three instances of a different kind: the Valley in the romance of *Lancelot*, which being entered by a faithless lover

¹ So also in the well-told story of *The Wright's Chaste Wife* (E. E. T. Soc. 1865) a garland is the test:

Haue here thys garlond of roses ryche,
In alle thys lond ys none yt lyche;

For ytt wylle euer be newe
(Wete þou wele withowtyn fable,)
Alle the whyle thy wyfe ys stable

The chaplett wolle hold hewe;
And yf thy wyfe vse putry,
Or tolle eny man to lye her by,
Then wolle yt change hewe;
And by the garlond þou may see,
Fekylle or fals yf þat sche be,
Or ellys yf sche be trewe.

l. 53—66.—F.

would hold him imprisoned forever; the Cave in *Amadis of Gaul*, from which the disloyal were driven by torrents of flame; and the Well in *Horn and Rimnild*, (*ibid.*) which was to show the shadow of Horn, if he proved false.

In conclusion, we will barely allude to the singular anecdote related by Herodotus, (ii. 111,) of Phero, the son of Sesostris, in which the experience of King Marc and King Arthur is so curiously anticipated. In the early ages, as Dunlop has remarked, some experiment for ascertaining the fidelity of women, in defect of evidence, seems really to have been resorted to. "By the Levitical law," (*Numbers* v. 11-31,) continues that accurate writer, "there was prescribed a mode of trial, which consisted in the suspected person drinking water in the tabernacle. The mythological fable of the trial by the Stygian fountain, which disgraced the guilty by the waters rising so as to cover the laurel wreath of the unchaste female who dared the examination, probably had its origin in some of the early institutions of Greece or Egypt. Hence the notion was adopted in the Greek romances, the heroines of which were invariably subjected to a magical test of this nature, which is one of the few particulars in which any similarity of incident can be traced between the Greek novels and the romances of chivalry." See DUNLOP, *History of Fiction*, London, 1814, i. 239, sq.; LEGRAND, *Fabliaux*, 3d ed., i. 149, sq., 161; SCHMIDT, *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, xxix. 121; WOLF, *Ueber die Lais*, 174-177; and, above all, GRAESSE'S *Sagenkreise des Mittelalters*, 185, sq.

The Boy and the Mantle was [said to be] "printed verbatim" from the Percy MS., in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 38.

A boy comes
to Carlisle

IN the third day of May,

to Carleile did come

a kind curteous child

4 that cold much of wisdom.

- a kirtle & a Mantle
 this Child had vppon,
 with brauches ¹ and ringes,
 8 full richelye bedone. richly
dressed and
jewelled.
- he had a sute of silke
 about his middle drawne ;
 without he cold ² of curtesye,
 12 he thought itt much shame.
- “god speed thee, *King Arthur*,
 sitting att thy meate!
 & the goodlye Queene Gueneuer!
 16 I canott her fforgett. He greets
Arthur

and
Guenevere,
- “I tell you Lords in this hall,
 I hett you all heate,³ [page 285]
 except you be the more surer
 20 is you for to dread.”
- he plucked out of his potewer,⁴ and pulls
out of his
bag
 & longer wold not dwell,
 he pulled forth a pretty mantle a mantle
 24 betweene 2 nut-shells.
- “haue thou here *King Arthure*,
 haue thou heere of mee ;
 giue itt to thy comely queene
 28 shapen as itt is alreadye ; which he
tells Arthur

to give to
Guenevere.
- “itt shall neuer become *that* wiffe
that hath once done amisse.”
 then euery *Knight* in the *Kings* court
 32 began to care for his wiffe.⁵

¹ Brooches.—P. ? MS. branches.—F.² knew.—F.³ heed, qu.—P. heede.—*Rel.* hete,
a promise.—F.⁴ See pag. 382, ver. 98 [poteuere in*Sir Degree.*—P. poterver.—*Rel.* The
first syllable must be *porte*, carry.—F.⁵ began to care for his.—P. ? care in
MS.—F

Guenevere forth came dame Gueneuer;
 takes it. to the mantle shee her biled¹:
 the Ladye shee was new fangle,²
 36 but yett shee was affrayd.

 when shee had taken the Mantle,
 shee stode as she had beene madd:
 It tears in it was from the top to the toe
 two, 40 as sheeres had itt shread.³

 and changes one while was itt gaule,⁴
 colour. another while was itt greene,
 another while was itt wadded,—
 44 ill itt did her beseeme,—

 another while was it blacke
 & bore the worst hue.
 Arthur “by my troth,” quoth King Arthur,
 thinks she is 48 “I thinke thou be not true.”
 not true.

 Guenevere shee threw downe the mantle
 that bright was of blee.⁵
 rushes off fast with a rudd⁶ redd
 blushing, 52 to her chamber can shee flee;

 curses the shee curst the weauer & the walker⁷
 mantle- that clothe *that* had wrought,
 maker & bade a vengeance on his crowne
 and the 56 that hither hath itt brought;
 child,

 and says “I had rather be in a wood
 she’d rather vnder a greene tree,
 be in a wood then in King Arthurs court
 than 60 shamed for to bee.”
 shamed.

¹ Query the *le* in the MS.—F. hied.
—*Rel.*

² *new fangle* is fond of a new thing,
catching at novelties, ab. A.-S. *fangan*,
apprehendere, capere, corripere, hinc
fang, Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

³ i. e. divided.—P.

⁴ gule, qu.—P. red.—F.

⁵ colour, complexion, *bleoh*—idem,
Saxon.—P.

⁶ Complexion.—P.

⁷ Fuller, Jun.—P. A.-S. *wealcere*.—F.

Kay called forth his ladye,
 & bade her come neere;
 saies, "madam, & thou be guiltye,
 64 I pray thee hold thee there."

Kay calls
 forth his
 wife.

forth came his Ladye
 shortlye & anon;
 boldlye to the Mantle
 68 then is shee gone.

She tries the
 mantle,

when she had tane the Mantle
 & cast it her about,
 then was shee bare
 72 all aboute the Buttocckes.¹

but it leaves
 her buttocks
 bare.

then euery Knight
 that was in the Kings court
 talked, laug[h]ed, & showted,
 76 full oft att *that* sport.

shee threw downe the mantle
 that bright was of blee:
 ffast with a red rudd
 80 to her chamber can shee flee.

She runs off
 with a red
 face.

forth came an old Knight
 pattering² ore a creede,
 & he proffered to this litle boy
 84 20 markes to his meede,

An old
 knight offers
 the boy a
 reward

& all the time of the Christmasse
 willingglye to ffeede;
 for why this Mantle might
 88 doe his wiffe some need.

to try it on
 his wife.

¹ Before all the rout.—*Rel.*

² patter, obscuro murmure humilibus
que susurris hypocritarum instar, coram
populo preculas fundere—Junius. They

say in Shropshire to *pather*, i. e. to make
 a noise, as when one rubs the feet
 against the ground, & scratches.—P.

- She takes it, When shee had tane the mantle [page 286]
 of cloth *that* was made,
 and has only shee had no more left on her
 a tassel and 92 but a tassell & a threed.
 thread on then euery *Knight* in the *Kings* court
 her. bade "euill might shee speed."
- She rushes shee threw downe the Mantle
 off shamed, 96 *that* bright was of blee,
 & fast with a redd rudd
 to her chamber can shee flee.
- Craddock Craddocke called forth his Ladye,
 tells his wife 100 & bade her come in ;
 to try saith, "winne this mantle, Ladye,
 with a litle dinne :
- and win the "winne this mantle, Ladye,
 mantle. 104 & it shalbe thine
 if thou neuer did amisse
 since thou wast mine."
- She comes, forth came Craddockes Ladye
 108 shortlye & anon,
 but boldlye to the Mantle
 then is shee gone.
- puts it on ; when shee had tane the mantle
 112 & cast itt her about,
 it begins to vpp att her great toe
 crinkle up. itt began to crinkle ¹ & crowt ;
 shee said "bowe downe, Mantle,
 116 & shame me not for nought ;

¹ to crinkle, to go in & out, to run in flexures ; from *krinckelen Belg.* Johnson.

—P. *Crout*, a variant of *crowd*, to draw close together.—F.

- “once I did amisse,
 I tell you certainlye,
 when I kist Craddockes mouth
 120 Vnder a greene tree,
 when I kist Craddockes mouth
 before he marryed mee.”
 when shee had her shreenen,¹
 124 & her sines shee had tolde,
 the mantle stode about her
 right as shee wold,
 seemelye of coulour,
 128 glittering like gold.
 then euery Knight in Arthurs court
 did her behold.
 then spake dame Gueneuer
 132 to Arthur our King,
 “she hath tane yonder mantle,
 not with wright² but with wronge !
 “see you not yonder woman
 136 that maketh her selfe soe cleare³ ?
 I haue seene tane out of her bedd
 of men fueteeene,
 “Preists, Clarkes, & wedded men
 140 from her by-deene !
 yett shee taketh the mantle
 & maketh her-selfe cleane !”
 then spake the litle boy
 144 that kept the mantle in hold ;
 sayes “King ! Chasten thy wiffe !
 of her words shee is to bold.
- She confesses
 that she
 kissed
 Craddock
 before he
 married her.
 The mantle
 uncrinkles.
 clothes her,
 and glitters
 like gold.
 Guenevere
 maligns
 Craddock's
 wife,
 says she has
 seen fifteen
 men taken
 out of her
 bed.
 The Boy
 tells Arthur
 to restrain
 his wife,

¹ i. e. confessed: shrive, fateri, confiteri. Hinc shrovetide. Jun.—P.

² right.—P.
³ cleane.—P.

who is a
whore,

148 "shee is a bitch & a witch,
& a whore bold!

and has
cuckolded
him.

King, in thine owne hall
thou art a Cuchold!"

The Boy sees
a boar;

152 A litle boy¹ steode
looking ouer a dore;
he was ware of a wyld bore²
wold haue werryed a man.

runs out, cuts
off its head.

156 he pulld forth a wood kniffe;
fast thither *that* he ran;
he brought in the bores head,
& quitted him like a man.

brings it
in,

160 he brought in the bores head,
and was wonderous bold:

and says no
cuckold
can cut it.

He said, "there was neuer a Cucholds [page 287]
kniffe
carue itt that cold."

Some
knights

164 some rubbed their k[n]iues
vppon a whetstone;
some threw them vnder the table,
& said they had none.

throw their
knives
away;

King Arthus & the Child

168 stood looking them vpon³;
all their k[n]iues edges
turned backe againe.

others try,
but can't cut
it.

Craddock

172 Craddoccke had a litle kniue
of Iron & of steele;
he birtled⁴ the bores head

cuts up the
head.

¹ The little boy.—P.

² And there as he was looking
He was ware of a wyld Bore.

Qu.—P.

³ upon them, Qu.—P.

⁴ birtled, or britled.—P. A.-S. *bryt-*
tian, to divide into fragments, distribute.
—F.

wonderous weelee,
that euery Knight in the Kings court
 176 had a morssell.

the litle boy had a horne
 of red gold *that* ronge ;
 he said, "there was noe Cuckolde
 180 shall drinke of my horne,
 but he shold itt sheede
 Either behind or beforne."

The Boy
 says no
 cuckold can
 drink out of
 his horn
 without
 spilling.

some shedd on their shoulder,
 184 & some¹ on their knee ;
 he *that* cold not hitt his mouth
 put it in his eye ;
 & he *that* was a Cuckold,
 188 euery man might him see.

Many try,

Craddoccke wan the horne
 & the bores head ;
 his ladye wan the mantle
 192 vnto her meede.
 Euerye such a louely Ladye,
 God send her well to speede !

but
 Craddock
 alone can
 do it.

God bless
 ladies like
 Craddock's
 wife!

ffins.

¹ sone in the MS.—F.

[“ *When as I doe reccord,*” printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs,
p. 68–9, follows here in the MS.]

White rose & red: ¹

[Page 288 of MS.]

THIS is but a pedestrian composition, being nothing more than a passage of a dull and not very accurate history of England turned into yet duller and as inaccurate verse. It was written, or perhaps was revised and added to, after 1619, as the Queen of James I., Anne of Denmark, is spoken of as dead and gone (v. 198), and she died in that year. The principal hero is Henry VII., who is pronounced a paragon of virtue, and *inter alia* a most faithful and affectionate husband. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, has been the poetaster's motto; or rather *De Tudore mortuo nil nisi optimum*. The piece may have had its use in aiding and abetting the memories of the common people. Books were not yet so cheap and plentiful but that artificial memory-helps were welcome. The ballad form was in extreme requisition and popularity for all manners of subjects in the first half of the seventeenth century. Everything was be-balladed.

In the wars
of the Roses

WHEN yorke & Lancaster made warre
within this ffamous Land,
the lues of all our Noble men
4 did in great danger stand.

many
kings were
left heirless,

7 Kings in bloodye ffeilde
ffor Englands crowne did fight,
& yett their heyres were, all but twaine,
8 of liffe bereaued quite.

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, Vol. 2. p. 206, N. xv.—P.

Written or recast in James I.'s time: see lines 78, 149.—F.

- ther 30000 Englishmen
 were in one battell slaine ;
 yett all *that* English blood cold not
 12 one setled peace obtaine. and 30,000
lives
- father[s] killed their owne deare sonne,
 the sonnes the ffathers slew,
 & kinsmen ffought against their *King*,
 16 & none eche other knew. secured no
peace.
- att Lenght, by Heneryes Lawfull claime,¹
 these wasting warres had end,
 for Englands peace he did restore,
 20 & did the same defend. But Henry
VII.
- ffor tyrant Richard named the 3^d,
 the breeder of this woe,
 by him was slaine nere Leister towne,
 24 as chronicles doe shoe. slew Richard
III.
- all ffear of warr was then Exiled,
 which Ioyed eche Englishman ;
 & dayes of long desired peace
 28 within this Land began. and brought
peace

to the land.
- he ruled this kingdome by true loue,
 to gaine his subiects liues ;
 then men liued quietly att home
 32 with their children & their wiues.
- King* Henery tooke such princely care
 our ffurther peace to frame,
 tooke ffaire Elizabeth to wiffe,²
 36 *that* gallant yorkshire dame. Henry

married

¹ One stroke of the *m* is wanting in the MS.—F. ² See *Ladye Bessye* in vol. iii.—F.

4 Edwardes daughter, blest of god,
 to scape king Edwards ¹ spight,
 was thus made Englands peereles *Queene*,
 40 & Heneryes hartes delight.

York's
 heiress ;

this Henery, ffirst of Tuders name
 & last of Lancaster,
 with Yorkes right heyre a true lones knott
 44 did knitt & make ffast there.

the White
 Rose bedded
 with the
 Red ;

renowned yorke, the white rose gane ;
 braue Lancaster the redd ;
 by wedlocke both inoynd were
 48 to lye in one princely bed.

and they are
 a badge in
 the Royal
 Arms.

these roses grew, & buded fayre,
 & with soe good a grace,
that Kings of Engl[a]nd in their armes ²
 52 affords a worthy place.

May they
 flourish
 still !

& flourish may these roses still,
that all they world may tell !
 the owners of these princely fflowes
 56 in vertue to Exell !

To glorifye these roses more,
 king henerye & his *Queene*
 did place their pictures in red gold,
 60 most gorgeous to be seene.

[page 289]

The King's
 Guard wear

the *Kings* owne guard doe weare them now
 vpon their backe & brest,
 where lone & loyaltye remaines,
 64 & euermore may rest.

¹ That is, Richard's.—Adams.

² The Red and White Roses never
 were, strictly speaking, in the Royal

Arms, but were and are a badge borne
with them.—G. E. Adams, *Rouge Dragon*.

- the red rose on the backe is placed,
 thereon a crowne of gold ;
 the wh[i]te rose on the brest as rich,
 68 and castlye¹ to behold,
 bedecked with siluer studdes,
 & coates of scarlett & redd,
 a blushing hew, which Englands fame
 72 this many yeeres hath spredd.
 this Tudor & Plantaginett
 these honors first devised
 to welcome home a settled peace
 76 by vs soe dearlye prized :
 which peace now maintained is
 by Iames our gracyous Kinge ;
 ffor peace brings plentye to this Land,
 80 with many a blessed thing.
 to speake of Heneryes praise againe :
 his princley liberall hand
 gaue giufts & graces many wayes
 84 vnto this ffamous Land.
 wherfore the Lord him blessing sent
 for to encrease his store,
 for *that* he left more welthe to vs
 88 then any King before.
 the first blessing was to his Queene,
 a giuft aboue the rest,
 which brought him sonnes & daughters faire
 92 to make his Kingdome blest.
 the royall blood, which was att Ebbe,
 soe encreased by this Queene,
that Englands heyre vnto this day
 96 doth flourish ffresh & greene.

the Red Rose
on their
backs,

the White
on their
breasts,

on their
scarlet
coats,

in honour of
peace so
prized

(which
James
preserves).

Henry gave
liberally,

and the Lord
blest him,

with sons
and
daughters

(whose line
continues
now).

¹ costlye.—F.

His heir,
Arthur
prince of
Wales,
sailed to
Spain

the first blossome of this seed
was Arthur, Prince of wales,
whose vertue to the Spanish court
100 quite ore the Ocean sayles,

and married
Ferdinand's
daughter
Katherine,

where fferdinando, *King* of Spayne,
his daughter Katherine gaue
ffor wiffe vnto this English Prince
104 a thing which god wold haue.

but died
young,
(April 1502,)

yett Arthur, in his loftye youth
& blooming time of age,
resigned vp his sweetest liffe
108 to deathes imperyall rage.

to England's
grief.

who dying thus, noe Issue left,—
the sweet of natures Ioy,—
did compasse England round with greeffe,
112 & Spaine with sadd annoye.

But Henry
VII. had
another boy,
Henry VIII.,

yett Henery, to increase his Ioy,
a Henery of his name,
in ffollowing time 8 Henery called,¹
116 a king of worthy ffame ;

who
conquered
French
towns,

he Conquered Bullein with his sword,
& many townes of ffrance ;
his kinglye manhood & his fortitude
120 did Englands ffame advance.

put down
Papistry,

then Popish Abbyes he supprest,
& Pappistrye put downe,
& bound their Land by Parlaiment
124 vnto his royall crowne.

¹ The *d* is made over an *l* in the MS.—F.

- he had 3 Children by 3 Queenes,
 all Princes raiging here,
 Edward, Marry, & Elizabeth,
 128 A Queene beloued most deere. [page 290]
- yett these 3 branches bare noe fruite;
 noe such blessing god did send;
 wherby the King by Tudors name
 132 in England here hath end.
- Plantaginett ffirst Tudor was
 named Elizabeth;
 Ellizabeth Last Tudor was,
 136 the greatest Queene on Earth.
- This Tudor & Plantaginett,
 by yeelding vnto death,
 haue made steward now the greates[t] King
 140 that is now vpon the earth.
- to speake of the 7 Henery I must,
 whose grace gaue ffree consent
 to haue his daughters marryed both
 144 to kings of his descent.
- his Eldest daughter Margaret
 was made great Scottlands Queene,
 as wise, as ffaire, as vertuous,
 148 as euer¹ was Ladye seene.
- of this faire *Queene* our royall King
 by Lineall course descended,
 which weareth now the Imperyall crowne,
 152 which god now still defendeth.

and had
three
children,
who all
reigned,

but left no
issue.

The first and
last Tudors
were
Elizabetha.

A Stewart
now reigns.

Henry VII.

married his
eldest
daughter to

the King of
Scotland,

and James
is her
descendant.

¹ Only one stroke for the *u* in the MS.—F.

Henry's
second
daughter
first
married the
King of
France,

his second daughter, Marye called,
as Princelye by degree,
was by her ffather worthy thought
156 the Queene of ffrance to bee ;

and then the
Duke of
Suffolk.

& after to the Duke of Suffollke
was made a Noble wiffe ;
& in this ffamous English court
160 shee led a virtuous liffe.

Henry VII.
and his
Queen
reioiced ;

thus Henery & his louely Queene
reioiced to see that day,
to haue their Children thus advancet
164 to honors euery way,

which purchased pleasure & content
with many a yeeres delight,
till sad mischance by cruell death
168 procured them both a spighte.

but the
Queen

this worthy Queene, this gracyous dame,
this mother meeke and mild,
to add more number to their Ioyes,
172 againe proued bigg with child ;

proved with
child,

wheratt the King reioiced much,
& against *that* carefull hower

went to the
Tower of
London,

he lodged his deere & louelye Queene
176 in Londons stately Tower.

and died
there

which Tower proued ffatall once
to Princes of degree ;
itt proued ffatall to this Queene,
180 for therin died shee,

in childbed.

in Child bed [she] lost he[r] sweet liffe,
her liffe esteemed soe deere,
which had beene Englands Louely *Queene*
184 many a happy ycere.

therefore the *King* was greened sore,
 & many monthes did mourne,
 & wept & sighet, & said "like her
 188 he cold not ffind out one;

Henry
 mourned,

"nor none he wold in ffancy chuse
 to make his wedded wiffe,
 but a widdower he wold remaine
 192 the remnant of his liffe."

and vowed

to remain a
 widower.

his latter dayes he spent in peace
 & quiettnesse of mind.
 like *King* & *Queene* as these 2 were,
 196 the world can hardlye ffind!

Two like
 these can
 scarce be
 found.

yett such a *King* as now wee haue,
 & such a *Queene* wee had,
 who hath heauenly powers from aboue,
 200 & giusts¹ as thé 2 hadd.

God saue our Prince, & *King* & Land,
 & send them long to raigine!
 in health, in welth, in quietnesse,
 204 amongst vs to remaine! ffinns.

God bless
 our King
 and land!

¹ ? ghosts, spirits; or *miswritten* for giufts.—F.

Bell my Wiffe.¹

THE Folio version of this song is here printed in its integrity for the first time; for in the copy given in the *Reliques*, "the corruptions" "are removed by the assistance of the Scottish edition"—that in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Our readers will not be sorry to see these "corruptions." They give, indeed, a somewhat different turn to the piece. Whereas in the ordinary version, the temptation against which the good man is warned is vaguely "pride," it takes in the Folio MS. a more definite shape. He is tempted to abandon his agricultural life and turn courtier. He vows:

I'll go find the court within,
I'll no longer lend nor borrow,
I'll go find the court within,
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

Bell, his wife, rejoins:

—good husband, follow my counsel now:
Forsake the court and follow the plough.
Man, take thy old coat about thee.

This definiteness inclines us to believe that this version is older than the current one. The poem naturally grew vaguer as it grew generally popular.

That it enjoyed an extensive popularity is shown by the appearance of one of its verses in *Othello*, and the delight with

¹ This Song is in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, p. 105, [1753]. The printed copy is much better than this, if it has not had some modern Improvements.

This seems to have been strip'd of its Scottisms by some English hand: which is observable of some other in this Collection.—P.

which Cassio hears Iago troll it out. “ ‘Fore God, an excellent song,” says the lieutenant of “ And let the canakin clink, clink;” and of “ King Stephen was a worthy peer,” “ Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.”

The dialect in which it is written, and the general character of the piece—its scenery, its economy, its canniness—clearly imply a northern origin. As to the time at which it was written, all that can be said is, that it clearly reflects an age of social disturbance and alteration—an age growing “so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.” The piece is something more than a mere humorous domestic altercation as to the replenishing of a husband’s wardrobe. It is, in fact, a controversy between the spirits of Social Revolution and Social Conservatism. The man is anxious to better himself, no longer content to tend cows and drive the plough; his neighbours are rising and advancing around him; the clown is not now distinguishable from the gentleman. The old arrangements have had their day. Metaphorically, the old scarlet cloak, which some four-and-forty years ago was so satisfactory, and kept out so well the wind and rain, is now but a “sorry clout,” looks right mean and shabby among the spruce black, green, yellow, blue garments that flaunt around it, and must certainly be cast off for something new and fashionable. In answer to all these grumblings, the other reminds him how well their old life has suited them, how their employments (though humble) have been sufficient for their needs, how they have lived and loved together for many a long year and been blessed with many children and the happiness of seeing them grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, how Royalty had contented itself with the smallest of tailor’s bills and yet thought that excessive, and, generally, how pride undermines a country. Her advice is, that he should not disquiet himself with efforts to rise

in the world, but should rest content with the state wherein he is. The goodman, weary of controversy, lets his wife's counsel prevail. He sees, in the version now given (the ordinary form of the last verse is much less striking), what his wife cannot see—that is, how times have altered; but he consents to acquiesce in his present position—*θῆσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι*—

O Bell my wife! why dost thou flyte?
 Now is now, and then was then;
 We will live now obedient life,
 Thou the woman and I the man.
 It's not for a man with a woman to threap
 Unless he first gives over the plea.
 We will live now as we began,
 And I'll have mine old cloak about me.

As to the author, nothing is known. Undoubtedly he was one who had noted the signs of his times. He would seem to have sympathised with those who regarded the social changes transpiring as dangerous and to be deprecated. To us he is a mere voice crying.

It freezes
hard,

and the
cattle are
likely to die.

My wife
Bell says
"Get up and
save the
cow's life.
Put your old
cloak on."

"Steady,
wife. My
cloak's very
old,

"THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold,
 & ffrost itt ffreeseth on euery hill,
 & Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold
 that all our cattell are like to spill.
 Bell¹ my wiffe, shee² loues noe strife,
 she sayd vnto my quietlye,³
 'rise vp, & saue Cow crumbockes liffe!
 man! put thine old cloake about thee!'

[page 291]

"O Bell my wiffe! why dost thou fflyte⁴?
 thou kens my cloake is verry thin;

¹ Then [Bell].—P.

² who.—P.

³ to me right hastily.—P.

⁴ This stanza not in print:—and yet

seems necessary to support the dialogue.
—P.

⁵ A.-S. *flitan*, to strive, quarrel.—F.

- itt is soe sore ouer worne,
 12 a cricke ¹ theron cannott runn :
 He goe ffind the court within,
 He noe longer lend nor borrow ;
 He goe ffind tho court ² within,
 16 for He haue a new cloake about me.”
 “Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
 shee has alwayes beene good to the pale,
 shee has helpt vs to butter & cheese, I trow,
 20 & other things shee will not fayle ;
 for I wold be loth to see her pine ;
 therefore, good husband, ffollow my counsell now,
 forsake the court & follow the ploughe ;
 24 man ! take thine old coate about thee ! ”
³ “ My cloake itt was a verry good cloake,
 it hath beene alwayes good to the weare,
 itt hath cost mee many a groat,
 28 I have had itt this 44 yeere ;
 sometime itt was of the cloth in graine,⁴
 itt is now but a sigh ⁵ clout, as you may see ;
 It will neither hold out winde nor raine ;
 32 & He haue a new kloake ⁶ about mee.”
 “ It is 44 yeeres agoe
 since the one of vs the other did ken,
 & wee haue had betwixt vs both,
 36 children either nine or ten ;

I shall get a
new one.”

“ The cow's
a good cow,

don't let he
die ;

put your
old coat on.”

“ I've had my
cloak forty-
four years,

and mean to
get a new
one.”

“ Yes, we've
been
together
forty-four
years,

¹ *Cricke*, most probably an old word for a louse. Jamieson. Compare the description of Avarice in Langlande's Vision of Piers Ploughman, Passus V. l. 107-113, p. 58, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat:

þenne com Couetyse . . .
In A toren Tabert of twelue Wynter Age.
But 3if a lous coupe lepe, I con hit not
I-loue

Heo scholde wandre on þat walk, hit was so þred-bare.—F.

² Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

³ This Stanza is very different from that in print.—P.

⁴ Fr. *Cramoisi*: m. crimson colour. *Sot en cramoisi*. An Asse in graine. Cotgrave.—F.

⁵ ? sorry, miserable.—F.

⁶ ? a *c* made over the first *k* in the MS.—F.

- and brought
ten children
up.
- Don't be
proud ; put
your old
cloak on." 40
- " Old times
are old ; all
people dress
fine now, 44
- and I'll have
a new cloak
too." 48
- " King
Harry
thought his
breeches too
dear at 5s. 52
- Don't be
proud ; put
your old
cloak on." 56
- " Well, it's
no good 60
- for a man to
dispute with
his wife.
- I will put my
old cloak
on." 64
- wee haue brought them vp to women & men
in the feare of god I trow they bee ;
& why wilt thou thy selfe misken ?
man ! take thine old cloake about thee ! "
- " O Bell my wiffe ! why doest thou flyte ?
now is nowe, & then was then ;
seeke all the world now throughout,
thou kens not Clownes from gentlemen ;
they are cladd in blacke, greene, yellow, & blew,¹
soe ffarr aboue their owne degree ;
once in my liffe Ile take a vew,²
ffor Ile haue a new cloake about mee."
- " King Harry was a verry good K[ing ;]
I trow his hose cost but a Crowne ;
he thought them 12^d. ouer to deere,
therfore he called the taylor Clowne.
he was King & wore the Crowne,
& thouse but of a low degree ;
itts pride *that* putts this cumtrye downe ;
man ! put thye old Cloake about thee !
- ³ " O Bell my wiffe ! why dost thou fflyte ?
now is now, & then was then ;
wee will lue now obedyent liffe,
thou the woman, & I the man.
itts not ffor a man with a woman to threape⁴
vnlesse he ffirst giue ouer the play ;
wee will lue none⁵ as wee began,
and Ile haue mine old Cloake about me."
ffins.

¹ Some letter marked out following the
b in the MS.—F.

² ? MS. *tew*, a rope (or line): Nares.
I'll give myself some rope, license.—F.

³ Different from the print: as indeed

is almost every Line of the whole.—P.

⁴ A.-S. *þreapian*, to threap, reprove,
afflict. Bosworth.—F.

⁵ ? MS. 'none' for 'on'.—F. Better
'now'; compare l. 58, 59.—H.

I live where : I love :

THE affected, strained style of this piece tells pretty clearly to what period it belongs. "True conceit be still my feeding," says the lover; so evidently says this author too. His is the *ars ostentandi artem*.

<p>WITH my hart my loue was nesled ¹ into the sonne of happynesse ; ² ffrom my loue my liffe was rested ³ 4 into a world of heauynesse ; O lett my loue my liffe remaine, ⁴ since I loue not where I wold. ⁵</p> <p>Darksome distance doth devyde vs, 8 ffarr ffrom thee I must remaine ; dismall planetts still doth ⁶ guide vs, ffearing wee shold meete againe ; but ffroward ffortune once remoued, ⁷ 12 then will I live where I wold. ⁸</p> <p>Iff I send them, doe not suspect mee ; but if I come, then am I seene ; O let thy wisdom ⁹ soe direct mee 16 that I may blind Argus eyen ! for my true hart shall neuer remou[e,] tho I live not where I loue.</p>	<p>[page 292]</p> <p>I was happy with my love, and then was torn from her.</p> <p>We are apart now,</p> <p>but Fortune may change, and join us.</p> <p>Do not suspect me,</p> <p>though I am away from you.</p>
---	---

¹ Read *nested*, to rhyme with *rested*.
—Skeat.

² In a summe of happynesse.—P.

³ wrested.—F.

⁴ O let me soon from life remove.—P.

⁵ Since I live not where I love.—P.
Since I live not where I would
faine.—H.

⁶ do.—P.

⁷ love.—P.

⁸ remove.—P.

⁹ MS. wisdom.—F.

What grief
have I
suffered ! 20 Sweete ! what greeffe haue I sustained
 in the accomplishing my desires ! ¹
 my affections are not ffained,
 tho my wish be nere the nere.²
 if wishes wold substantiall proue,
 24 then wold I liue where I loue.

With
bleeding
heart, I pray

to be with
thee again. 28 True conceit be still my feeding,
 & the ffood being soe ³ conceipted,
 whilst my hart for thee lyes bleeding,
 sunne & heauens to be intreated ;
 perhaps my orisons then may moue,
 that I may liue where I loue.

When
heaven
grants this, 32 Loue & ffaction still agreeing,
 by the consent of heauens electyon,
 where wee both may haue our being,
 vnderneath the heauens protectyon,
 & smiling att our sorrowes past,
we'll smile
at past
troubles. 36 wee shall enioye ⁴ our wishe att Last.

ffins.

¹ To accomplish my desire.—P.² nigher.—P.³ After this is written *contented*, withthe *tente* only marked out, then follows
ccipted.—F.⁴ may enjoy.—P.

Dounge : Andrew : ¹

THIS touching ballad is unhappily somewhat imperfect in parts ; and we have not met with any copy elsewhere, with which it might be collated.

The story would be too painful and disgusting to read, but for the extreme gentleness of the poor sadly abused lady. This, while it aggravates our loathing of the monster whose prey she became, and makes her wrongs the more hideous, yet renders the tale tolerable. That gleam of light reconciles our eyes to the Stygian darkness. Otherwise it would be too horrible. We could not endure even to read of such a fiend as he who appears in it.

This atrocious ruffian is apparently a Scotchman (so his name seems to imply, and vv. 69, 92), who concludes a moonlight meeting with a fond, weak, credulous woman by deliberately robbing her, not only of her father's gold which she had fetched at his request, but of every article of dress she had on, in spite of her piteous pleadings, and this with brutal declarations that the spoil is intended for his own lady who dwells in a far country, till at last remains to her only such covering as nature gave—her long flowing hair. Then he gives the poor wretched creature the choice of dying there and then on his sword's point, or going home as she was. She goes home, to be greeted by her father's curse, and die of a broken heart at his door. The story is too frightful to be told as a reality ; it is told as a dream.

¹ Shewing his disloyalty to an Earl's daughter. This Song in some Places is imperfect.—P.

AS: I was cast in my ffirst sleepe,
 a dreadffull draught¹ in my mind I drew;
 ffor I was dreamed of one² yong man,
 4 some men called him yonge Andrew.

 the moone shone bright, & itt cast a ffayre light;
 sayes shee, "welcome, my honey, my hart, & my
 sweete!
 for I haue loued thee this 7 long yeere,
 8 & our chance itt was wee cold neuer meete."

 then he tooke her in his armes 2,
 & k[i]ssed her both cheeke & chin;
 & 2^o or 3^o he pleased this may³
 12 before they tow did part in twinn;

 saies, "now, good Sir, you haue had your will,
 you can demand no more of mee;
 Good Sir, Remember what you said before,⁴
 16 & goe to the church & marry mee."

 "ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold;
 [Till I am got to my own country⁵]
 goe home & fett⁶ thy fathers redd gold,
 20 & Ile goe to the church & marry thee."

 this Ladye is gone to her ffathers hall,
 & well she knew where his red gold Lay,
 7 and counted fforth 5 hundred pound
 24 besides all other Inells & chaines,

 & brought itt all to younge Andrew;
 itt was well counted vpon his knee.
 then he tooke her, by the Lillye white hand,
 28 & led her vp to one⁸ hill soe hye;

I dreamt of
young
Andrew.

A lady tells
him she's
loved him
long.

He kisses
her.

She reminds
him of his
promise to
marry her.

He says he'll
do it
if she brings
him her
father's
gold.

She gets her

father's 500l.
and jewels,

and takes
them to
young
Andrew.

¹ sketch, picture.—F.

² a.—P.

³ maid.—P.

⁴ you swore.—P.

⁵ Percy's line.—F.

⁶ fet. Vid. fol. 514. Note.—P.

⁷ she.—P.

⁸ a.—P.

- shee had vpon ¹ a gowne of blacke veluett ;—
 a pitttyfull sight after yee shall see ;—
 “ put of thy clothes, bonny wenche,” he sayes,
 32 “ for noe ffoote further thoust gang with mee.” He makes
her take off
- but then shee put of her gowne of veluett ² her velvet
gown,
³ with many a salt teare from her eye,
 And in a kirtle of ffine ⁴ breaden silke [page 298]
 36 shee stood beffore young Andrews eye.
- saies, “ o put off ⁵ thy kirtle of silke ;
 ffor some & all shall goe with mee :
 & to my owne Lady I must itt beare,
 40 who ⁶ I must needs loue better then thee.”
- then shee put of her kirtle of silke her silken
kirtle,
 with ⁷ many a salt teare still ffrom her eye ;
 in a peticoate of scarlett redd her scarlet
 44 shee stood before young Andrewes eye.
- saies, “ o put of ⁵ thy peticoate ;
 for some & all of itt shall goe with mee ;
 & to my owne Lady I will itt beare,
 48 which dwells soe ffarr in a strange countrye.”
- but then shee put of her peticoate petticoat,
 with many a salt teare still from her eye ; her white
silk smock
 & in a smocke of braue white silke
 52 shee stood before young Andrews eye.
- saies, “ o put of ⁵ thy smocke of silke ;
 for some & all shall goe with mee ;
 vnto my owne Ladye I will it beare,
 56 that dwells soe ffarr in a strange countrye.”

¹ *vp* bracketted for omission by P.² velvet gown.—P.³ while many . . . ran.—P.⁴ a fine kirtle.—P. ? breaden,

braided.—F.

⁵ Put off, put off.—P.⁶ whom.—P.⁷ while ran from.—P.

(though she
prays to keep
it),

sayes,¹ "o remember, young Andrew !
once of a woman you were borne ;
& ffor *that* birth *that* Marye bore,
60 I pray you let my smocke be vpon ! "

" yes, ffayre Ladye, I know itt well ;
once of a woman I was borne ;
yett ffor noe birth *that* Mary bore,
64 thy smocke shall not be left here vpon."

and her head
dress.

but then shee put of her head geere ffine ;
shee hadd billaments ² worth a 100^{li} ;
the hayre *that* was vpon this bony wench head,³
68 couered her bodye downe to the ground.

Then he asks
her whether

she'll die on
his sword or
go naked
home.

then he pulled forth a scottish brand,
& held itt there in his owne right hand ; ⁴
saies, "whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords
point, Ladye,
72 or thow wilt ⁵ goe naked home againe ? "

She chooses

" my liffe is sweet, then Sir," said shee,
" therefore I pray you leaue mee with mine ;
before I wold dye on your swords point,
76 I had rather goe naked home againe.

walking
naked home,

but warns
young
Andrew that
her father
will hang
him if he
catches him,

" my ffather," shee sayes, " is a right good Erle
as any remaines in his countrie ;
if euer he doe your body take,
80 your sure to fflower a gallow tree ;

and her
brothers will
take his life.

" & I haue 7 brethren," shee sayes,⁶
" & they are all hardy men & bold ;
giff euer thé doe your body take,
84 you must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold."

¹ she sayes.—P.

² habilliments, dress, cloaths.—P.

³ but . . . upon her head.—P.

⁴ And there he held it forth amaine.
—P.

⁵ wilt thou.—P.

⁶ And seven brethren I have she says.
—P.

- “if your ffather be a right good Erle
 as any remaines in his owne countrie,
 tush ! he shall neuer my body take,
 88 Ile gang soe ffast ouer ¹ the sea !
- “if you haue 7 brethren,” he sayes,
 “if they be neuer soe hardy or bold ;
 tush ! they shall neuer my body take ;
 92 Ile gang soe ffast into the scottish mold ! ”
- Now this Ladye is gone to her fathers hall
 when enery body their rest did take ;
 but the Erle which was her ffather [dear] ²
 96 lay waken for his deere daughters sake.
- “but who is *that*,” her ffather can say,³
 “*that* soe prinilye knowes *that* pinn ⁴ ? ”
 “its Hellen, your owne deere daughter, ffather ⁵ !
 100 I pray you rise and lett me in.”
- ⁶ “noe, by my hood ⁷ ! ” quoth her ffather then,
 “my [house] thoust ⁸ neuer come within,
 without I had my red gold againe.”
- 104 “nay, your gold is gone, ffather ! ” said shee.⁹
 “then naked thou came into this world,
 and naked thou shalt returne againe.”
- “nay ! god fforgaue his death, father ! ” shee sayes,
 108 “& soe I hope you will doe mee.”
 “away, away, thou cursed woman !
 “I pray god an ill death thou may dye ! ” [page 294]

Young
Andrew says
he'll

sail from her
father,

and take
refuge in
Scotland
from her
brothers.

The lady
goes home,

her father
hears her,

but won't let
her in till
she brings
back his
gold.

She says it's
gone.

He curses
her.

¹ hence o're.—P.
² dear.—P.
³ to say.—P.
⁴ pinn. Compare vol. i. p. 249, l. 38,
 'he thirled vpon a *pinn*.'—F.
⁵ here.—P.

⁶ O no, O no, I will not rise.—P.
⁷ Rood.—P.
⁸ my House thou.—P.
⁹ O pardon, pardon me, she says,
 For all your red gold it is taen.—P.

- Her heart
bursts, and
she falls
dead.
- 112 shee stood soe long quacking on the ground
 till ¹ her hart itt burst ² in three,
 & then shee ffell dead downe in a swoond;
 & this was the end of this bonny Ladye.
- In the
morning her
father
- 116 ithe morning when her ffather gott ³ vpp,
 a pittyffull sight there he might see ⁴;
 his owne deere daughter was dead ⁵ without ⁶ Clothes!
 they teares they trickeled fast ffrom his eye;
- He curses
his love of
gold,
- 120 sais, "fye of gold, and ffye of fee!"⁷
 for I sett soe much by my red gold
 that now itt hath lost both my daughter and mee!"
- and fades as
a flower in
frost.
- 124 but after ⁸ this time he neere dought ⁹ good day,
 but as ¹⁰ flowers doth fade in the ffrost,
 soe he did wast & weare away.
- As to young
Andrew,
- 128 but let vs leaue talking of this Ladye,
 & talke some more of young Andrew,¹¹
 ffor ffalse he was to this bonny Ladye;
 more pitty that itt had ¹² not beene true.
- he hadn't
gone half a
mile into
Wales
- 132 he was not gone a mile into the wild forrest,¹³
 or halfe a mile into the hart of wales,
 but there they cought him by such a braue wyle
 that hee must come to tell noe more tales.

¹ until.—P.² truly.—P.³ rose.—P.⁴ might he see.—P.⁵ there lay dead.—P.⁶ any follows in the MS., and is crossed out.—F.⁷ O fye O fye now on my gold
O fye on gold & fye on fee.—P.⁸ Thus having lost his daughter fair,
He after &c.—P.⁹ dought—A.-S. *dugan*, valere, hinc
dohtig Sax. i. e. doughty, fortis, strenus,
Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.¹⁰ [insert] the.—P.¹¹ And once more tell of young An-
drew.—P.¹² he had.—P.¹³ He scarce was from this Lady gone,
or

As he did from this Lady go
 And thro' the forest past his way
 A furious wolf did him beset
 And there this perjured knight
 did slay.—P.
 And tow'rd the woods had gang'd
 away.—P.

ffull soone a wolfe did of him smell,
 & shee came roaring like a beare,
 & gaping like a ffeend of hell ;

before a
 wolf
 attacked
 him,

136 soe they ffought together like 2 Lyons [there],¹
 & fire betweene them 2 glashet out ;
 thé raught eche other such a great rappe,
that there young Andrew was slaine, well I wott. killed him,

140 but ² now young Andrew he is dead ;
 but he was neuer buried vnder mold ;
 for ther as the wolfe devoured him,
 there ³ lyes all this great erles gold.

and eat him
 up.

ffins.

¹ Percy has added *there*, and marked
 the line as part of the verse above.—F.

² And.—P.

³ And there &c.—P.

Percy has marked in red ink brackets,
 for omission, the following words or parts
 of them :

as, l. 142.
 u, *of* neuer, l. 141.
 father, l. 107.
 but, l. 97.
 deere, l. 96.
 in *of* into, l. 92.
 with, l. 74.

point, Ladye, l. 71.

this bony wench, l. 67.

vp *of* vpon, l. 64, 60, 29.

In line 8 he marks *cold neuer* to be
 transposed to *neuer cold*. In other poems
 I have not noticed these red ink marks.
 They would have swelled the notes too
 much, and there are plenty of Percy's
 alterations already.

A : Jigge : ¹

“A JIG,” says Nares, “meant anciently not only a merry dance, but merriment and humour in writing, and particularly a ballad. Thus when Polonius objects to the Player’s speech, Hamlet sarcastically observes,

He’s for a *jigg* or a tale of bawdry or he sleeps.—(Haml. ii. 2.)

He does not mean a dance (which then players did not undertake), but ludicrous dialogue or a ballad. . . . In the Harleian collection of old ballads are many under the title of *jigs*; as ‘A Northern Jige, called Daintie, come thou to me,’ ‘A merry new Jigge or the pleasant Wooing between Kit and Pegge,’ &c. So in the *Fatal Contract* by Hemmings,

We’ll hear your *jigg* :
How is your ballad titled?—(Act iv. sc. 4.)

Thus :

A small matter! you’ll find it worth Meg of Westminster, although it be but a bare jig.—(Hog hath lost, &c. O. Pl. vi. 385.)

It appears that this jig was a ballad.”

The following specimen of the Jig Dialogical is a sort of vulgar reproduction of the *Nut-Brown Maid*. The mode and circumstances of life depicted in the original ballad had passed out of date; the old order had given place to a new. A new audience—new chronologically, new socially—demanded a new version—a “people’s edition,” so to speak. The lover who here tests his mistress is no knight, but a common soldier; the mistress is no highborn lady, but a common woman. And these personal changes are characteristic of the others which the old ballad has undergone, to take its present shape. No such transmutations

¹ Pepys, iv. 42. A Poetical Dialogue between a Soldier & his Mistress, not unlike the Nut-brown Maid.—P.

are likely to be, from a literary point of view, successful. This one is not. But the beauty of the original is too great to be altogether destroyed, however rude the hands that handle it. Something of the charm of the *Nut-Brown Maid* lingers around this *Jig*.

Other handlers of the old ballad turned it to a religious sense. See the *New Notbrowne Mayd upon the Passion of Christ* in Mr. Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry of England*.

-
- “MARGRETT, my sweetest margett! I must goe!
 most dere to mee *that* neuer¹ may be soe;
 as ffortune willes, I cannott itt deny.”
- 4 “then know thy loue, thy Margaret, shee must dye.”
- “Not ffor the gold *that* euer Croëssus hadd,
 wold I once² see thy sweetest lookes soe fade;
 nor³ ffor all *that* my eyes did euer⁴ see,
 8 wold I once part thy sweetest loue from mee;
- “The King comand, & I must to the warres.”
 “thers⁵ others more enow to end those cares.”
 “but I am one appointed ffor to goe,
 12 & I dare not ffor my liffe once say noe,”
- “O marry mee, & you may stay att home!
 ffull 30 weekes you know *that* I am gone.⁶”
 “theres time enough; another ffather take;
 16 heele loue thee well, & not thy child forsake.”
- “And haue I doted ouer thy sweetest fface?
 & dost infring the things I haue in chase,
 thy ffaith, I meane? but I will wend with thee.”
 20 “itt is to ffar ffor Pegg to goe with mee.”

Margaret,
 I must leave
 you.

“Then I’ll
 die.”

Not for the
 world would
 I make you
 sad,

but I must
 to the wars.

“Marry me
 and stay at
 home!”

Get another
 father for
 your child.

“No, I love
 you

and will go
 with you.

¹ i.e. never hereafter.—H.

² There is a mark like an *i* undotted
 before the *o*.—F.

³ nor yet.—P.

⁴ Only half the *u* or *e* in the MS.—F.

⁵ There’s.—P.

⁶ i.e. with Child.—P.

I'll carry
your sword,

"I will goe with thee, my loue, both night and day,
& I will beare thy sword like lakynney; Lead the way!"¹

"but wee must ryde, & will you ffollow then
24 amongst a troope of vs *thats*² armed men?"

clean your
horse,

"He beare thy Lance, & grinde thy stirropp too,
He rub thy horsse, & more then *that* He doo."

"but Margretts ffingars, they be all to ffine
28 to stand & waite when shee shall see mee dine,"

wait on you,

"He see you dine, & wayte still att your backe,
He giue you wine or any thing you Lacke."

"but youle repine when you shall see mee hane
32 a dainty wench *that* is both ffine & braue."

love your
wench,

"He love thy wench, my sweetest loue, I vow, [page 295]
He watch the time when shee may pleasure you!"

"but you will greene to see vs lye in bedd;
36 & you must watch still in anothers steede."

see you sleep
with her,

"He watch my loue to see you take your rest;
& when you sleepe, then shall I thinke me blest."

"the time will come, deliuered you must bee;
40 then in the campe you will discreditt mee."

and leave
you before
my own
baby
comes."
You mustn't
go with me.

"He goe ffrom thee beffor *that* time shalbee;
when all his well, my loue againe He see."

"all will not serue, ffor Margarett may not goe;
44 then doe resolute, my loue, what else to doe."

"Then I'll
die, loving
you still."
No, I'll stop
with you,

"Must I not goe? why then, sweete loue, adew!
needs must I dye, but yet in dying trew!"

"a! stay³ my loue! I loue my Margarett well,
48 & heere I wow⁴ with Margarett still to dwell!"

¹ along the way.—P.

² all.—P.

³ Ah! stay.—P.

⁴ vow.—P.

“Giue me thy hand! thy Margaretts lues againe!”

“heeres ¹ my hand! He neuer breed thee paine!

and never
pain you.

I kisse my loun in token *that* is soe;

52 wee will be wedd: come, Margaretts, let vs goe.”

We'll be
wed.

ffins.

¹ here is.—P.

Eglamore : ¹

[In Six Parts.—P.]

THIS romance has been printed among the Thornton Romances for the Camden Society from a MS. in the Public Library of Cambridge (Ff. ii. 38), the copies of it and *Degrevant* made by Thornton “unfortunately being imperfect.” There is another copy among the MSS. Cotton (Calig. A. 11). The Percy Folio copy is here printed for the first time: “A single leaf of another early copy,” as Mr. Halliwell, the editor of the Thornton Romances, informs us, “is preserved in a MS. belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. It was printed at Edinburgh in 1508 by Walter Chapman, and subsequently at London by Copland and Walley. Shakespeare may possibly have had this hero in his mind when he calls one of his characters by his name in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: ‘What think’st thou of the fair Sir Eglamore?’ The name, however, appears to have passed into a kind of proverb. So in Dekker’s *Satiromastix*: ‘Adieu, Sir Eglamore! adieu, lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill!’ The name of Torrent of Portugal is partly founded upon the story related in *Sir Eglamore*. The names are changed, but the resemblance is too striking to have been the result of chance. The treachery of the sovereign, the prowess of the knight, the indiscretions and misfortunes of the lady, and the happy conclusions

¹ The readings marked T. are from the Thornton MS., ‘Sir Eglamour of Artois’ (MS. Syr Egyllamowre of Artas) as edited by Mr. Halliwell for the

Camden Society in 1844. Very few of the very many differences between the two texts are given.—F.

of her misfortunes—these form the leading incidents of each romance. Torrent of Portugal is preserved in an unique manuscript of the fifteenth century, in the Chetham Library at Manchester :

Here bygynneth a good tale
Of Torrente of Portingale :

and although somewhat disfigured by the errors of the scribe, contains much that is curious and valuable. As this poetical tale has recently been published, there is no necessity for proving in this place a similarity that will be at once detected by the reader; but there is perhaps a secret history attached to the source of these romances that remains to be unravelled."

Ellis makes the abstract he gives of *Eglamore* from the copy printed by Walley. All at all important differences between the Thornton copy and ours are recorded by Mr. Furnivall in the notes.

The romance is certainly of more than usual merit—less prolix and garrulous, or rather of more interesting garrulity. Many of its "positions" are indeed of the kind commonest in romantic literature, as the passage of the squire's love for his lord's daughter, the combat with the giant, the unconsummated marriage of a son and his mother. No one of them perhaps can be pronounced novel. The stories of a woman's exposure to the mercy of the winds and seas, and of the carrying off of her son by a great bird, are well known elsewhere—in Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*, and among the legends of the house of Stanley—and are undoubtedly of extreme antiquity. But there are other charms besides novelty of incident. These can make old things new, can endow with spirit and vigour the form that is worn and wasted. The minstrel who wrote, or rather translated, this piece, if a minstrel he was, as verses 1227–9 might suggest, told an old tale freshly,—a tale of love much crossed and thwarted, but prosperous in the end—of treachery, potent

and prevailing for a while, but at last shown futile and fatal—of strange partings and yet stranger meetings.

Full true it is, by god in heaven,
That men meet at unset steven.

Thrice old themes these ; but in the hands of this romance-writer made juvenescent.

Such an union between mother and son as that which occurs in *Eglamore* is a very favourite arrangement with the old romance-writers. It immediately precedes and generally brings about the ἀναγνώρισις. Thus the extremest alarm and horror immediately introduce the extremest delight. Fear and joy are brought into the closest juxtaposition. The romance-writer could conceive of no more terrible disturbance and overthrow of the order of nature than that fearful conversion of a mother into a wife, a son into a husband—that ruin of the most beautiful of the domestic relations. Though bold enough to describe it as possible, and, indeed, imminent, he never dares to let it actually come to pass. He never lets the ghastly shade become a living thing. The Greek poets too regarded this same connection as the culminating horror. In their eyes, too, conflicts between father and son, love other than pious between son and mother, appeared the most frightful of all possible frightfulnesses. But they went further than the old romance-writers. They were not content with the apprehension ; they did not shrink from the act. What in the romances is only threatened, is in the Greek legend perpetrated. Hideous possibilities become there yet more hideous realities. Eve in the one case only fingers the apple ; in the other she plucks and eats it. Medieval feeling was the more delicate and sensitive in this respect. Its poet ever averts the horrible catastrophe. As the storm is on the point of bursting, and the nymphs with wild frantic faces stand ready to “shriek on the mountain,” suddenly the sky clears, there are pious embracings, the domestic sanctities are preserved and ratified.

[Part I.]

[How Eglamore loved Christabell, and undertook three Deeds of Arms to win her.]

1

<p> IESUS : christ, heauen king! grant vs all his deere blessinge, & builde vs [in] ¹ his bower ²! 4 & giue them [ioye] ³ <i>that</i> will heare of Elders <i>that</i> before vs were, <i>that</i> lined in great honor.⁴ I will tell you of a Knight 8 <i>that</i> was both ⁵ hardye & wight, & stiffe in euerye stower; & wher any deeds of armes were, hee wan the prize with sheeld & speare, 12 & euer he was the fflower. </p>	<p> Christ, bless us, and give joy to those that love old heroes! I'll tell you of a hardy knight who always won the prize. </p>
---	--

2

<p> In Artoys the <i>Knight</i> was borne, & his ffather him beforne; listen; I will you say.⁶ 16 Sir Prinsamoure the Erle hight; & Eglamore thé hight [the] Knight ⁷ <i>that</i> curteous was alway; & he was for a man ⁸ verament, 20 with the Erle was he bent,⁹ to none he wold say nay.¹⁰ </p>	<p> He was born in Artoys, his name was Eglamore; he was a man, and never refused a fight. </p>
--	--

¹ in.—T. in.—P. builde, shelter, as in vol. i. p. 27, l. 11.—F.

² boure.—P.

³ yoye.—T. joye.—P.

⁴ honoure.—P.

⁵ bolde.—P. hardy.—T.

⁶ Percy marks to come after this :

For that he was a man full bolde
With the Erle was he holde
In housholde nyght & day.

The Thornton MS. has :

To dedes of armes he ys wente,

Wyth the Erle of Artas he ys lente,

He faylyth hym not nyght nor daye.

⁷ Sir Eglam^{re} than hyght the knyght.
—P. Syr Egyllamowre men calle the
knyzt.—T.

⁸ And for he was a man.—P.

⁹ lente.—P. he ys lente.—T.

¹⁰ To no man he wolde.—P. T. has :

Whylle the erle had him in holde,
Of dedes of armes he was bolde,
For no man seyde he nay.—F.

The Earl of
Artoys
has a lovely
daughter,

Christabell,

Eglamore
loves her,

and she
loves him.

Strange
lords come
to woo her.

A tourney is
held,

and
Eglamore
unhorsed all
her suitors.

He opens his
heart to his
chamber-
lain,

the Erle had noe Child but one,
a maiden as white as whalles bone,¹

24 *that* his right heyre shold bee ;
Christabell was the Ladyes name ;
a ffairer maid then shee was ane
was none ² in christentye.

28 Christabell soe well her bore ;
the Erle loued nothing more
then his daughter ffree ;

soe did *that* gentle knight
32 *that* was soe full of might ;
it was the more pittye.

3

the knight was both hardy & snell,
& knew the ladye loued him well.

36 listen a while & dwell :
Lords came ffrom many a Land
her to haue, I vnderstand,
with fforce ffold ³ and ffell.

40 Sir Prinsamoure then did crye
strong Iusting & turnamentrye ⁴
for the loue of Christabell.
what man *that* did her craue,

44 such stroakes Eglamore him gaue,
that downe right he ffell.

4

to his chamberlaine ⁵ then gan he saw,⁶
“ffrom thee I cann hyde nought away,”

48 (where they did together rest ⁷ ;)
“ffaire ffrand, nought to laine,
my counsell thou wold not saine ;

On thee is all my trust.”

[page 296]

¹ ivory.—F. as faire.—T.

² not.—P. Ther was none soche.—T.

³ ferse folke.—T.

⁴ Syr Eglyllamowre he dud to crye
Of dedes of armys utterly.—T.

⁵ squyer, (with altered lines).—T.

See squier, st. 9. l. 111 below.—F.

⁶ say.—P.

⁷ rest.—P. *Rest* altered into *rest* in
the MS.—F.

52 “*Master*,” hee said, “*per ma fay*,
 what-soener you to me say,
 I shall itt neuer out cast.”
 “the Erles daughter, soe god me saue,
 56 the loue of her but *that* I haue,
 my liffe itt may not Last.”

and says he
 shall die
 unless he
 can win
 Christabell's
 love.

5

“*Master*,” said the young man ffree,
 “you haue told me your priuitye ;
 60 I will giue you answere
 to this tale : I vnderstand
 you are a knight of litle Land,
 & much wold haue more ;
 64 If I shold to *that* Ladye goe
 & show your hart & loue,
 shee lightlye wold let me fare ;
 the man *that* heweth ouer hye,
 68 some chipp ffalleth on his eye ;
 thus doth it euer fare.

The cham-
 berlain

answers

that
 Eglamore is
 too poor,

the lady
 wouldn't
 listen to
 him ;

those
 hewing too
 high get
 chips in
 their eye.

6

“remember *Master*, of one thing,¹
that shee wold haue both Erle & *King*,
 72 & many a bold Barron alsoe ;
 the Ladye will haue none of those,
 but in her maidenhead hold ;²
 ffor wist her ffather, by heauen *King*,
 76 *that* you were sett on such a thinge,
 right deere itt shold be bought.
 trow yee shee wold King fforsake,
 & such a simple knight take,
 80 but if you haue loued her of old ? ”

But yet she
 refuses her
 rich suitors,

and that
 must be for
 Eglamore's
 love.

¹ Syr, than unbe-thanke on thys
 thyng.—T.

² 3yt wylle sche not haue of thoo,
 But in godenes hur holdyth so,

The which y trowe ys for thy love
 and no mo.—T.

T. also transposes the next two
 triplets.—F.

7

the knight answerd ffull mild :

“ euer since I was a Child

thou hast beene loued of ¹ mee.

84 in any iusting or any stower,
saw you me haue any dishonor
in battell where I haue bee ? ”

Moreover,

“ Nay, *Master*, att all rights

88 you are one of the best knights
in all Christentye ;

in deeds of
arms
Eglamore is
worth any
five other
knights.

in deeds of armes, by god aliue,
thy body is worth other 5.”

92 “ gramercy, Sir,” sayd hee :

8

Eglamore
goes to his
room,

Eglamore sighed, & said noe more,
but to his Chamber gan hee ffare,
that richelye was wrought.

and prays
God

96 to god his hands he held vp soone,
“ Lord ! ” he said, “ grant me a boone
as thou on roode me bought !

to give him
Christabell
as his wife.

the Erles daughter, ffaire & ffree,
100 *that* shee may my wiffe bee,
ffor shee is most in my thought ;
that I may wed her to my wiffe,
& in Ioy to lead our liffe ; ²

104 from care then were I brought.”

9

Next day he

on the morrow *that* maiden small
eate with her ffather in the hall,
that was soe faire & bright.

doesn't go
to dine in
Hall.
Christabell
asks where
he is.

108 all the knights were at meate saue hee ;
the Ladye said, “ for gods pittye !
where is Sir Eglamore my *Knight* ?

¹ lente wyth.—T.

² and sethen reches in my life.—T.

his squier answerd with heauye cheere,
 112 "he is sicke, & dead ffull neere,
 he prayeth you of a sight;
 he is now cast in such a care,
 but if he mends not of his fare
 116 he liueth not to night."

"He is
 nearly dead,
 and prays to
 see you."

10

the Erle vnto his daughter spake,
 "damsell," he said, "for god sake
 listen vnto mee!
 120 after me, doe as I thee hend;¹
 to his chamber see thou wend,
 ffor hee was curteous & ffree;
 ffull trulye with his intent,
 124 with Iusting & in Turnament,
 he said vs neuer nay;
 if any deeds of armes were,
 he wan the prize with turnay² cleere;
 128 our worshippe for euer and aye."

The Earl
 charges
 Christabell

to go and see
 Eglamore,

[page 297] who never
 refused a
 tourney,

and always
 won the
 prize.

11

then after meate *that* Ladye gent
 did aafter her fathers comandement,³
 shee busked her to wend.
 132 forth shee went withouten more,
 for nothing wold shee spare,
 but went there as hee Lay.⁴
 "Master," said the squier, "be of good cheere,
 136 heere cometh the Erles daughter deere,
 some words to you to say."

After Hall,

Christabell

goes to
 Eglamore,

¹ After mete do ye as hynde.—T. See 'After meate,' st. 11, l. 129. But 'after me' may mean, by my direction, see l. 130, though I do not know *hend* in the sense of tell, bid.—F.

² journey.—T.

³ Only half the first *n* in the MS.—F.

⁴ T. puts in three lines in which Christabell asks the squire how Eglamore is.—F.

12

and asks
how he is.

- & then said *that* Ladye bright,
 “how fareth Sir Eglamore my *Knight*,
 140 *that* is a man right ffaire ? ”
 “forsoothe, Ladye, as you may see,
 with woe I am bound for the loue of yee,
 in longing & in care.”
 144 “Sir,” shee said, “by gods pittye,
 if you be agrreened ¹ ffor mee,
 itt wold greene me full sore !”
 “damsell, if I might turne to liffe,
 148 I wold haue you to my wiffe,
 if itt your will were.”

“Dying for
love of you.”

“I’m very
sorry to
grieve you.”

“Then be
my wife.”

13

“You’re a
noble
knight,
and manful
in fight.

Ask my
father,

and if he
agrees,

I will.”

- “Sir,” shee said, “soe mote I thee,
 you are a Noble *Knight* and ffree,
 152 & come of gentle blood ;
 a manfull man you are in ffeild
 to win the gree with speare & sheeld
 nobly by the roode ;
 156 Sir, att my ffather read you witt,²
 & see what hee will say to itt ;
 or if his will bee good,
 & if *that* hee be att assent,
 160 as I am true Ladie & gent,
 my will it shalbe good.”

14

Eglamore is
in blisse,

- the *Knight* desired noe other ³ blisse
 when he had gotten his grantesse,⁴
 164 but made royall ⁵ cheere ;
 he comanded a Squier to goe

¹ The *rr* is much like *u* in the MS.—F.

² T. makes the lady take the ‘Ask
Papa’ on herself, and when they are
agreed, she’ll not fail Eglamore.—F.

³ kepte no more.—T.

⁴ geton graunt of thys.—T.

⁵ hur fulle gode.—T.

- to ffeitch gold, a 100¹ or towe,
 & giue the ² Maidens cleere.
 168 Sir Eglamore said, "soe haue I blisse!
 to your marriage I giue you this,
 ffor yee neuer come heere yore."
 the Lady then thanked & kissed the *Knight*;
 172 shee tooke her leaue anon-right,
 "farwell, my true sonne deere."³

and gives
Christabell's
maidens
100*l*.

Christabell
kisses him,

15

- then homeward shee tooke the way.⁴
 "welcome!" sayd the Erle, "in ffay,
 176 tell mee how haue yee doone.
 say, my daughter as white as any flower,
 how ffareth my knight Sir Eglamore?"
 & shee answered him soone:
 180 "fforsooth, to mee he hartilye sware
 he was amended of his care,
 good comfort hath hee tane;
 he told me & my maidens hende,
 184 *that* hee vnto the riuer wold wend
 with hounds & hawkes right."

goes back to
her father,

and tells him
Sir
Eglamore is
quite well,

and is going
out
hawking.

16

- the Erle said, "soe Mote I thee,
 with him will I ryde *that* sight to see,
 188 to make my hart more light."⁵
 on the morrow, when itt was day,
 Sir Eglamore tooke the way
 to the riuer ffull right.
 192 the Erle made him redye there,
 & both rode to they riuer

Next day
Eglamore

and the Earl
hawk

¹ and take an hundurd pownd.—T.

² hur.—T.

³ And seyde 'Farewelle my fere.'—T.

⁴ Crystyabelle hath takyn hur way.
—T.

⁵ For comforte of that knyght.—T.

and are
pleasant
together.

to see some ffaire fflight.
all they day they made good cheere :
196 a wrath began, as you may heare,
long ere itt was night.¹

17

But coming
home,
Eglamore
asks if the
Earl will
hear him.

"Certainly,

I like to
hear you :

you're the
best knight
in the land."

"When will
your
daughter be
betrothed ?"

as they rode homeward in the way,
Sir Eglamore to the Erle gan say,
200 " My lord, will you now ² heare ? " [page 298]
"all ready, Eglamore ; in ffay,
whatsoever you to me say,
to me itt is ffull deere ;
204 ffor why, the doughtyest art thou
that dwelleth in this Land now,
for to beare sheeld & speare.³ "
"my Lord," he said, "of charitye,
208 Christabell your daughter ffree,
when shall shee haue a ffeere ? "

18

"I know no
one whom
she would
have."

"Give her
to me."

"I will, and
all Artois
too, if you'll
do 3 deeds of
arms for
her."

"Thank
you !

the Erle said, "soe god me saue,
I know noe man *that* shee wold haue,
212 my daughter faire and cleere."
"now, good Lord, I you pray,
for I haue serued you many a day,
to giue me her withouten nay."
216 the Erle said, "by gods paine,
if thou her winne as I shall saine,
by deeds of armes three,
then shalt thou haue my daughter deere,
220 & all Artois ffarr & neere."
"gramercy, Sir ! " said hee.

¹ long ere night it were.—P.

² ye me.—T.

³ Awnturs ferre or nere.—T.

19

- Sir Eglamore [sware ¹], "soe mote I thee,
att my iourney ² ffaine wold I be!"
- 224 right soone he made him yare.
the Erle said, "here by west
dwelleth a Gyant in a fforrest,—
ffowler neuer saw I ere;—
- 228 therin be trees ffaire & ³ long,
3 harts ⁴ run them ⁵ amonge,
the fairest *that* on ffoot gone.
Sir, might yee bring one away,
- 232 then durst I boldly say
that yee had beene there."

let me go to
work at
once."

The Earl
sets
Eglamore
his first
feat :
to go to a
giant's
forest,
and fetch
him one of
three harts
running
about there.

20

- ⁶ "fforsooth," said Eglamore then,
"if *that* hee be a Christyan man,
- 236 I shall him neuer fforsake."
the Erle said in good cheere,
"with him shalt thou ffight in feere ;
his name is Sir Marroccke."
- 240 the *Knight* thought on Christabell ;
he swore by him *that* harrowed hell,
him wold he neuer fforsake.
"Sir, keepe well my Lady & my Land !"
- 244 therto the Erle held vp his hand,
& trothes they did strike.

Eglamore
undertakes
to fetch the
hart,

and fight
the giant
Marroccke.

He commits
Christabell
to her
father's care,

21

then afterwards, as I you say,
Sir Eglamore tooke the way

¹ The knyght sweryd.—T.

² The *o* looks like *a* in the MS.—F.

³ Cypur trees there growe owte.—T.

⁴ The *h* is like an *l* in the MS.—F.

⁵ Grete hertys there walke.—T.

⁶ T. has for this stanza :

Be Jhesu swere the knyght than,

"Yf he be ony Crystyn-man,

Y schalle hym nevyr forsake.

Holde well my lady and my londe."

"ȝys," seyde the erle, "here myn honde!"

Hys trowthe to hym he strake.

- tells her he
has under-
taken three
deeds of
arms for
her.
Christabell
- 248 to *that* Ladye soe ffree :
“damsell,” hee said to her anon,
“ffor your Loue I haue vndertane
deeds of Armes three.”
- 252 “good Sir,” shee said, “be merry & glad ;¹
ffor a worsse Iourney you neuer had
in noe christyan countrye.
if god grant ffrom his grace
- 256 *that* wee² may ffrom *that* Iourney apace,
god grant it may be soe³ !
- hopes God
will help
him.

22

- She gives
him a grey-
hound
- 260 “Sir, if you be on hunting ffound,
I shall you giue a good greyhound
that is dun as a doe ;
ffor as I am a true gentle woman,
there was neuer deere *that* he att⁴ ran
that might scape him ffroe :
- 264 alsoe a sword I giue thee,
that was ffound in the sea⁵ ;
of such I know noe moe.
if you haue happ to keepe itt weelee,
- 268 there is no helme of Iron nor steele
but itt wold carue in 2.
- that'll pull
down any
stag,
and a sword
that'll cut
any helm in
two.

[Part II.⁶]

[How Eglamore kills the giant Marrocke and a big Boar.]

23

- Eglamore
bids Christa-
bell good-
bye,
- Eglamore kissed *that* Lady gent ;
he tooke his leane, & fforth hee went.

¹ T. has for the next five lines :
For an hardere fytt never ye had,
Be God, in no cuntre !
Or that yurney be over passyd,
For my love ye schalle sey fulle ofte
allas !
And so schalle y for thee.
² ye.—P.

³ so bee.—P.
⁴ beste that on fote.—T.
⁵ Seynt Poule fonde hyt in the Grekes
see.—T.
⁶ Part I. would end better with stanza
28, l. 341, where the Thornton version
ends its “furste fytt.”—F.

- 272 his way now hath hee tane ;
- 276 { The hye streetes held he west [page 299] rides to the
till he came to the fforrest ; forest,
ffarrer saw he neuer none,
with trees of Cypresse lying out.
2^d Parte. { the wood was walled round abowt
with strong walles of stone ;
fforthe he rade, as I vnderstand,
280 { till he came to a gate *that* he ffand, enters it by
& therin is he gone. a gate,

24

- his horne he blew in that tyde ; blows his
harts start vpp on euery side, horn,
284 & a noble deere ¹ ffull prest ;
the hounds att the deere gan bay.
with *that* heard the Gyant where he lay ;
itt lett him of his rest ; and his
288 “methinketh, by hounds *that* I heare, hounds bay
that there is one hunting ² my deare ; at the deer.
it were better *that* he cease ³ ! The giant
by him *that* wore the crowne of thorne, Marrocke
292 in a worse time he neuer blew a horne, swears it'
ne dearer bought a messe ⁴ ! ” be the worst
blowing t he
man ever
made,

25

- Marrocke the Gyant tooke the way
thorow the fforrest were itt Lay ;
296 to the gate he sett his backe. and goes to
Sir Eglamore hath done to dead, his gate.

¹ Twety does not use the word *deer* in speaking “of the Hert. Now wyl we speke of the hert ; and speke we of his degrees : that is to say, the fyrst yere he is a calfe, the secunde yere a broket, the iij. yeare a spayer, the iiij. yere a stagg, the v. yere a greet stagg, the vj. yeare a hert at the fyrst hed ; but that ne fallith not in jugement of huntersse, for

the gret dyversyte that is fownde of hem, for alleway we calle of the fyrst hed tyl that he be of x. of the lasse. *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 151.—F.

² Yondur is a thefe to stele.—T.

³ He were welle bettur to be at the see.—T.

⁴ Neythur hys bowe bende in no manys fee.—T.

Eglamore
kills a stag,
cuts his head
off,

and asks
Marrocke to
let him pass.

Marrocke

- slaine a hart, & smitten off his head;
the prize ¹ he blew ffull shrill;
300 & when he came where the gyant was,
“good Sir,” he sayd, “lett me passe,
if *that* itt be your will.”
“nay, traitor! thou art tane!
304 my principall ² hart thou hast slaine!
thou shalt itt like ffull ill.”

26

strikes at
him

and says he'll
keep him
there.

Eglamore
hits the
giant in the
eye, and
blinds him,

- the Gyant att the chase³,
a great clubb vp hee takes,
308 *that* villanous was and great ⁴;
such a stroke hee him gaue
that into the earth went his staffe,
a ffoote on euery side.
312 “traitor!” he said, “what doest thou here
in my fforrest to slay my deere?
here shalt thou now abyde.”
Eglamore his sword out drew,
316 & in his sight made such a shew,⁵
& made him blind *that* tyde.

27

but he
fights on for
two days and
more;

then
Eglamore
kills him,

- how-be-itt he lost his sight,
he ffought with Sir Eglamore *that Knight*
320 2 dayes & some deale more;
till the 3^d ⁶ day att prime
Sir Eglamore waited his time,
& to the hart him bare.

¹ And whan the hert is take, ye shal blowe iij. motys . . . and the hed shal be brout hom to the lord, and the skyn . . . Than blow at the dore of halle the *pryse*. . . And whan the buk is i-take, ye shal blowe *pryse*, and reward your houndes of the paunch and the bowellis. Twety, in *Reliq. Ant.* i. 153. Fr. *Prise* a taking . . . also, the death or

fall of a hunted beast. Cotgrave.—F.

² chefe.—T.

³ to the knyzt ys gon.—T.

⁴ mekyllle and fulle unweelde.—T.

⁵ And to the geant he gafe a sowe.—T. *Sough*, a stroke or blow. Jamieson.—F.

⁶ Tylle on the todur.—T.

- 324 through gods might, & his kniffe,
 there the Gyant lost his liffe;
 ffast he began to rore.
 ffor certaine sooth, as I you say,
 328 when he was meaten¹ there he Lay
 he was 15 ffoote² & more.

and he
 roars.

He measures
 fifteen feet.

28³

- through the might of god, & his kniffe,
 thus hath the Gyant Lost his liffe;
 • 332 he may thanke god of his boone!
 the Gyants head with him hee bare
 the right way as hee ffound there,
 till hee came to the castle of stone.
 336 all the whole court came him againe;
 “such a head,” they gan saine,
 “saw they neuer none.”
 before the Erle he itt bare,
 340 “my Lord,” he said, “I haue beene there,
 in witnesse of you all⁴!”

Eglamore
 takes the
 giant's head

to the Earl
 of Artoys,
 and says he
 has been to
 the giant.

29

- the Erle said, “sith itt is done,
 Another Iourney there shall come soone,— [page 300]
 344 buske thee & make thee yare,—
 to Sattin, *that*⁵ cuntrye,
 ffor therin may noe man bee
 for doubt⁶ of a bore;
 348 his tuskes are a yard⁷ long;
 what flesh *that* they doe come among,
 itt couereth⁸ neuer more;

The Earl
 sets him his
 second deed
 of arms:

to go to
 Sattin

and kill a
 big boar
 there,

¹ meted, measured.—F.

² xl. fote.—T.

³ Mr. Halliwell makes two stanzas of
 28, the rhyme-lines varying.—F.

⁴ For *there*, l. 339, compare l. 233.
 T. adds (in italics):

*Make we mery, so have we blys,
 Thys ys the furste fytt of thys
 That we have undertane.*—F.

⁵ In Sydon, in that ryche.—T.

⁶ fear.—F. drede.—T.

⁷ fote.—T.

⁸ recovers.—F.

which kills
everything
it gets hold
of.

both man & beast itt slayeth,
352 all *that* euer hee ouer-taketh,
& giueth them wounds sore."

30

Eglamore
starts again,
journeys

fourteen
days over
land and sea,

and then
comes on
traces of
the boar,

dead men all
about.

Sir Eglamore wold not gaine-say,
he tooke his leaue & went his way,
356 to his Iourney went hee.
towards Sattin, I vnderstand,
a ffortnight he went on Land,
& alsoe soe long on sea.
360 itt ffell againe in the euen tyde,
in the fforrest he did ryde
wheras the bore shold bee ;
& tydings of the bore soone hee ffound ;
364 by him men Lay dead on many a Land,¹
that pittye itt was to see.

31

Next
morning

he hears the
boar's cry,

and sees it
come from
the sea.

Sir Eglamore *that Knight* awoke,²
& priuilye lay vnder an oke ;
368 till morrow the sun shone bright,
in the fforrest ffast did hee lye ;
of the bore he hard a crye,³
& neerer he gan gone right.
372 ffaire helmes he ffound in fere
that men of armes had lefft there,
that the bore had slaine.
Eglamore to the cliffe went hee,
376 he saw the bore come from the sea,
his morne draught⁴ had he tane.

¹ The Lawnd in woodes. *Saltus nemorum*. Baret. *Saltus*, woodland pasture.—F.

² The last words of these lines are interchanged. T. has :

Syr Egyllamowre restyd hym undur an oke ;

Tylle on the morowe that he can wake.

³ on the see he harde a sowe.—T.

⁴ morne drynke.—T.

32

the bore saw where the *Knight* stood,
 his tuskes he whetted as he were ¹ wood,
 380 to him he drew *that* tyde.
 Sir Eglamore weened well what to doe,
 with a speare he rode him to
 as ffast as he might ryde.
 384 all if hee ² rode neuer soe ffast,
 the good speare assunder brast,
 it wold not in the hyde.
that bore did him woe enoughe,
 388 his good horsse vnder him he slough ;
 on ffoote then must hee byde.

The boar

comes
towards
him ;
Eglamore
rides at it,but breaks
his spear,and the
boar kills
his horse.

33

Eglamore saw no boote *that* tyde,
 but to an oake he sett his side
 392 amongst the trees great ;
 his good sword he drew out then,
 & smote vpon ³ the wild swine
 2 dayes & some deale more ; ⁴
 396 till the 3^d day att noone
 Eglamore thought his liffe was doone
 for ffightting with that bore ;
 then Eglamore with Egar mood
 400 smote of the bores head ;
 his tuskes he smote of thore.

He puts his
side to an
oak,cuts at the
boar two
days,till he's
nearly dead,but then
kills it.

34

⁵ the *King* of Sattin on hunting fare
 with 15 armed men & more ;

The King of
Sattin

¹ The first *e* is made over an *h* in the MS.—F.

² Gyf he.—T.

³ fyghtyth with.—T.

⁴ Thre dayes and more.—T.

⁵ The Thornton version makes Egylla-

mowre only break off the boar's tusks in the preceding stanza, omits lines 2, 5, 7, of this, and has here:

He thankyd God that ylke stownde,

And gaf the bore hys dethys wound,

The boke of Rome thus can telle.—F.

hears the
boar yell,

and sends a
squire to see
who's in
danger.

The squire

sees Eglam-
more
fighting the
boar.

He tells the
King the
boar is
slain
by a knight

with a blue
shield

and black
spurs.

The King

finds
Eglamore
lying down,

404 the bore loud hard he yell ;
he camanded a squier to ffare,
“ some man is in his perill there !
I trow to long wee dwell.”

408 no longer wold the squier tarry,
but rode fast thither, by S^t Marye,
he was therto ffull snell¹ ;
vp to the cliffe rode hee thore ;

412 Sir Eglamore ffought ffast with the bore [page 301]
with stroakes ffierce & ffell.

35

the squier stood & beheld them 2,
hee went againe and told soe,

416 “ fforsooth the bore is slaine.”
“ Lord ! S^t Mary ! how may this bee ? ”
“ a *Knight* is yonder certainlye
that was the bores bane ;

420 “ of gold he beareth a seemly sight,
in a ffeeld of azure an armed *Knight*,
to battell as hee shold gone ;
& on the crest vpon the head is

424 a Ladye made in her likenesse ;
his spures are sable eche one.”

36

the King said, “ soe mote I thee,
those rich armers I will see : ”

428 & thither hee tooke the way.

by that time Sir Eglamore
had ouercome the sharp stoure,
& ouerthawrt the bore Lay.²

432 the King said, “ god rest with thee ! ”
“ my Lord,” said Eglamore, “ welcome be yee,

¹ query MS. siell.—F.

² And to reste hym down he lay.—T.

of peace now I thee pray !
 I haue soe ffoughten with the bore exhausted ;
 436 *that* certainlye I may noe more ;
 this is the 3^d day."

37

they all said anon-right,
 " great sinn itt were with thee to ffight,
 440 or to doe thee any teene ;
 manffully thou hast slaine this bore praises him
for killing
the boar
 that hath done hurt sore,
 & many a mans death hath beene ;
 444 thou hast manfully vnder sheeld
 slaine this bore in the ffeild,
 that all wee haue seene !
 this haue I wist, the sooth to say,
 448 he hath slaine 40¹ on a day that had
slain so
many
knights ;
 of my armed knights keene !²

38

meat & drinke they him brought,
 rich wine they spared nought, provides him
meat and
wine ;
 452 & white clothes they spread.
 the King said, " soe mote I thee,
 I will dine for loue of thee ; dines with
him,
 thou hast been hard bestead."

456 " forsooth," then Sir Eglamore saies,
 " I haue ffought these 4 dayes,³
 and not a ffoote him ffield."
 then said the King, " I pray thee
 460 all night to dwell with mee,
 & rest thee on a bedd." and asks
him home to
sleep.

¹ syxty.—T.² Welle armyd men and clene.—T.³ The three days have grown to four.

T. has :

" Ye," he seyde, " permafay,

Now hyt ys the fyrste day

That evyr oon fote y ffield."—F.

39

Eglamore
tells the
King
what his
name is,

- & after meate, the soothe to say,
the King Sir Eglamore did pray
464 "of what country hee was."
"my name," he said, "is Sir Eglamore¹ :
I dwell alsoe with Sir Prinsamoure,
that Erle is of artoys."
468 then Lords to the King drew,
"this is hee *that* Sir Marroccke slew,
the gyants brother Mamasse.²
and the
King tells
him of a
472 "Sir," said the King, "I pray thee
these 3 dayes to dwell with mee,
from mee thou shalt not passe ;

40

Giant near
who wants
to seize his
daughter,

- "there dwelleth a Gyant here beside ;
my daughter *that* is of micklell pride,
476 he wold haue me ffroe;
I dare to no place goe out
but men of armes be me about,
for dread of my foe.³
480 the bore thou hast slaine here,
that hath liued here this 15 yeere⁴
christen men for to sloe,
Now is he gone with sorrow enough [page 301]⁵
and is
Marroccke's
brother.
484 to [berye⁶] his brother *that* thou slough."
[that evyrmore be hym woo!⁷]

41

No one can
cut up the
boar

- to break⁸ the bore they went ffull tyte ;
there was noe kniffe *that* wold him bitte,⁹

¹ He said "My name is Syr Awntour."
—T.

² Yondur ys he that Arrokk slowee,
The yeauntys brodur Maras.—T.

³ Fulle seldome have y thus sene soo.
—T.

⁴ He hath fedd hym xv yere.—T.

⁵ There are two pages 301 in the MS.,
and no page 302.—F.

⁶ berye.—T.

⁷ From the Thornton MS.—F.

⁸ splatt.—T.

⁹ Query MS.; it may be *kittle*.—F.
byte.—T.

488 soe hard of hyde was hee.

"Sir Eglamore,¹ thou him sloughe;
I trow thy sword² be good enough;
haue done, I pray thee."³

492 Eglamore to the bore gan gone,
& claue him by the ridge⁴ bone,
that ioy itt was to see;

but Eglamore,

"Lordings," he said, "great & small,⁵
496 giue me the head, & take you all;
for why, *that* is my ffee."

who claims
only his
head.

42

the King said, "soe god me saue!
the head thou shalt haue;
500 thou hast itt bought full deere!"⁶
all the countrie was ffaine,
for the wild⁷ bore was slaine,
they made ffull royall cheere.

The people
rejoice at the
boar's
death.

504 the Queene said, "god send⁸ vs from shame!
ffor when the Gyant cometh home,
new tydings shall be here."⁹

43

against euen the *King* did dight
508 a bath ffor *that* gentle *Knight*,

¹ Syr Awntour, seyde the kyng.—T.

² knyfe.—T.

³ Gyf that thy wylle bee.—T.

⁴ A.-Sax. *hricg*, *ricg*, the back.—F.

⁵ Lorde, seyde the knyght, y dud hym falle.—T.

⁶ Aftur cartys can they sende;
Ageyn none home with that they wende,

The cyte was them nere.—T.

⁷ wekyd.—T.

⁸ schylde.—T.

⁹ gete we sone.—T., and it adds, p. 142:
For he ys stronge and stowte,
And therof y have mekylle dowte
That he wylle do us grete dere or we
have done.

XLV.

Syr Egyllamowre, that nobylle knyzt,
Was sett with the kynges doghtyr
bryght,

For that he scholde be blythe.

The maydenys name was Organata
so fre;

Sche preyeth hym of gode chere to bee,
And besechyd hym so many a sythe.

Aftur mete sche can hym telle

How that geant wolde them quelle:

The knyght began to lagh anone;

"Damselle," he seyde, "so mote y thee,
And he come whylle y here bee,

Y schalle hym assay sone!"

Eglamore
lies in a
bath all
night.

that was of Erbes¹ good.
Sir Eglamore therin Lay
till itt was light of the day,
512 that men to Mattins² yode.

[Part III.³]

[How Eglamore kills another Giant, and a Dragon near Rome, and
begets a Boy on Christabell.]

Next
morning
the Giant
comes,

and demands
the King's
daughter
Arnada.

516

3^d Part.

By the time he had heard masse,
the Gyant to this place come was,
& cryed as hee were wood ;
"Sir King," he said, "send vnto mee
Arnada⁴ thy daughter ffree,
or I shall⁵ spill thy blood."

44

Eglamore

520

Sir Eglamore anon-right⁶
in good armour he him dight,
& vpon the walles he yode⁷ ;

tells a squire

to show the
Giant the
boar's head.

524

he camanded a squier to beare
the bores head vpon a speare,
that the Gyant might itt⁸ see.
& when he looked on the head,

The Giant

"alas !" he said,⁹ "art thou dead ?
my trust was all in thee !

swears he'll
avenge its
death,

528

now by the Law that I lue in,¹⁰
my litle speckeled hoglin,¹¹
deare bought shall thy death bee !"

¹ Sibes.—P. The MS. is indistinct, and the Bishop explains it. See the way to prepare a bath in Russel's Boke of Nurture, *Babees Boke &c.* E. E. Text Soc. 1868, p. 182-5.

² mete.—T.

³ T. ends its *seconde fytt* with stanza 52, l. 611 below.—F.

⁴ Organata.—T.

⁵ thou schalt.—T.

⁶ that nobylle knyght.—T.

⁷ for 'yode he.'—F. wendyth hee.—T.

⁸ Maras myght hym.—T.

⁹ my bore.—T.

¹⁰ leve ynne.—T.

¹¹ spote hoglyn.—T. Fr. *cochonnet*, a shote or shete pigge, a prettie big pig.—Cotgrave.

45

the Gyant on the walls donge ;
 532 att euery stroke fyer out spronge ;
 for nothing wold he spare.
 towards the castle gan he crye,
 “ false traitor ! thou shalt dye ¹
 536 for slaying of my bore !
 your strong walles I doe ² downe ding,
 & with my hands I shall the hange ³
 ere *that* I ffurther passe. ⁴”
 540 but through the grace of god almight,
 the Gyant had his ffill of fight,
 & therto some deale more. ⁵

and
threatens to
kill Egla-
more.

46⁶

Sir Eglamore was not agast ;
 544 on might-ffull god was all his trust,
 & on his sword soe good.
 to Eglamore said the *King* then,
 “ best is to arme vs euerye man ;
 548 this theefe, I hold him woode.”

Eglamore
trusts in
God and his
good sword,

47⁶

Sir Eglamore sware by the roode,
 “ I shall him assay if hee were wood ;
 mickle is gods might ! ”
 552 he rode a course to say his steed,
 he tooke his helme & forth hee yeede ;
 All men prayed for *that Knight*. [page 303]

gives his
steed a
gallop,

48

Sir Eglamore into the ffeild taketh ;
 556 the Gyant see him, ⁷ & to him goeth ;

takes the
field,

¹ Thevys, traytures, ye schalle aby.

—T.

² schalle.—T.

³ hynge.—T.

⁴ fare, qu.—P. Or that y hens fare.

—T.

⁵ mair.—P.

⁶ T. makes one stanza, XLIX, of these, p. 144–5, and alters the arrangement of the lines, &c.—F.

⁷ *him* has a line through it.—F.

"welcome," he said, "my ffeere !
 thou art hee *that* slew ¹ my bore !
that shalt thou repent ffull sore,
 560 & buy itt wonderous deere !"
 and charges
 the Giant,
 Sir Eglamore weened well what to doe;
 with a speare he rode him to,
 as a man of armes cleere.
 who upsets
 him and his
 horse.
 564 against him the Gyant was redy bowne,
 but horsse & man he bare all downe,
that dead he was ffull nere.

49

Eglamore
 attacks him
 on foot,
 and cuts off
 the Giant's
 right arm,
 but he
 fights on
 till sun-
 down,
 and then
 drops dead.
 Sir Eglamore cold noe better read,
 568 but what time his horsse was dead,
 to his ffoote he hath him tane ;
 & then Eglamore to him gan goe ;
 the right arme he smote him free,
 572 euen by the sholder bone ;
 & tho he ² had lost his hand,
 all day hee stood a ffightand
 till the ssun to rest gan goe ;
 576 ³ the sooth to say, withouten lye,
 he sobbed & was soe drye
that liffe him lasteth none.

50

They ring
 the bells ;
 King
 Edward
 promises
 to crown
 Eglamore
 all *that* on the walles were,
 580 when they heard the Gyant rore,
 ffor ioy the bells thé ring.
 Edmond was the Kings ⁴ name,
 swore to Sir Eglamore, "by St. Iame,
 584 here shalt thou be King !

¹ Y trowe thou halpe to sle.—T.

² Thowe the lorelle.—T.

³ Then was he so wery he myȝt not
 stonde,

The blode ran so faste fro hym on
 every honde,
 That lyfe dayes hadd he nevyr oon.
 —T.

⁴ kynges.—T.

“to-morrow thou shalt crowned bee,
& thou shalt wed my daughter ffree
with a curyous rich ringe!”

and marry
him to his
daughter.

588 Eglamore answered with words mild :
“god¹ giue you ioy of your child !
ffor here I may not abyde longe.²”

Eglamore
declines the
young lady,

51

“Sir Eglamore, for thy doughtye deede
592 thou shalt not be called lewd
in noe place where thou goe!”³
then said Arnada,⁴ *that* sweete thing,
“haue here of me a gold ring
596 with a precyous stone ;
where-soe you bee on water or Land,
& this ring vpon your hand,
nothing may you slone.”

though she
gives him a
charmed
ring

52

600 “gramercy !” sayd Eglamore ffree.
“this 15 yeeres will I abyde thee,
soe *that* you will me wed ;
this will I sweare, soe god me saue,
604 *King* ne Prince nor none will haue,
if they be comlye cladd !”
“damsell,” he said, “by my ffay,
by *that* time I will you say
608 how *that* I haue spedd.”
he tooke the Gyants head & the bore,
& towards Artoys did he ffare,
god helpe me att neede !⁵

and offers to
wait fifteen
years for
him.

He puts her
off,

and starts
towards
Artoys.

¹ Syr.—T. ² may ye not lende.—T.

³ Y schalle geve the a nobylle stede,
Al so redd as ony roone ;
Yn yustyng ne in turnement,
Thou schalt never soffur dethys
wound
Whylle thou syttyst hym upon.
—T.

⁴ Seyde Organata.—T.

⁵ The knyght takyth hys leve and
farys,
Wyth the geauntys hedd and the
borys,
The weyes owre Lord wylle hym
lede.
Thys ys the seconde fytt of thys :
Make we mery, so have we blys,
For ferre have we to rede.—T.

53

In seven
weeks Egla-
more reaches
Artoys,

- 612 by *that* 7 weekes were comen to end,
euen att Artoys he did lend,
wheras Prinsamoure was.
the Erle therof was greatly faine
616 *that* Eglamore was come againe;
soe was both more¹ and lesse.
when Christabell as white as swan,
heard tell how Eglamore was come,
620 to him shee went full yare;²

is greeted by
Christabell,

54

whom he
kisses,

the *Knight* kissed *that* Lady gent,
then into the hall hee went
the Erle for to teene.

but her
father says,
"Devil take
you, will
nothing kill
you?"

- 624 The Erle answered, & was ffull woe [page 304]
"what devill! may nothing thee sloe?
forsooth, right as I weene,
thou art about, as I vnderstand,
628 for to winn Artoys & all my Land,
& alsoe my daughter cleane."

You want
my land and
my daughter
I suppose."

55

"I do," says
Eglamore.

Sir Eglamore said, "soe mote I thee,
not but if I worthy bee;

"Oh!
perhaps
you'll get
killed yet."

- 632 soe god giue me good read!"³
the Erle said, "such chance may ffall,
that one may come & quitt all,
be thou neuer so prest."

Eglamore
asks for
twelve weeks
rest;

- 636 "but good Lord, I you pray,
of 12 weekes to giue me day,

¹ One stroke too many in the MS. *m.*
—F.

² T. adds:
"Syr," sche seyde, "how haue ye
faryn?"

"Damycelle, wele, and in travelle byn
To brynge us bothe owt of care."

³ Helpe God that ys beste.—T.

my weary body to rest.”
 12 weekes were granted then
 640 by prayer of many¹ a gentleman,
 & comforted him with the best.

56

Sir Eglamore after supper
 went to Christabells chamber
 644 with torches burning bright.
 the Ladye was of soe great pride,²
 shee sett him on her bedside,
 & said, “ welcome, Sir Knight ! ”
 648 then Eglamore did her tell
 of adventures *that* him befell,
 but there he dwelled all night.
 “ damsell,” he said, “ soe god me speed,
 652 I hope in god you for to wedd ! ”
 & then their trothes they plight.³

after supper
 goes to
 Christabell's
 chamber,

stays there
 all night,
 and begets a
 son on her.

57

by *that* 12 weekes were come & gone,
 Christabbell *that* was as faire as sunn,⁴
 656 all wan waxed her hewe.
 shee said vnto her maidens ffree,
 “ in *that* yee know my priuitye,⁵
 looke *that* yee bee trew ! ”
 660 the Erle angerlye gan ffare,
 he said to Eglamore, “ make thee yare
 for thy Iourney a-new ! ”
 When Christabell therof heard tell,⁶
 664 shee mourned night & day,
that all men might her rue.

In twelve
 weeks
 Christabell

grows wan,
 and begs her
 maids to
 keep her
 secret.

The Earl
 orders Egla-
 more off,

and Christa-
 bell mourns.

¹ Only half the *is* is in the MS.—F.

² was not for to hyde.—T.

³ T. adds :

So gracyously he come hur tylle,
 Of poyntes of armys he schewyd
 hur hys fyllle,
 That there they dwellyd alle nyȝt.

⁴ as whyte as fome.—T.

⁵ Sche prayed hur gentylle women so
 fre,
 That they would layne hur privyte.
 . —T.

⁶ say.—P.

58

Eglamore's
Third Deed
of Arms is to
kill a strong
Dragon near
Rome.

the Erle said, "there is mee told long,
beside Roome there is a dragon strong;
668 forsooth as I you say,
the dragon is of such renowne
there dare noe man come neere the towne
by 5 miles and more;¹
672 arme thee well & thither wend;
looke *that* thou slay him with thy hand,
or else² say mee nay."

59

Eglamore
takes leave

Sir Eglamore to the chamber went,
676 & tooke his leaue of the Ladye gent,
white as fflower on ffeelde³;
"damsell," he said, "I haue to doone;
I am to goe, & come againe right soone
680 through the might of Marry mild.
a gold ring I will giue thee;
keepe itt well for the loue of mee
if christ send me a child."

of Christa-
bell,

gives her a
gold ring,

684 & then, in Romans as wee say,
to great roome he tooke his way,
to seeke the dragon wild.⁴

and goes to
Rome.

60

The Dragon
throws down
him and his
horse.

if he were neuer soe hardye a *Knight*,
688 when of the dragon he had a sight,
his hart began to be cold.⁵
anon the dragon waxed wrothe,
he smote Sir Eglamore & his steed bothe,
692 *that* both to ground they ffell.⁶

¹ Be xv. myle of way.—T.

² ellys thou.—T. After *may* T. adds
six lines not in our text.—F.

³ in may.—P.

⁴ The Thornton text adds :

Tokenynges sone of hym he fonde,
Slayne men on every honde;

Be hunderdes he them tolde.—F.

⁵ to folde.—T.

⁶ To the grounde so cold.—T.

Eglamore rose, & to him sett,
 & on *that* fflowle worme hee bett
 with stroakes many and bold ¹;

Eglamore
 attacks the
 Dragon,

[page 305]

61

696 the dragon shott fire with his mouth
 like the devill of hell;
 Sir Eglamore neere him gan goe,
 & smote his taile halfe him ffreo ²;
 700 then he began to yell,
 & with the stumpe *that* yett was leaued
 he smote Sir Eglamore on the head;
that stroake was ffeirce and fell.

cuts half its
 tail off,

is wounded
 himself in
 the head,

62

704 "Sir Eglamore neere him gan goe,
 the dragons head he smote of thoe,
 fforsooth as I you say,
 his wings he smote of alsoe,³
 708 he smote the ridge bone in 2,
 & wan the ffeild *that* day.
 the Emperour of Roome Lay ⁴ in his tower
 & ffast beheld Sir Eglamore,
 712 & to his *Knights* gan say,
 "doe cry in Roome, the dragons slaine!
 a knigh[t] him slew with might & maine,
 manfully, by my ffay!"
 716 through Roome they made a crye,
 euery officer in his baylye,
 "the dragon is slaine this day!"

but kills the
 Dragon.

The
 Emperor
 Constantine
 of Rome

orders the
 Dragon's
 death to be
 proclaimed,

63

& then the Emperour tooke the way
 720 to the place where Eglamore Lay,

then goes to
 Eglamore,

¹ Wyth byttur dynte and felle.—T.

² Halfe the tonge he stroke away.—T.

³ The knyght seyde, "Now am y
 schente!"

Nere that wyckyd worme he went;

Hys hedd he stroke away.—T.

⁴ stode.—T.

brings him
to Rome,
and the
people meet
him in
procession.

beside *that* ffoule thing,
 with all *that* might ride or gone.
 Sir Eglamore they haue vp tane,
 724 & to the towne they can him bring;
 ffor ioy *that* they dragon was slaine,
 they came with procession him againe,
 and bells they did ringe.
 728 the Emperour of Roome brought him soone,
 Constantine, *that* was his name,
 a Lord of great Longinge.

64

Constantine's
daughter
Vyardus

1 all *that* euer saw his head,
 732 the said *that* Eglamore was but dead,
that Knight Sir Eglamore.
 the Emperour had a daughter bright,
 shee vndertooke to heale the Knight,
 736 her name was vyardus.²
 3 with good salues shee healed his head
 & saued him ffrom the dead,
that Lady of great valours :
 740 & there within a little stond
 shee made Sir Eglamore whole & sound;
 god giue her honor ! ³

heals Eglamore's head,
and saves
his life.

¹ T. omits the next three lines.—F.

² ys Dawntowre.—T.

³⁻³ The Thornton text has for these:
 Scho savys hym fro the dedd,
 And with hur handys sche helyth hys
 hedd
 A twelmonth in hur bowre.

It then adds two stanzas of twelves,
 (LXVII, LXVIII, p. 153-4) telling how
 the Emperor had the Dragon's body
 fetched into Rome, and put in "seynt
 Laurens kyrke." As to this church, see
Stacions of Rome, p. 13; *Pol. Rel. & Love
 Poems*, p. 132. p. xxxv.—F.

[Part IV.]

[How Christabell's child is born, and a Griffin flies away with it.]

65

744 { Anon word came to Artois
 how *that* the dragon slaine was :
 a *Knight that* deede had done.
 4^d parte { soe long at the Leech-craft he did dwell,
 that a ffaire sonne¹ had Christabell
 748 { as white as whales bone.²
 then the Erle made his vow,
 “ daughter ! into the sea shalt thou
 in a shipp thy selfe alone !
 752 Thy younge sonne shall be thy fere,³
 christendome⁴ getteth itt none here ! ”
 her maidens wept eche one.

While Egla-
more is
under the
doctor's
hands,
Christabell
has a son.

Her father
vows he'll
send her and
her brat out
to sea alone.

66

5 her mother in swoone did ffall,
 756 right soe did her ffreinds all
 that wold her any good.
 “ good Lord,” she said, “ I you pray,
 let some prest a gospell say,
 760 ffor doubt of ffeendes in the fflod.
 ffarwell,” shee said, “ my maidens ffree !
 greet well my Lord when you him see.”
 they wept as they were woode.
 764 Leane wee now Sir Eglamore,
 And speake wee more of *that* Ladye fflower
 that vnknown wayes yeelde.⁶

Christabell
prays that a
priest may
say a gospel
for them,

and takes
leave of her
maidens.

[page 306]

¹ A man-chylde.—T.² Some ancient writers imagined ivory, formerly made from the teeth of the walrus, to be formed from the bones of the whale. Halliwell's Gloss.—F.³ And that bastard that to the ys

dere.—T.

⁴ christening.—F.⁵ T. inserts a stanza and a quarter here, p. 154–5, but leaves out the mother's swooning.—F.⁶ yeelde.—P.

67

Her ship
comes to a
rock,

768 the shipp droue fforth night & day
vp to a rocke, the sooth to say,
where wild beasts did run.¹

she lands,

772 shee was ffull ffaine, I vnderstand,
shee wend shee had beene in some [known²] Land,
& vp then gan shee wend.

finds only
birds and
beasts there,

noe manner of men ffound shee there,
that ffoules & beasts *that* were there,
ffast they fled ffrom Land.

and a griffin
carries her
boy off to a
strange
country,

776 there came a Griffon³ *that* rought her care;
her younge child away hee bare
Into a countrie vnknowne.⁴

68

the King of
Isarell's

780 the Ladye wept, & said "alas
that ener shee borne was!
my child is taken me ffroe!"

land.

the King of Isarell on huntinge went;
he saw where the ffoule lent;
784 towards him gan he goe.
a griffon, the booke saith *that* he hight,
that in Isarell did light,
that wrought *that* Ladye woe.
788 the ffoule smote him with his bill,
the child cryed and liked ill;
the griffon then lefft him there.

69

A Gentle-
woman picks
up the boy.

792 a gentlewoman to *that* [child⁵] gan passe,
& lapp[t] itt in a mantle of Scarlett was,
& with a rich pane.⁶

¹ feede.—P.

² there had be a kende londe.—T.

³ a grype.—T. Fr. *griffon*, a grype or griffon.—Cotgrave. Grype, byrde, *vultur*; Promptorium: see Mr. Way's note to it, p. 212-13.—F.

⁴ unknowe.—P.

⁵ a squyer to the chylde.—T.

⁶ Pane of furre, *panne* (Palsgrave); *Panne* a skinne, fell or hide (Cotgrave); from L. *pannus*, Way. Cp. counterpane.—F.

the child was large of lim & lythe,
 a girdle of gold itt was bound with,
 796 with worsse cloth itt was cladd.
 the *King* swore by the rood, The King
 “the child is come of gentle blood,
 whersoener *that* hee was tane ;
 800 & for he ffre the Griffon ffell,
 they named the child degrabell,
that lost was in wilsome way. christens
him Degra-
bell,

70

the *King* wold hunt noe more *that* tyde,
 804 but with the child homeward gan ryde,
that ffrom the Griffon was hent. and takes
him home to
his wife,
 “Madam,” he said to his Queene,
 “ffull oft I haue a hunting beene ;
 808 this day god hath me lent.”
 of *that* Child he was blythe ;
 after nurses shee went beline ;
 the child was louelye gent. who gets
nurses for
him.
 812 leaue wee now of this chylde,
 & talke wee of his mother mild,
 to what Land god her sent. Meantime,
Christabell

71

all *that* night on the rocke shee Lay ;
 816 a wind rose vpon the ¹ day,
 & ffrom the Land her driueth.
 in *that* shipp was neither mast nor ore,
 but euery streame vpon other
 820 *that* ffast vpon her driueth. is driven
about the
sea,
 & as the great booke of Roome saies,
 shee was without meate 5 dayes
 among the great cliffes.² fasts fve
days,

¹ ageynys.—T.² MS. cliiffes.—F.

and then
reaches
Egypt.

824 by *that* 5 dayes were gone,
god sent her succour soone ;
in ægipt ¹ shee arriued.

72

The King

the King of Ægipt ¹ lay in his tower,
828 & saw the Ladye as white as fflower
that came right neere the Land ;
he comanded a Squire ffree
to ' Looke what in *that* shipp might bee
832 *that* is vpon the sand.'

sends a
squire to her.

the Squier went thither ffull tite,
on the shipbord he did smite,
a Ladye vp then gan stand ;

Christabell
cannot speak
to the squire,

836 Shee might not speake to him a word,
but lay & looked ouer the bord,
& made signes with her hand.²

[page 307]

73

who goes
back to the
King,

the squier wist not what shee ment ;
840 againe to the King he went,
& kneeled on his knee :

" Lord, in the shipp nothing is,
sauing one in a womans Likenesse

844 *that* ffast looked on mee.

and tells
him what a
lovely
foreign
woman he
has seen.

but on ³ shee be of fflesh & bone,
a ffairer saw I neuer none,
saue my Ladye soe ffree ! ⁴

848 shee maketh signes with her hand ;
shee seemeth of some ffarr Land ;
vnknownen shee is to mee.⁵

¹ The MS. may be either Æ or Æ in this and other cases.—F.

² The Thornton text adds :

Make we mery for Goddys est ;

Thys ys the thrydd fytt of owre geste,

That dar y take an hande.—F.

³ an, if.—F.

⁴ But hyt were Mary free.—T.

⁵ Beyonde the Grekys see.—T.

74

Sir Marmaduke ¹ highet the King,²
 852 he went to see *that* sweet thing,
 he went a good pace.
 to the Ladye he said in same,
 “speake, woman, on gods name!”
 856 against him shee rose.
 the Lady *that* was soe meeke & milde,
 shee had bewept sore her child,
 that almost gone shee was.³
 860 home to the court they her Ledd,
 with good meates they her ffedd;⁴
 with good will shee itt taketh.⁵

King Mar-
madukegoes to
Christabell,
speaks to
her,takes her
home to
Court,
feeds her
well,

75

“Now, good damsell,” said the King,
 864 “where were you borne, my sweet thing?
 yee are soe bright of blee.”
 “Lord, in Artois borne I was;
 Sir Prinsamoure my ffather was,
 868 *that* Lord is of *that* Countrye;
 I and my maidens went to play
 by an arme of the sea;
 Iocund wee were and Iollye:
 872 they wind was lithe, a bote there stood,
 I and my squier in yode,
 but vnchristened was hee.

and asks her
who she is.Christabell
tells him,

and says she

got into a
boat with
her boy,

76

“on land I lefft my maidens all,
 876 my younge squier on sleepe gan ffall,
 my mantle al on him I threw;

wrapped him
in her
mantle,

¹ Marmaduke seems to have been from Marmaluke.—Pencil note.

² Be Ihesu swere that gentylle kyng.
—T. T. doesn't give “The kyng of

Egypt” a name.—F.

³ Sche was wexyn alle horse.—T.

⁴ Dylcyus metys they hur badd.—T.

⁵ sche them tase.—T.

and a griffin
flew away
with him.

a griffon there came *that* rought me care,
my younge squier away hee bare,
880 southeast with him hee drew."

"All right,
you shall be
my niece
then:"

"damsell," he said, "be of good cheere,
thou art my brothers daughter deere."
ffor Ioy of him shee lounge ;

and Christa-
bell stays in
Egypt.

884 ¹ & there shee did still dwell
till time *that* better beffell,
with ioy and mirth enoughe.¹

[Part V.]

[How Eglamore comes back to Artois, and goes to the Holy Land for
fifteen years ; and how Christabell marries her own son.]

77

As soon as
Eglamore
recovers,

888

he leaves
Rome,

5.^d parte

892

to go home
to Christa-
bell.

Now is Eglamore whole & sound,
& well healed of his wound ;
homeward then wold hee ffare.
of the Emperour he tooke leaue I-wis,
of the daughter, & of the Empresse,
& of all the meany *that* were there.
Christabell was most in his thought :
the dragons head hee home brought,
on his speare he itt bare.

896 by *that* 7 weekes were come to end,
in the land of Artoys can he Lend,
wheras the Erle gan ffare.

He reaches
Artois,

78

in the court was told, as I vnderstand,
900 how *that* Eglamore was come to Land
with the dragons head.

and his
squire tells
him that
Christabell
is dead.

his Squier rode againe him soone,
"Sir, thus hath our Lord doone ;²
904 ffaire Christabell is dead !

¹—¹ Kepe we thys lady whyte as flowre,
And speke we of syr Egyllamowre ;

Now comyth to hym care y-nogh.—T.
² Lo ! lorde, what the erle hath done !—T.

- a ffaire sonne shee had borne ;
¹ bothe they are now fforlorne
 through his ffalse read ; ¹
 908 In ² a shipp hee put them 2, [page 308] out to sea in
 & with the wind let them goe." a ship.
 then swooned ³ he where hee stood. Eglamore
 swoons,

79

- " alas ! " then said the *Knight* soe ffree,
 912 " Lord ! where may my maidens bee asks after
that in her chamber was ? " Christabell's
 the Squier answered him ffull soone, maidens,
 " as soone as shee was doone,
 916 ech one their way did passe." goes to the
 Eglamore went into the hall Earl of
 before the Squiers & knights all : Artois,
 " & thou, Erle of Artoys ! gives him
 the Dragon's
 920 take," he said, " the dragons head ! head,
 all his mine *that* here his lead ! claims all
 his goods,
 what dost thou in this place ? " ⁴ and asks him
 what he's
 doing there.

80

- great dole itt was to heere
 924 when he called Christabell his fere : Eglamore
 " what ! art thou drowned in the sea ? laments over
 god *that* dyed on the rood bitterlye, ⁵ Christabell
 on thy soule haue mercye, and her boy,
 928 and on *that* younge child soe ffree ! " the Erle was soe feard of Eglamore
 the Erle was soe feard of Eglamore
that he was ffaine to take his tower ; ⁶

¹⁻¹ The erle hath hys lyfe forlorne,
 He was bothe whyte and rede.—T.

² *Im* in MS.—P.

³ Swooning was the correct thing for
 a knight, and on very much less provo-
 cation than this. See many instances
 in *Seynt Graal*, &c. &c. It betokened

the possession of delicate feelings.—F.

⁴ *Alle ys myn that here ys levydd.*

Thou syttyst in my place.—T.

⁵ on crosse verye.—F.

⁶ The erle rose up and toke a towre.
 —T.

that euermore woe him bee !

and calls on
all who want
knighthood
to go with
him.

- 932 Eglamore said, "soe god me saue,
all *that* the order of *Knight-hood* will haue,
rise vp & goe with mee ! "

81

they were ffull faine to do his will ;

- 936 vp they rose, & came him till ;
he gaue them order soone.

the while *that* he in hall abode,

He dubs
thirty-two
knights,

- 32¹ knights he made,
940 ffrom morne till itt was noone.

² those *that* liuing had none,
he gaue them liuing to liue vpon,
ffor Christabell to pray soone.

starts for the
Holy Land,

- 944 then anon, I vnderstand,
he tooke the way to the holy Land,
where god on the rood was done.

82

Sir Eglamore, as you heare,

and lives
there fifteen
years,

- 948 he dwelled there 15 yeere
the heathen men amonge ;

fighting all
wrong-
livers.

ffull manffullye he there him bare,
where any deeds of armes were,

- 952 against him *that* liued wronge.
in battell or in turnament
there might no man withstand his dent,
but downe right he him thronge.

His son
Degrabel
is now
grown big,

- 956 by *that* 15 yeeres were gone,
his sonne *that* the griffon had tane,
was waxen both stiffe and stronge.

¹ V. and thretty.—T.

² And he that was the porest of them
alle,
He gaf for Crystyabellys soule
Londys to leue upon.

A thousand, as y^e undurstonde,
He toke with hym, and went into
the Holy Londe,
There God on cros was done.—T.

83

now was degrabell waxen wight ;
 960 the *King* of Isarell dubbd him a *Knight*
 and Prince with his hand.

is dubbed
 knight,

Listen, Lords great and small,
 of what manner of armes he bare,
 964 & yee will vnderstand :

and these are
 his arms :

he bare in azure, a griffon of gold
 richlye portrayed in the mold,
 on his clawes hanginge

on a shield of
 azure
 a golden
 griffin

968 a man child in a mantle round
 & with a girdle of gold bound,
 without any Leasinge.

carrying a
 boy with a
 girdle of
 gold.

84

the *King* of Isarell, hee waxed old ;
 972 to degrabell his sonne he told,
 " I wold thou had a wiffe
 while *that* I live, my sonne deere ;
 when I am dead, thou hast noe ffere,
 976 riches is soe riffe." ¹

The King of
 Isarell asks
 Degrabell to
 marry.

a messenger stode by the *King* :
 " in *Ægipt* is a sweet thing,
 I know noe such on line ;
 980 the *King*, fforsooth, this oath hath sworne,
 there shall none her haue *that* is borne

They are
 told of
 Christabell
 in Egypt ;

But he winne her by striffe." [page 309]
 the King said, " by the rood,
 984 wee will not Lett if shee bee good ;
 haue done, & buske vs swythe."

but he who
 wins her
 must fight
 for her.

anon-right they made them yare,
 & their armour to the shipp thé bare,
 988 to passe the watter belue.

They make
 ready,

sail off,

¹ When y am dedd, thou getyst no pere,
 Of ryches thou art so ryfe.—T.

85

land in
Egypt,

and
announce
their coming
to the King
of Egypt.

He welcomes
them,

- by tthat 7 dayes ¹ were comen to end,
in ægipt Land they gan Lend,
the vnconthe costes to see.²
992 messengers went before to tell,
“ here cometh the *King* of Isarell
with a ffaire Meany,
& the Prince with many a *Knight*,
996 ffor to haue your daughter bright,
if itt your wil be.”
the *King* said, “ I trow I shall
ffind Lodging³ ffor you all ;
1000 right welcome yee are to mee ! ”

86

leads the
King of
Isarell into
the hall,

- then trumpetts in the shipp⁴ rose,
& euery man to Land goes ;
the *Knights* were clothed in pall.
1004 the younge *Knight* of 15 yeere,
he rydeth, as yee may heere,
a ffoote aboue them all.
the *King* of Isarell on the Land,
1008 the *King* of Ægipt takes him by the hand
& Ledd him into the hall :
⁵ “ Sir,” said the *King*, “ ffor charitye,
will you lett mee your daughter see,⁵
1012 white as bone of whall ? ”

87

and lets him
see Christa-
bell.

Her son
Degrabell
desires her,

- the Lady ffrom the chamber was brought ;
with mans hands shee seemed wrought
& carued out of tree.
1016 her owne sonne stood & beheld :

¹ Be th[r]e wekys.—T.

² Ther forsus for to knowe swythe.
—T.

³ redy yustyng.—T.

⁴ Trampus in the topp-castelle.—T.

⁵ Y prey the thou gyf me a syght
Of Crystyabelle, yowre doghtyr
bryght.—T.

“ well worthye him *that* might weld ! ”
 thus to himselfe thought hee.
 the *King* of Isarell asked then
 1020 if that she ¹ might passe the streame,
 his sonnes wiffe ffor to bee.
 “ Sir,” said the *King*, “ if *that* you may
 meete me a stroake to-morrowe,
 1024 thine asking grant I thee.”

and may
have her if
he wins her

88

Lords in hall were sett,
 & waites blew to the meate.
 they made all royall cheere ;
 1028 the 2 *Kings* the desse began,²
 Sir Degrabell & his mother then,
 the 2 were sibb ffull neere.
 then *Knights* went to sitt I-wis,
 1032 & euery man to his office,
 to serue the *Knights* deere ;
 & affter meate washed they,³
 & Clarkes grace gan say
 1036 in hall, as you may heere.

They dine,

and Degra-
bell and his
mother have
the high
seat.

89

then on the morrow when day sprong
 gentlemen in their armour ⁴ throng,
 Degrabell was dight ;
 1040 the *King* of Ægipt gan him say
 in a ffaire ffeeld *that* day
 with many a noble Knight.
 what time the great Lord might him see,
 1044 they asked, “ what Lord *that* might bee
 with the griffon soe bright ? ”

Next day

Degradell
arms,
and the
King of
Egypt tries
him.

¹ MS. the. Yf she.—T. (with other changes).—F.

² had the chief seats on the dais.—F.

³ See the operation described in *The Boke of Curtasye &c.* (E. E. Text Soc.

1867).—F. T. has :

Aftur mete, than seyde they

Deus pacis, clerkys canne seye.

⁴ to haruds.—T.

the ruler of *that* game gan tell,
 "this is the Prince of Isarell!
 1048 beware! ffor he is wight."

90

Degrabell
 sits firm,

the *King* of Ægipt tooke a shaft;
 the Prince saw *that*, & sadlye sate,
 if he were neuer soe keene.¹

unhorses the
 King,

1052 against the *King* he made him bowne,
 And on the ground he cast him downe,
 the ground *that* was soe greene.

[page 310]

wins Christ-
 tabell,

they *King* said, "soe god me saue,
 1056 thou art worthy her to haue!"
 soe said they all by-deene.

91

euerye Lord gan other assay,
 & squiers on the other day,
 1060 *that* doughtye were of deede.
 Sir Degrabell his troth hee plight;
 & Christabell, *that* Ladye bright,
 to church they her ledd.

and by God's
 might
 marries his
 mother.

1064 through the might of god he² spedd,
 his owne mother there he wedd,
 in Romans as wee reade.³

She sees his
 arms,

shee saw his armes him beforne⁴;
 1068 shee thought of him *that* was forlorne,
 shee wept like to be dead.

92

"what cheere," he said, "my Lady cleere⁵?"
 what weepe you, & make such heauye cheere?
 1072 methinkes you are in thought."

¹ ? MS. keere.—F.

² Thus graciously he hath.—T.

³ Thus harde y a clerke rede.—T.

⁴ MS. beforme.—F.

⁵ The word may be *cleerre*. T. omits this and the next two lines.—F.

- “ Sir, in your armes now I see
 a ffoule *that* [rafte] on a time ffrom mee
 a child *that* I deere bought,¹
 1076 *that* in a scarlett mantle was wound,
 & in a girdle of gold bound
that richely was wrought.”
 the King of Isarell said ffull right,
 1080 “ in my fforrest the ffoule gan Light ;
 a griffon to Land him brought.”

and tells him
 how a bird
 took her boy
 away,

in a mantle,
 and with a
 gold girdle
 on.

The King of
 Isarell says
 the Griffin
 alighted in
 his land,

93

- he sent a squier ffull hend,
 & bade him ffor the mantle wende
 1084 *that* hee was in Layd.
 beffore him itt was brought ffull yare,
 the girdle & the mantle there,
that richlye were graued.
 1088 “ alas ! ” then said *that* Lady ffree,
 “ this same the Griffon tooke ffrom mee.”
 in swoning downe shee braid.
 “ how long agoe ? ” the King gan say.
 1092 “ Sir, 15 yeere par ma ffay.”
 they assented to *that* shee said.

and the boy
 was brought
 to him.

Christabell
 says the boy
 was hers,

and it's
 fifteen years
 ago.

94

- “ fforsooth, my sonne, I am afraid
that to² sibb maryage wee haue made
 1096 *in* the beginninge of this moone.”
 “ damsell, looke,—soe god me saue !—
which of my *Knights* thou wilt haue.”
 then degrabell answered soone,
 1100 “ Sir, I hold you[r] Erles good,
 & soe I doe my mother, by the roode,
that I wedded before they noone ;

She tells her
 son-husband
 that their
 marriage is
 void.

The King
 offers her
 any husband
 she'll choose.

No, says
 Degrabell,

¹ That sometyme rafte a chylde fro me,
 A knyght fulle dere hym boght.—T.

² When *to* stands for *too*, the *o* will be
 accented hereafter.—F.

the knights
must fight
for her. 1104 there shall none haue her certainlye
but if he winne her with maisterye
as I my-selfe haue doone."

95

All the lords
agree to
do so. then euery Lord to other gan say,
" ffor her I will make delay ¹
1108 with a speare & sheeld in hand ;
who-soe may winne *that* Lady clere,
ffor to be his wedded ffere,
must wed her in that Land."

[Part VI.]

[How Eglamore won back his lost love Christabell, and married her.]

96

Eglamore,	1112	{	Sir Eglamore was homward bowne,
			he hard tell of <i>that</i> great renowne,
			& thither wold hee wend. ²
many lords,			great Lords <i>that</i> hard of <i>that</i> crye,
			they rode thither hastilye,
			as ffast as they might ffare.
			the King of Sattin ³ was there alsoe,
			& other great Lords many more
and the King of Sattin, come to the tourney.	1120		<i>that</i> royall armes ⁴ bare.
Lists are prepared,			Then ringes were made in the ffeeld
			<i>that</i> Lords might therin weld ;
			thé busked & made them yare.
and all the lords make ready.	1124		Sir Eglamore, thoe he came Last,
			he was not worthy out to be cast ;
			<i>that</i> Knight was clothed in care.

¹ For hur love we wylle turnay.—T.

² By rhyme this triplet belongs to the last stanza. It is put there in the Thornton text, which adds after it the stanza about Eglamore's arms, given, in an altered state, as st. 97 in our print

below.—F.

³ "Sydon (Cotton M.)" marked in pencil on the margin of the MS.—F. Sydone.—T.

⁴ yoly colourys.—T.

97

ffor *that* Christabell was put to the sea,
 1128 new armes beareth hee,

I will them descrye :

he beareth in azure a shipp of gold,
 ffull richlye portrayed on the mold,

[page 311]

Eglamore
 bears as
 arms, on a
 blue shield
 a gold ship,

1132 ffull well & worthylye ;

the sea was made both grim & bold ;

a younge child of a night old,

& a woman Lying there by ;

with a child,
 and a
 woman lying
 by it.

1136 of siluer was the mast, of gold the ffane¹ ;
 sayle, ropes, & cables, eche one
 painted were worthylye.

98

heralds of armes soone on hyc,
 1140 euery Lords armes gan descrye
 in *that* ffeeld soe broade.²

then Chr[i]stabell as white as fflower,
 she sate vpon a hyc tower ;³

Christabell
 sits in a high
 tower :

1144 ffor her *that* crye was made.

the younge knight of 15 yeere old

that was both doughtye & bold,

her son
 Degrabell

into the ffeeld he rode.

rides into
 the field,

1148 who-soe *that* Sir Degrabell did smite,
 with his dint they ffell tyte,
 neuer a one his stroake abode.

and fells all
 who attacks
 him.

99

Sir Eglamore houed⁴ & beheild

1152 how the folke in the feild downe feld
 they *Knights* all by-dcene.

Eglamore
 looks on.

¹ Fane, a Weather-cock, which turns about as the Wind changes, and shews from what Quarter it blows. Phillips.
 —F.

² The three lines above are not in T.

—F.

³ Was broght to a corner of the walle.—T.

⁴ halted, stood still. The first three lines of this stanza are not in T.—F.

Degrabell
asks him
why he
stands still.

when Degrabell him see, he rode him till,¹
& said, "Sir, why are you soe still
1156 amonge all these *Knights* keene?"

"Because I
am come out
of heathen
lands.

Eglamore said to him Iowis,²
"I am come out of heathenesse,
itt were sinne mee to meete.³"

1160 Degrabell said, "soe mote I thee!
more worshipp itt had beene to thee,
vnarmed to haue beene."

100

Haven't you
jousting
enough?

the ffather on the sonne Lough;
1164 "haue yee not Iusting enoughe⁴
where euer *that* you bee?

that day ffall haue I seene,
with as bigg men haue I beene,

1168 & yett well gone my way.

I'll have a
turn with
you."

& yett, fforsooth," said he then,

"I will doe as well as I can,
with you once to play."

They charge.

1172 heard together they *knights* donge
with great speares sharpe and longe;
them beheld eche one."

Eglamore
gives his son
a rap,
grounds
him,

Sir Eglamore, as itt was his happ,⁵
1176 giue his sonne such a rappe⁶
that to the ground went hee.

101

"alas!" then said *that* Ladye ffree,

"my sonne is dead, by gods pittye!

1180 the keene *knight* hath him slaine!"

then men said wholly on mold,

and wins

"the *Knight that* beares the shipp of gold
hath wonne her on the plaine."

Christabell.

¹ He sende a knyght anon fulle styлле.
—T.

² He seyde, Syr recreawntes.—T.

³ tene, T., which is better.—F.

⁴ T. alters this and the next nineteen
lines.—F.

⁵ turnyd hys swerde flatt.—T.

⁶ patte.—T.

102

- 1184 Herallds of armes cryed then,
 "is there now any manner of man
 will make his body good,
that will iust any more?
 1188 say now while wee be here!"
 then a while they still stode.
 Degrabell said, "by god almight!
 methinkes *that* I durst with him ffight,
 1192 if he were neuer soe wood."
 Lords together made a vow,
 "fforssooth," they said, "best worthy art thou
 to haue thy ffreelye ffood!"

Heralds

ask if any
one else will
fight
Eglamore.None
answerso Christa-
bell is
adjudged to
him.

103

- 1196 ffor to vnarme him Lords gan goe;
¹ clothes of gold on him they doe,
 & then to meate thé wende.
 Sir Eglamore then wan the gree,
 1200 beside the Lady sett was hee:
 shee frened him as her ffreind,¹
 "ffor what cause *that* he bore
 a shipp of gold with mast & ore."
 1204 he said with words hende,
 "damsell, into the sea was done.
 my Lady & my younge² sonne;
 & there they made an ende."

Eglamore
is clad in
cloth of gold,and sits in
the chief
place with
Christabell.
She asks
him why
his arms
are a ship."Because
my lady and
son were
put to sea,
and died."

104

- 1208 ³ knowledge to him tooke shee thoe;
 "now, good Sir, tell me soe,
 where they were brought to ground?"

[page 312] Where were
they buried?

¹⁻¹ In cortyls, sorcatys, and schorte
 clothys,
 That doghty weryn of dede.
 Two kyngys the deyse began,

Syr Egyllamowre and Crystyabelle
 than;
 Ihesu us alle spede!—T.
² lemman and my yongest.—T.
³ T. omits the next six lines.—F

"I was
away.
Her father
sent her to
sea to
drown."

What is
your name?

"Sir Eglamore
of
Artois."

1212 "while I was in ffarr countrye
her ffather put her into the sea,
with the waues to confounde."
with honest mirth & game
of him shee asked the name ;
1216 & he answered that stond,
"men call mee, where I was bore,
of Artoys Sir Eglamore,
that with a worme was wound."

105

Christabell
swoons,
then
welcomes
Eglamore,

and tells
what she has
suffered.

(People
meet when
they least
expect it.)

1220 in swooning fell *that* Lady ffree ;
"welcome, Sir Eglamore, to mee !
thy Lone I haue bought full deere !"
then shee sate, & told full soone
1224 how into the sea shee was doone ;
then wept both lesse and more.
¹ minstrills had their giffts ffree,
wherby the might the better bee ;
1228 to spend they wold not spare.²
ffull true itt is, by god in heauen,
that men meete att vnsett steven,³
& soe itt beffell there.

106

The King of
Isarell tells
how he
found
Degrabell,

1232 the King of Isarell gan tell
how *that* hee found Sir Degrabell ;
Lordings, Listen then : ⁴

¹ This gentle reminder to the hearers of their duty to the singers of the Romance is repeated with some variation at the end.—F.

² For the former part of this st. 105, T. has, st. cxi. p. 174 :

There was many a robe of palle ;
The chylde servyd in the halle

At the fyrste mete that day.

Prevely scho to hym spake,

"3ondur ys thy fadur that the gate!"

A grete yoye hyt was to see ay

When he knelyd downe on hys kne,
Ther was mony an herte sore,

Be God that dyed on a tree!—F.

³ unfixed time, time not appointed.
Compare Chaucer, in *The Knightes Tale*,
l. 666, v. ii. p. 47, ed. Morris :

It is ful fair a man to bere him evene,
For al day meteth men atte unset stevene.

Ful litel woot Arcite of his felawe,

That was so neih to herken of his sawe.
—F.

⁴ Knyghtys lystenyd ther-to than.
—T.

- Sir Eglamore kneeled on his knee,
 1236 "my Lord!" he said, "god yeeld itt thee!
 yee haue made him a May.¹"
 the King of Isarell said, "I will the[e] giue
 halfe my kindome while I doe liue,
 1240 my deere sonne as white as swan."
 "thou shalt haue my daughter Arnada,"
 the King of Sattin sayd alsoe,
 "I remember, since thou her wan."

and gives
him half his
kingdom.

The King of
Sattin
also gives
his daughter
Arnada to
Degrabell.

107

- 1244 ² Eglamore prayed the Kings 3
 att his wedding ffor to bee,
 if *that* they wold vouch[s]afe.
 all granted him *that* there were,
 1248 litle, lesse, & more;
 Lord Iesus christ them haue!
 Kings, Erles, I vnde[r]stand,
 with many dukes of other Lands,
 1252 with Ioy & mirth enoughe.
 the trumpetts in the shipp blowes,
 that euery man to shipp goes,
 the winde them ouer blew.

Eglamore
invites every
one to his
wedding.

All accept,

sail off,

108

- 1256 through gods might, all his meany
 in good liking passed the sea;
 in Artois they did arriuē.
 the Erle then in the tower stoode,
 1260 he saw men passe the ffood,
 & ffast ³ to his horsse gan driue.

and reach
Artois
safely.
The old Earl

¹ man.—T. *May* generally means maiden; but *maue*, *maze*, is a kinsman; A.-Sax. *mæg*, a son, kinsman.—F.

² T. shortens and alters this stanza

and part of the next.—F.

³ So in printed copy, but very different in the Cotton MS.—Pencil note in MS.

falls out of
his tower
and breaks
his neck,

1264

when he heard of Eglamore,
he ffell out of his tower
& broke his necke belue.
the messenger went againe to tell
of *that* case, how itt beffell:
with god may no man strue.

by a merciful
providence.

109

The
Emperor is
sent for,

1268

¹ thus in Artois the Lords thé Lent;
after the Emperour ² soone thé sent,
to come to *that* Marryage;

every one in
the land is
bidden to the
Feast,

1272

in all they land they mad crye,
who-soe wold come to *that* ffeast worthye,
right welcome shold they bee;

and Eglamore weds
Christabell,
Degrabell
weds
Arnada.

1276

Sir Eglamore to the church is gone,
degrabell & Arnada they haue tane,
and his Lady bright of blee.
the King of Isarell said, "He giue
halfe my land while I liue;
brooke well [all ³] after my day."

110

The Feast
lasts forty
days,

1280

with mickle mirth the feast was made,
40 dayes itt abode
amonge all the Lords hend;
and then forsooth, as I you say,

and then all
the guests go
home.

1284

euery man tooke his way
wherin him liked to dwell.

[page 313]

¹ T. alters these concluding stanzas a good deal.—F.

² An Emperor was thought necessary to give the proper eclat to a wedding:

Ther com tyl hir weddyng
An *emperoure* and a kyng,
Erchebyschopbz with ryng
Mo then fyftene!

The mayster of hospitalle
Come over with a cardinale,
The gret kyng of Portyngalle,
With kny3thus ful kene.

Sir Degrevant, p. 252-3, Thornton Romances.—F.

³ all. p.c.—Pencil note. T. has not the line. *Brooke* is A.-S. *brucan*, to enjoy.—F.

minstrells had good great plentye,
that euer they better may thé bee,
 1288 and bolder ffor to spend.
 in Romans this Chronickle is.
 dere Iesus! bring vs to thy blisse
 that lasteth without end! ¹
 ffins.

Minstrels
 get plenty of
 money.

Christ bless
 us all!

¹ T. winds up with "Amen. Here endyth syr Egyllamowre of Artas, and begyn-
 neth syr Tryamowre."—F.

[*"When Scortching Phœbus,"* printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs,
 pp. 70–3, follows here in the MS.]

The Emperour & the Child.¹

THE following piece is here printed for the first time. Percy describes it as an old poem “in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press.” Selecting from it “such particulars as could be adopted,” he composed himself a poem on the subject of it,—a poem in Two Parts, altogether some 400 lines long, beginning in this wise :

When Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
The holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine ! &c.

Is this style so very much worthier of the press than that of

Within the Grecian land some time did dwell
An Emperour, whose name did far excell, &c. ?

We doubt whether either piece is particularly worthy of the press. But that which suited best the taste of the eighteenth century is certainly the less worthy of the two. That century could see the mote in the eye of a preceding age, but not the beam in its own eye.

This piece is evidently of very late origin, written at a time when the period of professional ballad-makers had well set in.

The story was, in prose, extremely popular. This prose version was a translation from the French. Of the old French romance an analysis is given in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, which ranks it among *Romans Historiques* : ¹—

¹ The Old song of Valentine & Ursin or Orsin.

This song or Poem seems to be quite modern by the Language & versification.

N.B. This Poem only suggested the subject of that I printed on Valentine and Ursin.—P.

² Histoire des deux nobles et vaillans

Chevaliers Valentin et Orson, fils de l'Empereur de Grèce et neveux du très-chrétien Roi de France Pépin, contenant 74 chapitres, lesquels parlent de plusieurs et diverses matières très-plaisantes et récréatives. Lyon, 1495, in-folio, et 1590 in-octavo, et depuis à Troyes, chez Oudot, in-quarto.

Nous avons annoncé dans notre avant-dernier volume que nous avions encore à parler d'un roman singulier et intéressant concernant Pépin, Roi de France, premier de la seconde race et père de Charlemagne ; c'est celui dont on vient de lire le titre. Il est bien constamment historique, quoique l'histoire y soit défigurée ; que Pépin y voyage dans des pays dont il n'a jamais approché, tels que Constantinople et Jérusalem, qu'on l'y fasse prisonnier d'un Roi des Indes, ainsi que les douze pairs de France ; qu'on ajoute à cette prétendue captivité les circonstances les plus ridicules ; qu'on suppose à Pépin deux fils, une sœur et deux neveux, qui n'ont jamais existé ; enfin, quoique les commencements de l'histoire de Charlemagne que l'on trouve dans ce roman-ci soient aussi éloignés de la vérité que ce qui est dit du règne de Pépin, tout cela, cependant, se fait lire avec plaisir ; et nous croyons que nos lecteurs ne trouveront point trop long l'extrait très-détaillé que nous allons en faire, chapitre par chapitre, sans rien changer à sa marche, et respectant presque également le style, qui n'est pas si gaulois que celui des autres romans de chevalerie que nous avons extraits jusqu'à présent, car celui-ci peut être rangé dans la même classe : on peut aussi, si l'on veut, le compter parmi les romans d'amour, car malgré les ridiculités dont il est rempli, la marche en est très-régulière. L'histoire des deux frères qui en font les héros y est conduite depuis l'instant de leur naissance jusqu'à leur mort ; tous deux sont amoureux et épousent enfin leurs maîtresses. Rien ne nous prouve que ce roman soit fort ancien. Nous n'en connaissons aucuns manuscrits ; et ne pouvant parler d'après nous-mêmes de la première édition (in-folio), qui est très-rare, nous ne trouvons rien dans la seconde (qui est celle de 1590) qui porte une certaine marque d'ancienneté, non-seulement dans le style, mais même dans les détails, et nous ne croyons pas qu'on puisse en faire remonter l'époque plus haut que le règne de Charles VIII, temps où beaucoup de romans de ce genre virent le jour, les uns étant tirés de quelques manuscrits plus anciens, les autres étant tout à fait nouveaux. Ne poussons pas plus loin nos recherches et nos observations préliminaires sur Valentin et Orson, et commençons notre extrait en suppliant nos lecteurs d'avoir de l'indulgence pour la simplicité et la bonhomie avec lesquelles cet ouvrage a été composé. On y trouvera bien des traits curieux et des situations très-intéressantes, mêlés avec mille circonstances ridicules. La singularité de tout cela pourra, du moins, amuser.

L'auteur raconte, d'abord, en peu de mots, la touchante histoire de Berthe au grand pied, qui a fait la matière d'un roman entier,

dont nous avons donné l'extrait dans notre premier volume du mois dernier. Il suppose seulement que les deux fils de Pépin et de la fausse Berthe vécurent, et se trouvèrent en état, à la mort de Pépin, de combattre le roi Charlemagne et de lui disputer la couronne ; que celui-ci, après avoir été chassé de son royaume par eux, y rentra, pourtant, et les vainquit à son tour. Il suppose encore que Pépin avait une sœur nommée Béligrane ou Belissante, qu'elle épousa un Empereur de Constantinople nommé Alexandre, et c'est ici que commence le roman.

As the matter of a chap-book, the story was very common both in France and in England. How it was generally treated will be shown by the following headings of chapters from the *Histoire de Valentin et Orson, très-nobles et très-vaillants chevaliers, fils de l'Empereur de Grèce et neveux du très-vaillant et très-chrétien Pépin, Roi de France*.

Cap. I.—Comme le très-noble roi Pépin épousa Berthe, dame de très-grande renommée et prudence.

Cap. II.—Comme l'Empereur fut trahi par l'Archevêque de Constantinople.

Cap. III.—Comme l'Archevêque étant éconduit de Bellisant pour son honneur sauver, machina grande trahison.

Cap. IV.—Comme l'Archevêque se mit en habit de chevalier, et monta à cheval pour poursuivre la dame Bellisant, laquelle était bannie.

Cap. V.—Comme Bellisant enfanta deux enfants dans la forêt d'Orléans, dont l'un fut appelé Valentin et l'autre Orson, et comme elle les perdit.

Cap. VI.—De l'ourse qui emporta de Bellisant parmi le bois.

Cap. VII.—Comme par le conseil de l'Archevêque furent élevées de nouvelles coutumes en la cité de Constantinople, et comme la trahison fut connue.

Cap. VIII.—Comme l'Empereur Alexandre, par le conseil des sages, envoya quérir le roi Pépin pour savoir la vérité de la querelle du marchand et de l'Archevêque.

Cap. IX.—Comment le marchand et l'Archevêque se combattirent au champ de bataille.

Cap. X.—Comme le roi Pépin prit congé de l'Empereur et partit de Constantinople pour retourner en France, et comme après il alla à Rome contre les Sarrasins qui la cité avaient prise.

Cap. XI.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri eurent envie sur Valentin pour le grand amour que lui portait le roi.

Cap. XII.—Comme Valentin conquit Orson son frère dans la forêt d'Orléans.

Cap. XIII.—Comme après que Valentin eut conquis Orson, il partit de la forêt pour retourner à Orléans vers le roi Pépin.

Cap. XIV.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri, par envie, résolurent de tuer Valentin en la chambre de la belle Esglantine.

Cap. XV.—Comme le duc de Savary envoya vers le roi Pépin pour avoir aide contre le vert chevalier qui voulait avoir sa fille Fezonne pour épouse.

Cap. XVI.—Comme plusieurs chevaliers vinrent en Aquitaine pour avoir la belle Fezonne.

Cap. XVII.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri firent guetter Valentin et Orson sur le chemin pour le faire mourir.

Cap. XVIII.—Comme le roi Pépin commanda que devant son palais fût appareillé le champ pour voir Orson et Grigard combattre ensemble.

* * * * *

Cap. LVI.—Comme Valentin fit la pénitence qui lui avait été imposée pour expier le meurtre de son père.

Cap. LVII.—Comme le roi Hugon fit demander Escharmonde pour femme, et comme il trahit Orson et le vert chevalier.

Cap. LVIII.—Comme Bellisant et Escharmonde surent la trahison et fausse entreprise du roi Hugon.

Cap. LIX.—Comme Orson et le vert chevalier furent délivrés des prisons du roi de Syrie, et comme le roi Hugon, pour éviter la guerre, se soumit à eux.

Cap. LX.—Comme, au bout de sept ans, Valentin, finit ses jours dans son palais de Constantinople, et écrivit une lettre par laquelle il fut connu.

WITHIN the Grecyan land some time did dwell
 an Emperour, whose name did ffar excell;
 he tooke to wiffe the Lady B[e]llefaunt,
 4 the only sister to the Kinge of ffrance,
 with whome he liued in pleasure & delight
 vntill *that* ffortune came to worke them spight.

A Greek
 Emperour
 once married
 a French
 Princess,
 Lady Belle-
 faunt.

They lived
 happily till

a lustful
Bishop

ffor within the court a bishoppe¹ there did rest,
8 the *which* the Emperour held in great request ;
his enuious hart itt was soe sore enfflamed

tried to
seduce the
Empress,

vpon the Empresse, *that* gallant dame,
² *that* he wold perswade her many ³ a wile
12 her husbands marriage bed for to defile.

and on her
refusal

but shee denyed *that* vnchast request,
as to her honor did beseeme her best ;
which when the Bishopp saw, away he went
16 vntou the Emperour with a fell intent,

accused her
falsely to the
Emperor.

& then most ffalselye her he did accuse,
how *that* shee wold his marryage bed abuse ;
& thervpon he swore the same to proue,
20 *which* made her husbands loue in wrath to proue.
then the Emperour went to her with speed,
ffor to accuse her of this shamefull deede.
and when shee saw how shee was betrayd,

The
Emperor
wouldn't
hear her,
but banished
her at once ;

24 her inocency shee began to pleade ;
but then her husband wold not heare her speake,
which made her hart with sorrow like to breake ;
but straight the Emperour he gaue command
28 *that* shee shold be banished ⁴ out of his land.

and she
started with
one squire
for France.

but when *that* shee ffrom them did goe,
before them all shee did reccount ⁵ her woe,
& said *that* shee was banished wrongffullye ;
32 & soe shee went with sorrow like to dye.
now is shee gone, but with one Squier alone,
vnto her brother in ffrance to make her Mone.

On her way

And being come within the realme of ffrance, [page 315
36 O there beffell a very heauy chance !
ffor ⁶ as shee trauelled through a wild fforrest,
the labor of Childhood did her sore oppresse,

¹ An Archpriest, says the Story Book.
—P.

² That her he *would* persuade with.
—P.

³ with many, qu.—P.

⁴ banish'd be.—P.

⁵ recount.—P.

⁶ *all* follows in the MS., marked out.
—F.

- & more & more her paines increased still
 40 *that* shee was fforced to rest against her will.
 now att the lenght her tranell came to end,
 ffor the Lord 2 children did her send,
 the *which* were faire & proper boyes indeed,
 44 *which* made her hart with Ioy for to exceede.
 but now behold how ffortune gan to Lower,¹
 & turned her Ioy to greefe within an hower!
 ffor why, shee saw an vgly beare as then,
 48 the *which* was come fforthe of some lothesome den;
 & when the beare did see her in *that* place,
 he made towards her with an Egar pace,
 & ffrom her tooke one of her children small,
 52 a sight to greene the mothers hart with-all.
 but when shee saw her child soe borne away,
 shee Laid the other downe, & did not stay,
 & ffollowed itt as ffast as euer shee might;
 56 but all in vaine! of itt shee lost the sight.
 but soe itt chanced, att *that* verry tyde
 the King of ffrance did there a hunting ryde;
 & in the fforrest as he rode vp and downe,
 60 the other child he ffound vpon the ground.
 & when he saw the child to be soe faire,
 to take itt vp he bade his men take care,
 & keepe itt well as tho itt were his owne,
 64 vntill the ffather of the child where ² knowne.
 the Empresse returned there backe againe,
 when as shee saw the beare within his den;
 but when shee saw her other sonne was lost,
 68 her hart with sorrow then was like to burst.
 then downe shee sate her with a heany hart,
 & wishes ³ death to ease her of her smart;
 shee wrong her hands with many a sigh full deepe
 72 *that* wold haue made a fflynty hart to weepe.

she was
taken in
labour,

and bore
two boys.

A bear

carried off
one of them.

She laid the
other down,
and ran
after the
lost one,
but couldn't
find it.

The King of
France finds
the boy laid
down,

and has him
carried off.

The Empress
comes back
for him,

but finds him
gone.

Her heart
nearly
breaks.

¹ lour.—P.

² were.—P.

³ wish'd for.—P.

She leaves
the place,

and goes to
a castle
for help.

But a giant
lives there

and puts her
in prison,

but doesn't
hurt her.

The boy the
bear took
grows up

a huge wild
man,

who kills all
that pass by
his den.

The other
boy is
christened
Valentine,

is knighted,
and is
valiant.

Poor men
complain of
the Wild
Man.

then shee departed from *that* woefull place,
& fforth of ffrance shee went away apace ;
ffor why, as yett shee wold not there be knowen
76 vntill some newes of her young sonnes were shone.¹
but shee beheld a Castle ffaire & stronge,—²
shee had not trauelled ffrom *that* place not Long,—
wheratt shee knocket, some succour for to find.
80 but itt fell out contrary to her mind ;
ffor why, with-in *that* castle dwelt as then
a monstrous gyant, ffearred of all men,
who tooke this Ladye into his prison strong,
84 & there he kept her ffast in prison long.
but when he saw her lookes to be soe sadd,
& hauing knowen what sorrowes she had had,
he kept her close, but he hurt her not ;
88 & soe shee liued in prison long, god wotte.
the child the *which* the beare had borne away,
amongst her younge ones was brought vp alway,
& soe brought vp vntill att length as then
92 he there became a monstrous huge wild man,
& [d]aylye ranged about the fforrest wilde,
& did destroy man, woman, beast and child,
& all things else *which* by his den did passe,
96 *which* to the country great annoyance was.
the other child *which* they King³ had ffound,⁴
he christened was, & valentine was his name ;
& when he grew to be of ripe yeeres,
100 he was beloued both of King and peeres ;
in ffeates off armes he did himselfe advance,
that none like him there cold be ffound in ffrance ;
& ffor *that* same, the King did dub him Knight ;
104 he allwaies was soe vallyant in his fight.
then to the court did many pore men come
to show what hurt the wild man there had done ;

¹ shown.—P.

² The *o* and *n* are squeezed together
in the MS.—F.

³ the *which* the King.—P.

⁴ tane; qu.—P.

- but when the *King* did heare the moane they made,¹
 108 he sent fforth men the monster to inuade ;
 but all in vaine ; ffor why, hee crusht them soe
that none of them with-in his reach durst goe.
 Then valentine vnto the *King* did sue [page 316]
 112 *that* he might goe the Monster to subdue.
 then fforthe he went the Monster ffor to see,
 whom he saw come bearing a younge oke tree ;
 & when the wild man of him had a sight,
 116 he went vnto him & cast him downe right.
 & when he saw his strenght cold not prevaile,
 he praid to god his purpose might not ffayle ;
 then a poinard presently he drew out,
 120 & peirct his side, wherwith the blood gusht out.
 but when the wild man did behold his blood,
 he ² quicklye brought him ffrom his ffurious mood ;
 then ffrom the fforrest both together went
 124 towards the Emperour,³ & with ffull intent
 of [him] desired leane by sea to sayle
 into an Ile *that* Lyeth in Portingall,
 wheras thé hard ⁴ with-in a Castle was
 128 a Ladye ffaire *that* kept a head of brasse,
 the which cold tell of any questyon asket.
 & thither came braue valentine att Last ;
 & when *that* they to ⁵ the castle came,
 132 they thought ffor to haue entered the same ;
 but itt ffell out not vnto their mind,
 because the porters there were much vnkind ;
 ffor why, thé ffound 2 gyants att the gate,
 136 with [w]home ⁶ they ffought or they cold in theratt.
 then went they vpp wheras they head did stand ;
 & by itt sate the bewtyous Claramande,

The King
sends men to
kill him,

but he kills
them.

Valentine
goes to
subdue him ;

the Wild
Man knocks
him down
with an oak,

but gets
stabbed in
return.

Then they
make it up,
and ask the
Emperor
leave to go
to an
island in
Portingall,

to consult a
brass head.

They go
there,

fight two
giants to
get in,

see the head
and fair
Claramande,

¹ The *m* has one stroke too many in the MS.—F.

² It.—P.

³ King of Fraunce, qu.—P.

⁴ heard.—P.

⁵ unto.—P.

⁶ whom.—P.

- whom, when the noble valentine did see,
 140 he swore his hart ffor euer there shold bee.
 then did shee speake vnto the head of brasse,
 & bade itt tell whose sonne valentine was,
 & whom the wild man there shold bee.
 144 to whom the head gaue answer presentlye :
 “ffirst be it knowen, he is thy brother deere,
 & you are both sonnes to the Greccyan peere ;
 & your mother wrongfullye banished was,
 148 & you were both borne in a wild fforrest ;
 & *that*¹ by a beare vrsin was nurst vpp,
 & valentine by² his vnckles court ;
 & your mother lyeth in prison stronge
 152 with King fferagus,³ where shee hath beene long.
 alsoe I say, looke vnder vrsines tounge ;
 there shall you ffind a string both bigg & stronge ;
 cut *that* in tow, & then his speech shall breake ;
 156 & this is all ; & I noe more can speake.”
 then vrsin to his speeche restored was hee,
 & valentine had CLAREMONDE soe ffree.
 soe al together⁴ on their Iourney went
 160 towards their mother being in prison pent ;
 & soe they came vnto the place att Last
 wheras their mother was in prison ffast ;
 & him they slew *that* did their mother keepe,
 164 & soe they brought her out of prison deepe.
 & when *that* they were al together come,
 vnto their mother they then made them knowne ;
 which when shee saw her owne sonnes sett her ffree,
 168 no ioye to her there might compared bee.
 then presentlye they purpose to take read,⁵
 into the Land of greece to hye with speed.
 & when *that* they had many a storme ore past,
 172 they did arriuue with-in *that* Land att last ;

who asks
the head
whose son
Valentine is,
and who
the Wild
Man is.
The head
says,
“ You are
brothers,
sons of the
Greek
Emperor,

and your
mother is in
King
Ferragus's
prison.
Cut the
string under
Ursin's
tongue, and
he'll speak.”

This is done:

Valentine
marries
Clara-
mande ;

and the
two sons

kill
Ferragus,
and free
their
mother.

Then they
all go to
Greece,

¹ there.—P.

² in.—P.

³ This is the name of one of the

Charlemagne heroes.—F.

⁴ MS. *altogether*, and in l. 165.—F.

⁵ counsel.—P.

- then on their Iourney towards they court they went, to the Court.
 & to the Emperour a messenger they sent,
 to tell him ffreinds of his were comen vpon land,
 176 & did intreat some fflavor att his hand.
 when the Emperour was come vnto them there,
 & knew the woman to be his wiffe most deere,
 & *that* the other 2 were his owne deare sonnes,
 180 he then bewailed their happ with bitter moanes,
 ffirst *that* because his wiffe was wronge exilde,
 & ffor the greeffe when as shee traueled with child.
 & soe att lenght, in spight of ffortunes happ,
 184 they liued in ioy, & ffeared noe after clappe.
 ffinns.

When the
Emperor
finds his
wife
and sons,

he bewails
their past
sufferings;

and they
live happily
thereafter.

Sittinge : Late : ¹

THIS piece declares that women will have their own way, and further, that that way will frequently be wanton. It attempts to reconcile husbands to the loss of their supremacy, and their other consequent troubles. The argument is not always thoroughly satisfactory; as, when we are taught that because Paris of Troy got into such trouble for running away with another man's wife, therefore we cannot expect to enjoy any immunity from trouble in respect of our own wives. We cannot, if we would, says the poem, exercise a sufficiently sharp surveillance over them. In all ranks of life they "have their own will;" beggars' wives, and the wives of better men, all elude and mock their husbands. The only place where this is not the rule is Rome, and it is not so there simply because a woman-pope would not let it be so. Thus woman's will reigns supreme everywhere.

But perhaps the only interest this sorry composition possesses is its illustrating *Hudibras* (Part I. canto ii. vv. 545–552):—

Some cried the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
And some or brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Commons' House;
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No surplices, nor Service-book:—

and Falstaff's remark on the worthy Justice Shallow, that "a came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and *sung those tunes* to the overscutched huswives *that he heard the carmen whistle*, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights." Many

¹ A Satire on the Women.—P.

other references to the sibilant powers of the sixteenth and seventeenth century carmen are given by Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of Olden Time*, à propos of the air called "The Carmen's Whistle."

SITTINGE: late, my selfe alone,

[page 317]

to heare the birds sweete harmonye,

one sighed sore with many a grone,

4 "my wiffe will still my master bee!"

his sig[h]es ecclipsed bright Phebus beames,

his hart did burne like ætna hill,

his teares like Nilus fflowing streames,¹

8 his cryes did peirce the Eccho shrill.

with *that* I drew my eare aside

to heare him thus complaine of ill;

his greefe & mind were both a-like,

12 *that* ginnye ² his filly wold haue her owne will.

I heard a
man
bewailing
that his
wife would
be his
master;

he wept, and
cried shrilly,

and said his
filly would
have her
will.

The King of Sirya mad a law,

that euery ³ man with-in his land,

that he shold lordlye keepe in awe

16 his wiffe, & those *that* did with-stand.

which acte is cleane gone out of mind

of all degrees, & will be still;

pore silly husbands are soe kind,

20 they let their wiues haue their owne will.

Men won't
keep the
King of
Syria's law,
that men
shall keep
their wives
in order.

When Princely Paris, pride of Troye,

had stolen away King Menelaus wiffe,

10 yeeres of warr was all his Ioy,

24 & afterwards bereaned of liffe.

by this wee see *that* Kings are tyed,

as well as subiects, to much ill;

why shold wee poore men thinke itt scorne

28 to let our wiues haue their owne will?

Paris got

ten years
war and his
death for
stealing his
wife.
If then kings
get into
trouble,

¹ *streans* in the MS.—F.

² MS. may be *grimye*.—F.

³ *fo^r* every.—P.

- All *that* lookes blacke, diggs not ffor coles ;
 how shold our chymneys then be swept ?
 & he *that* thinkes to Iumpe ore Powles,¹
 32 may once a yeare be well out leapte ;
 ffor vulcan wore a head of horne ²
 when least misprision was of ill.
 lett no man liuing thinke itt scorne
 36 to let his wiffe haue her owne will !
- and Gods do
 so too,
 don't let us
 mind about
 letting our
 wives have
 their own
 way.
- But shee *that* lues by nille³ & tape,
 & with her bagge & lucett⁴ beggs,
 oft makes her husband many a scape⁵
 40 although shee goes in simple raggs ;
 ffor hungry doggs will alwayes range,
 & vnsauory meate will staunch their fill ;
 & they *that* take delight in change
 44 will, Nolens Volens, haue their owne will.
- Even
 beggar-
 women
 get their
 husbands
 into scrapes ;
- and if a man
 goes out,
 But he *that* goes ffrom dore to dore,
 & cryes " old buskins ffor new broome ;"
 althoe his liuing be but poore,
 48 another must supply his roome.
 " old bootes & buskins ffor new broome !
 come buy, ffaire maids, & take your fill !
 there are no Cucholds made att Roome ;
 52 Pope Ione hath sett itt downe by will."
- his place
 must be
 supplied.
 (But there
 are no
 cuckolds in
 Rome.)

¹ Powles, i. e. St. Paul's.—P.

² Note ² in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, ed. 1841, vol. ii. p. 126, col. 1, says, "In 'Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems, by R. H. 8vo. Lond. 1664, p. 5, 'Why Cuckolds are said to wear Horns?' we read: 'Is not this monster said to wear the Horns because other Men with their two forefingers point and *make Horns* at him?' " "*Cuck-old*. Cuckolled, treated in the way that

the cuckow (Lat. *cuculus*) serves other birds, viz. by laying an egg in their nest." Wedgwood.—F.

³ MS. *iulle*, but as the dot over the *i* is very often misplaced in the MS. and *nill* means *needle*, I print *nille*.—F.

⁴ perhaps budget.—P. Fr. *lucet* or *luchet* is a spade.—F.

⁵ 1. A misdemeanour . . . 3. A trick, shift, or evasion. Halliwell.—F.

The Carman whistles vp & downe ;
 another cryes " will you buy any blacke ¹ ? "
 the cuntryman is held a clowne,
 56 when better men haue greater lacke.
 thus whiles they cards are shuffled about,
 the knaue will in the decke ² lye still ;
 & if all secretts were found out,
 60 I doubt a number wold want their will.

It's well
 that all
 wives'
 secrets
 are not
 known.

ffins.

¹ ? Fr. *noir*, blacking, or *pierre noire*,
 Black Oaker, or the blacke marking-
 stone.—Cotgrave. It can't mean soot

or mourning.—F.

² A pack of cards. Halliwell.—F.

Libius : Disconius : ¹

[In nine Parts.—P.]

PERCY thought so well of the plot of this Romance that he chose it for analysis in his *Reliques* (v. iii. p. xii.—xvi. ed. 1765). Speaking of “these old poetical Legends,” he says, “it will be proper to give at least one specimen of their skill [that is, the skill of the writers of them], in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied in these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry. I shall select the Romance of LIBIUS DISCONIUS, as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.² If an Epic Poem may be defined, ‘³ A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, spite of all the obstacles that oppose him :’ I know not why we should withhold the name of EPIC POEM from the piece which I am about to analyse.”

¹ This Piece may be considered perhaps as one of the first rude Attempts towards the Epic or Narrative Poem in Europe since the Roman Times. [See v. i. p. 417, l. 4.] Nor is it defective [so] in the most essential Parts of Epic Poetry. The Hero is one. The great action to which every thing tends is one: there is little interruption of episode; & it [b]egins nearer the [E]vent than most of that age.—P.

This appears to be more ancient than the Time of Chaucer. See The Rhyme of Sir Thopas quoted below,

St. 22^d.—P.

N.B. The Rhyme of Sir Thopas seems to be intended in Imitation of this old Piece. N.B. This is a translation from the French. Vid. p. 327, st. 15 [of MS. p. 441, l. 706 here].—P

² Men speken of Romaunces of Price,
Of Horne-Child and Ipotis,
Of Bevis and Sir Guy,
Of Sir Libeaux and Blandamoure,
But Sir Thopas bereth the flour
Of riall chevallrie.—*Rel.* iii. p. viii.

³ Vide “Discours sur la Poésie Epique,” prefixed to *TÉLÉMAQUE*.—P.

The Bishop then gives a sketch of each of the nine Parts of the Romance, and winds up with, "Such is the fable of this ancient piece : which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance ; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language." Poor times ! Why hadn't you a bishop with a blacking-brush to make you shine ?

The subject of the story is one that, told in the language and clothed with the feelings of each successive age, can never fail to interest that age at least,—the adventures of a young unknown man on his dangerous road from poverty to success in life, from nameless obscurity to rank and fame, from the consciousness of power existing only in the youth's own brain, to the full manifestation of that power, in the sight and with the applause of all beholders, who rejoice to see it receive its fitting reward.

In the present instance, Lybius comes from his mother's apron-strings, not knowing his father (he is Gawain's bastard ¹) to Arthur's court. He asks for knighthood, and the first adventure that comes in. He gets both ; and his task is to free the Lady of Sinadowne from prison. Though scorned for his youth by her messengers, he conquers, one after another, thirteen formidable opponents, of whom the first nine are Sir William de la Braunch, his three cousins, two giants, Sir Gefferon, Sir Otes de Lisle, and the Giant Mangys. A more insidious foe is behind, the sorceress of the Golden Isle, whom our hero has rescued from Mangys. For a year she keeps him from fulfilling his task ; but at last he breaks

¹ That story of rising from an obscure beginning is a very common one in mediæval literature, and belongs to a principle of mediæval sentiment, that noble blood was never lost, (bastardy was considered no real stain ;) and that if a knight, for instance, met with a woman in a wood, and got her with child, how-

ever ignoble the woman, or however low the circumstances under which the child received its first nurture, the blood it had received from the father would inevitably urge it onward till it reached its natural station. There are stories illustrating this feeling in all its forms. —T. Wright.

away from her, and goes to Sinadowne. There he conquers one knight, Sir Lambers, and then two necromancers who have turned the Lady of Sinadowne into a serpent. The serpent kisses him, and at the kiss turns into a lovely princess, who offers him herself and her lands. He accepts both, marries the Lady, and carries her off to King Arthur's court.

The English Romance was first printed by Ritson from the Cotton MS. Caligula A. ii. This text refers several times to its original, "the Frenssch tale" (l. 2122, *Ritson*, ii. 90; l. 222, *ib.* 10, &c.). On this, Ritson remarked, "The French original is unknown," ii. 253. The same statement continued true for many a year. Like the original of *Sir Generides* (which I edited from Mr. Tollemache's MS. for Mr. Gibbs as his gift-book to the Roxburghe Club in 1865, and the French of which is still to seek), the original of *Lybeaus Disconus* could not be found. But a lucky purchase by one of our subscribers, the Duc d'Aumale, of a MS. volume of French poems, and a luckier placing by him of it in the hands of Professor Hippeau of Caen in 1855, led to the discovery of the long-hidden French Romance, *Li Biaus Desconneus*, and also the name of its writer, RENALS DE BIAUJU, or,—as M. Hippeau modernises it,—RENAULD DE BEAUJEU. In 1860 M. Hippeau published the poem as *Le Bel Inconnu*, dating its writer as of the thirteenth century. It is not certain that De Biauju's text is the one that the English translators or adapters worked from; for in the two passages above referred to, where the English text refers to the French tale as the authority for its statements, De Biauju's text contains no such statements. But that is not conclusive, for we know that our English versifiers were seldom translators only: like our modern playwrights, they treated their French (or French-writing) originals with great freedom, cut out what they didn't want, altered what they didn't like, and put in incidents at discretion. As one instance, take Robert of Brunne's treatment of William of

Wadington's *Manuel des Pechiez*, detailed in my preface to the *Handlyng Synne*. De Biauju's text *may* have given rise to some lost later version which the English adapters handled; but I see no reason why the early French text which M. Hippeau has printed may not have been before our early men. The motive is the same in both stories, and the chief incidents are the same, though in one—the way in which the Fairy of the Golden Isle, or *La Damoiselle as Blanches Mains*, is represented, and the latter part of the story told—they differ markedly. And as in this part of the French poem M. Hippeau finds the original of part of the story of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, it may be as well to give M. Hippeau's abstract, remembering that the English version makes the lady a mere sorceress who detains Lybius twelve months from pursuing the task that he had vowed to accomplish, and then appears no more in the story. The French text makes her keep him only a day before he has freed the Lady of Sinadowne; but after he has done this, and she has offered herself and her lands to him, De Biauju introduces the Fairy again—the English text saying nothing of her—and makes Lybius halt at the Lady of Sinadowne's offer thus:

The offer is tempting; but the laws of chivalry are opposed to his pledging his troth without having received the authorisation of King Arthur. All the barons of the *pays de Galles* arrive at the *Cité Gastée*; bishops and abbots also come to purify by their pious ceremonies and their processions the places over which the infernal spirits have cast a spell; and, before all her baronage, *Blonde Esmerée* declares that she has decided on taking Giglain as her spouse. A deputation of lords goes to him, and the knight still answers to the long request addressed to him, that he can do nothing without the consent of King Arthur. It is the king who, in granting the princess the help of one of his knights, has the right to all his gratitude. She ought then to go to his court, with all her barons, to thank him.

The queen prepares to set out, in the sweet anticipation that the valorous knight will accompany her in her journey. But widely different feelings now move *le Bel Inconnu*. He cannot drive from his heart the recollection of the beautiful fairy of the *Ile d'Or*.

The description of this unconquerable passion occupies a large space in the story of our trouvère. He finds happy expressions to describe those torments of love which he appears, from the frequent reference he makes to himself, to know only too well. Readers will be astonished to see with what pliancy the language of the thirteenth century lent itself to the developement of the most delicate shades of feeling. Giglain knows not at what point to stop. He dares not return to the *Ile d'Or*, which he left so abruptly ; he cannot, on the other hand, drive away the too seductive image which besieges him night and day. The advice of Robert, his faithful squire, decides him on letting the daughter of the king of *Galles* set out alone. She parts from him with the sadness of resignation, and he sets out for the *Ile d'Or*. But there his perplexities begin again. Shall he go and present himself to the woman whose love he has seemed to disdain ? He weeps, he laments, he is grievously distressed. But happily Robert is always at his side : he has much more confidence than his master in the kindly feelings of the fairy. She wanted to keep him, she was angry at his going, she will then see him again with joy.

At length the dreaded interview takes place. Having reached the magnificent fruit-garden (*verger*), which leads to the palace of the *Ile d'Or*, a delightful garden which contains all of most perfect that God has created upon earth, Giglain and his companion perceive the Fairy of the White Hands (*fée aux blanches mains*), and the former at once directs his steps towards her. The fairy receives him with an appearance of anger, which soon vanishes under the tender protestations of love with which Giglain accompanies the explanations that he gives her. She asks nothing better than to forgive him, and she conducts the happy knight into her castle.

If the passion of Giglain was violent when he was far from the Fairy of the Golden Isle, how can he resist it when he finds himself in the middle of her palace, where all the attendants, keeping discreetly at a distance, soon leave him alone with her ?

We are, you will perceive, in the midst of the palace of Armida. The situation of our knight in this charming abode, recalls, in fact, quite naturally, that which made Rinaldo forget, in the bosom of the delights in which an enchantress held him, his most sacred duties and the glory of combat. How, and by means of what changes, have the adventures of Giglain in the castle of the Golden Isle become one of the most interesting episodes of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* ?¹ It is

¹ On *La Dame d'Amore* of the Cotton text (and ours, p. 470, l. 1508), Ritson observes, v. ii. p. 263, " This lady bears a strong resemblance to the no less

a study which would require long unfoldings (*développements*), and which we may try elsewhere when we have to occupy ourselves with the translations or imitations of which the poems of our trouvères have been the object among the different nations of Europe.

However that may be, we shall only follow with reserve the French poet in this part of his story, where he indulges a little too much, like his brethren of the same epoch, in the descriptive style. The fairy would not have been a woman if, notwithstanding her tenderness for *le Bel Inconnu*, she had completely forgotten the insult done to her charms, however honourable might have been the cause which took him the first time from the Golden Isle. She forgives him, but only after having revenged herself slightly. It is not in vain that he inhabits an enchanted palace. During the night he is twice a prey to a frightful illusion. He wakes and starts up; he seems to be bearing on his head the whole roof of the hall; he calls to his help all the attendants of the fairy. They run to him and find him struggling with his pillow, which is over his head. The second time, he gets out of bed and arrives at a torrent, which he crosses on a narrow plank; terror seizes him; he thinks that the quivering waves draw him in; he clings to the plank with all his might, and then calls the whole house to his help. They find him grasping with his two hands a sparrow-hawk's perch.

The Lady of the Golden Isle thinks him sufficiently punished. We will here leave our author a second time to add, to his glory, that we find again in his poem the means employed by the Italian poet to snatch his hero from the seductions of Armida.

We left the daughter of the king of *Galles* journeying but joylessly towards King Arthur's court. She there experiences a reception worthy of her; all the knights share her grief when she informs them that the warrior to whom she owes her deliverance, has not accompanied her, and that she knows not whither he has directed his steps.

Arthur knows well how to bring back to him the most illustrious of the knights of the Round Table. He has a grand tournament proclaimed all over the country. One day two players (*jongleurs*) present themselves at the castle of the Golden Isle, and penetrate even to *le Bel Inconnu*. They announce to him the feast of arms prepared by King Arthur. At this news, Giglain hesitates not an instant; he forgets his love, to think only of glory. In vain does

magical than beauteous fairys, the Calypso of Homer, and the Alcina of Ariosto; both of whom detain'd Ulysses and Rogero in the manner *la dame d'amore* here treats Lybeaus."

the beautiful fairy try to hold him back. She knows beforehand, in her double quality of woman and fairy, that the love of the handsome knight cannot be eternal. She has had to prepare herself long since to lose him. I like better, I declare, the jealous fury of Armida than the easy resignation of the Fairy of the White Hands.

At break of day, Giglain, who had gone to bed the night before in the palace of the Golden Isle, wakes and finds at his side his horse and his squire Robert, in the middle of a dark forest, whither the all-power of the fairy had transported him. Though he is a little surprised at what has happened, he takes his fate bravely, and sets forward without delay towards the place assigned as the rendezvous of the paladins (adventure-seeking heroes) who are to take part in the tourney.

Though the narratives which have as their subject these brilliant jousts are generally the parts treated by the authors of our poems with a partiality justified by the desire of pleasing the noble lords for whom they wrote, it would be difficult to find a tournament which could sustain comparison with that of *Valedon*. Walter Scott would seem¹ to have been inspired by it in his account of the famous passage of arms at Ashby. It is needless to say that all the honour of the day belongs to *le Bel Inconnu*. The heat of the battle has dissipated the last vestiges of his love for the Fairy of the White Hands. Having married the princess of *Galles*, he delays not to go and take possession of the crown which so many high deeds have rendered him worthy of.

All this tantalising of the Lady of Sinadowne, keeping her waiting for her lover after she had been so many years serpentised or wivernised by the two necromancers, the English adapter has thought unfair, and cut out. Must not we sympathise with him? What should we have said to Mr. Tennyson if he had kept *The Sleeping Beauty* waiting a year for her husband after she had been kissed? Voted him a hard-hearted Frenchman, clearly. But of course he has done nothing so wrong. Well, besides this, the adapter has, as remarked in the notes, cut out all about Renals de Biauju's own lady-love, for whom he composed the poem—had the poor Englishman no sweetheart?—all about

¹ As he died in 1832, and the French Romance was not published till 1860,

there is some difficulty in this *semblerait s'en être inspiré*.

Robers, Lybius's squire, an important personage in the French Romance; and all about the French tale of the Falcon (though the English Part IV. may be taken to represent this), &c. &c.

On the other hand, the adapter introduces a fresh Part (IV.) into the English text; puts in the incident of Lybius's diving down at a knight and slicing his head off (p. 492) as a sort of refresher before encountering the necromantic perils of the Castle of Sinadowne; and also alters the place of the adventure with Sir William de la Braunch's (or Bliobleris's) three cousins, putting it before, instead of after, the fight with the two giants (p. 433-7, and p. 438-41), besides many minor variations. The telling of the story varies all through; but so far as I can judge, the original French of De Biauju is a far better piece of work than that of any of his adapters.

Of English MSS. of *Lybius* I know only five: the Cotton Caligula A ii., printed by Ritson and M. Hippeau; the fragment in the Lincoln's Inn MS. 150; the Lambeth MS. 306; our Percy folio, and the Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 38, back, of which Mr. Coxe, Bodley Librarian, has just told me. Of these I judge the Lincoln's Inn vellum one to be the oldest, both in writing (ab. 1430-40 A.D.), and in its preservation of the early double vowel for the later single one, *peo*, *seoppe*, *heold*, *feol*. The paper Cotton MS. comes next (ab. 1460 A.D.); third, the Ashmole 61, on paper, written towards the end of the 15th century, says Mr. Coxe, containing 2200 lines more or less, and beginning "Ihesu Cryst owre Sauyowre"; then the Lambeth one, also on paper (? about 1480 A.D.), and lastly the Percy. The Cotton text is interesting on account of its changes of *d* and *th*¹, which I suppose to be of Berkshire origin,—if one may judge from

¹ The *d* is substituted for *th* in the following, among other instances:—*durstede*, thirsted, l. 1336; *durste*, thirst, l. 1343; *clodde*, clothed, l. 1407; *yclodeth*, clothed, l. 1776; *dydyr*, thither, l. 1668; but *thyder*, l. 2082; *dare*, there, l. 1870;

de, thee, l. 673. On the other hand, *th* is put for *d*, in *unther*, under, l. 1039, l. 1002, l. 1191; *thoghtyer*, doughtier, l. 1091; but *doghty*, l. 1578, and *thoughty*, l. 1851; *thcer*, deer, l. 1133; *there*, dearly, l. 1158; *thorcs*, doors,

Mr. Tom Hughes's books,—or some county near.¹ The infinitive in *y* also shows that the text is Southern²: *army*, arm, l. 216; *justy*, joust, l. 909, l. 951, but *juste*, l. 1542; *schewy*, show, l. 746; *spendy*, spend, l. 986, &c.

Grateful as I feel to M. Hippeau for his discovery and printing of the French text, I owe him a slight grudge for describing "l'auteur du *Canterbury Tales*" as "le poétique traducteur de nos trouvères," and therefore note that his print of the Cotton MS. is full of those mistakes that "a remarkably intelligent foreigner" would naturally make, *u* for *n*, and *n* for *u*, &c.³; to say nothing of other forms like *pryue* for *þryue*, thrive; *kepte* for *lepte*, l. 2039; *be* for *he*, l. 1388; *thogh tyer* for *thoghtyer*, doughtier, l. 1091; *he* for *here*, *her*, l. 887; *gwyech* for *swych*, such, l. 712; *Sweyn* for *Eweyn*, l. 219; *lymest*, for *lyme* & *lime* and, l. 713.

It may look rather spiteful to print these things, but editors are bound to consider the language they study rather than other editors' feelings; and with the full conviction that I invite similar treatment for the French as well as the English texts I have edited and may edit, and that in all there are and will be mistakes,⁴ I hold it best to point out the misreadings in Early English that come across me, for the sake of the language and

l. 1705; *tho*, do, l. 531, &c., and in many other places. I just copy the few that I noted years ago on a blank leaf, when reading part of M. Hippeau's edition.

¹ Probably Dorsetshire. I heard *drow* for *throw* near Weymouth this autumn, and Mr. Barnes says in his *Grammar and Glossary of the Dorset Dialect*, 1863, p. 16, "*Th* of the English sometimes, and mostly before *r*, becomes *d*, as *drow* for *throw*. Conversely, *th* (ð) is substituted in Dorset for the English *d*, as *blaðer*, a bladder, *laðer*, a ladder." Mr. Hughes says he does not remember hearing this *th* and *d* change in Berkshire.

² "In the Dorset the verb takes *y* only when it is absolute, and never with an accusative case. We may say, 'Can ye

zewy?' but never, 'Wull ye zewy up theäse zēam?' "—*Barnes*, p. 28.

³ *deutes* for *dentes*, l. 1304; *fou* for *fon*, *foes*, l. 1530, l. 1950; *sauugh* for *saunȝ*, Fr. *sans*, without l. 1860 [In *þat felde saunȝ fayle*. MS. leaf 55, back, col. 1, line 18. See the last lines of the pieces in note, p. 413]; *hau* for *han*, *have*, l. 1263; *woueth* for *woneth*, *dwells*, l. 657; *gau* for *gan*, *did*, l. 343; *descryne* for *descryue*, *describe*, l. 1330, l. 1428; *honedē* for *houede*, *halted*, l. 1562; *keuere* for *keuere*, *recover*, l. 1983; *leuede* for *leuede*, *lived*, l. 2125.

⁴ Claude Platin's confession, "*mon ignorance, laquelle n'est pas petite*" (page 415 here), is the motto for many of us, adding carelessness.

its students. But to return from this digression; the Lambeth MS. is in "The Wright's Chaste Wife" volume, and seems to be a later copy of a text like the Cotton. Some readings from it are given in the notes from Mr. Warwick King's transcript of it for the Early English Text Society. By way of exhibiting some of the differences of the five English texts, I put beside the first bit of the Lincoln's Inn fragment the passages corresponding to it in the other MSS.,¹ and at the end of the Romance as

¹ *Lincoln's Inn MS. 150, Art. 1,*
faded, begins.

þan sir libeus ran
þar Manges scheld lay,
And vp he con hit fange:
fast he ran to him,
And smot him wiþ mayn,
And other gon asa[ile.]
vnto þeo day was dyme..
Bysyde þeo water
þeo kynges heold bataile.
Libeus was warryour wyȝt,
And ȝaf a strok of myȝt
þowwȝ gepoun [?] plate and maile,
þoruȝ his scholdur bon,
þat his ryȝt arm anon
feol in þeo feld saunfaile.

MS. Lambeth 306, leaf 94, back.
Than lybeous ranne aw-waye
There Mangis shelde laye,
And vp he gañ hit fange,
And ran a-gayne to hym.
With strokys sharpe and gryme
Eyther other ganne assayle.
Till the day was dyme,
Vpon the watir brym
By-twene hem was bataylle.
Lybeous was werreour wight,
And smote a stroke of myght
Throwe Iepowne, plate, and mayle,
Thorowe the shulderbone,
That his Right Arme A-none [leaf 95]
Ffell in the felde saunce fayle.

Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 52.

Than lybeus ranno A-wey
There magus scheld ley,
And vp he gane it fonge;
And libeus ranne to hym A-ȝene, [leaf 52^b]
And smote hym with meyne;
Aythere oþer gane A-seyle.
To þe dey was dymme,
Be-syde þe water brymme

Cot. Calig. A. ii. leaf 50, col. 1.

þanne lybeaus ran away
þere þat mangys scheld lay,
And vp he gan hyt fonge,
And Ran a-gayn to hym. [col. 2]
With strokes strout & grym
To-gydere þey gonne a-sayle.
Be-syde þat ryuere brym,
Tylle hyt derkede dym,
Be-twene hem was batayle.
Lybeaus was werroure wyȝt,
And smot a strok of myȝt
þoruȝ gypelle, plate, & maylle,
Forþ with þe scholdere bon,
Mangys arm fylle of a-noon
In-to þe feld saunȝ fayle.

Percy Folio, p. 337.

then Sir Lybius rann away
thither were Mangis sheild Lay;
& vp he can itt gett,
& ran againe to him,
with stroakes great and grim
together they did assayle;
there beside the watter brimne
till it vaxed wonderous drimn,
betweene them lasted that battell.
Sir Lybius was warryour wight,
& smote a stroke of much might;
through hawberke, plate and maile,
hee smote of by the shoolder bone
his right arme soone and anon
into the ffeild with-out ffaile.

The knyȝhtes held bateyle.
Syre libeus was weryoure wyȝht,
And gaue strokes of myȝht
Throuȝt plate and male,
And throw his schulder bone,
That hys ryght Arme Anone
Fell in þe feld with-uten feyle.

printed here, p. 497, will be found the endings of the Lincoln's Inn, Cotton, Lambeth, and Ashmole texts, for further contrast with the language of the Percy folio. I have not had time to collate them throughout, and Mr. Brock, who began the collation with the Cotton MS., soon gave it up as involving too much time and trouble for an adequate result, the second volume of Ritson being easily accessible to all readers.

Ritson says that this Romance was certainly printed before the year 1600, being mention'd by the name of "*Libbius*," in "Vertues common wealth : or The highway to honour," by Henry Crosse, publish'd in that year; and is even alluded to by Skelton, who dye'd in 1529 :

And of sir *Libius* named *Disconius*. . . .

A story similar to that which forms the principal subject of the present poem may be found in the "Voiage and travaile of sir John Maundeville" (London, 1725, 8vo. P. 28). It, likewise, by some means, has made its way into a pretendedly ancient Northumbrian ballad intitle'd "The laidly worm of Spindleston-heugh," writen, in reality, by Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham, authour of *The history of chess*, &c., who had, however, hear'd some old stanzas, of which he avail'd himself, sung by a maid-servant. The remote original of all these storys was, probabably, much older than the time of Herodotus, by whom it is relateed (*Urania*).

In French there was a prose translation of a Spanish romance mixing up a Charlemagnian hero with our Arthurian Gyngelayn, printed in 1530, which Brunet (ed. 1814) enters thus :

GIGLAN (l'histoire de), fils de messire Gauvain, qui fut roi de Galles ; et de Geoffroy de Mayence, son compaignon : traduit d'espagnol en françois par Claude Platin, *Lyon, Cl. Nourry*, 1530, in-4. goth. fig.

This is, says M. Hippeau, a fairly correct reproduction of the French *Li Biaus Desconneus*, "sauf quelques additions peu heureuses." His extract from Claude Platin's prologue is so pretty that I give it here :

Pour éviter oysiveté, mère et nourrice des vices, et aussi pour complaire à tous ceulx qui prennent plaisir à lire et à ouyr lire les livres des anciens, qui ont vescu si vertueusement en leur temps,

que la renommée en sera jusques à la fin du siècle, lesquelles œuvres vertueuses doivent esmouvoir les cueurs des humains de les ensuyvir en vertus en haultz faitz, moi FRÈRE CLAUDE PLATIN, humble religieux de l'ordre monseigneur saint Anthoine, ung jour, en une petite librairie où j'estoye, trouvay un gros livre de parchemin bien vieil, escript en rime espaignole, assez difficile à entendre, auquel trouvay une petite hystoire laaquelle me sembla bien plaisante, qui parloit de deux nobles chevaliers qui furent du temps du noble roi Artus et des nobles chevaliers de la Table-Ronde. . . J'ay donc voulu translater la dicte hystoire de cette rime espaignole, en prose francoyse, au moins mal que j'ay peu, selon mon petit entendement, à celle fin que plus facilement peust estre entendue de ceulx qui prendront plaisir à la lire ou ouyr lire : ausquelz je prie que les faultes qui y seront trouvées, ils les vueillent corriger, et excuser mon ignorance, laquelle n'est pas petite ; et aussi de ne se arrester ausdictes faultes, mais s'il y a riens de bon, qu'ilz en facent leur prouffit.

With what better commendation to the reader can I close this rambling Introduction, or leave him to study the poem of "The Fayre Unknown"?

¹ IESUS christ, Christen Kinge, ²	Christ and
& his mother <i>that</i> sweete thing, ³	Mary
helpe them att their neede	help my
4 <i>that</i> will listen to my tale !	hearers !
of a knight I will you tell, ⁴	I'll tell you
a doughtye man of deede,	

¹ The Romance in the Cotton MS. Caligula A ii. begins thus :

INCIPIE LYBRAUS DISCONTIUS.

¶ Ihesu cryst oure sauyoure,
And hys modyr þat swete flowre,
 Helpe hem at here nede
þat harkenþ of a conqueroure,
Wys of wytte, & whyzt werroure,
And douzty man yn dede.

Hys name was called Geynleyn ;
Be-yete he was of syr Gaweyn
 Be a forest syde.
Of stouter knyzt & profytable

With artoure of þe Rounde table,
Ne herde ye neuer Rede.

¶ þys Gynleyn was fayre of syzt,
Gentylle of body, of face bryzt,
 Alle bastard 3ef he were.
Hys modyr kepte hym yn clos
For douute of wykkede loos,
 As douzty chyld & dere.—F.

² oure sauyoure.—C.

³ flowre.—C.

⁴ þat harkenþ of a conqueroure
wys of wytte & whyzt werroure.—C.

of Ginglaine,
bastard son
of Sir
Gawaine.

his name was cleped ¹ Ginglaine ;
8 gotten he was of Sir Gawaine
vnder a fforrest side ;
a better ² knight without ffable, ³
With Arthur att the round table,
12 yee heard neuer of read.

[page 318]

His mother
tried to
prevent him
seeing a
knight,

Gingglaine was ffair & bright, ⁴
an hardye man and a wight, ⁵
bastard thoe hee were.
16 ⁶ his mother kept him with all her might,
ffor he shold not of noe armed Knight
haue a sight in noe mannere.
but he was soe sauage,
20 & lightye wold doe outrage
to his ffellowes in ffere. ⁶
his mother kept him close
ffor dread ⁷ of wicked losse,
24 as hend ⁸ child and deere.

because he
was savage.

His mother
called him
Beaufise
because he
was
handsome.

ffor ⁹ hee was soe ffair & wise, ¹⁰
his mother cleped him beufise, ¹¹
& none other name ;
28 & himselfe was not soe wise ¹²
that hee asked not I-wis
what hee hight ¹³ of his dame.
soe itt beffell vpon a day
32 Gingglaine ¹⁴ went to play,

One day

¹ called.—C.

² stouter.—C.

³ & profytable.—C.

⁴ of syzt.—C.

⁵ Gentyll of body, of face bryzt.—C.

⁶ From his to ffere omitted in C.—F.

⁷ douute.—C.

⁸ douzty.—C.

⁹ [And] for, i.e. because.—P.

¹⁰ And fore loue of hys fayre vyys.
—C.

¹¹ Beau-vise.—P. bewfis.—C.

¹² was fulle nys.—C.

¹³ what he was called ; what his Name
was. See St. 11.—P.

¹⁴ To wode he.—C.

wild deere to hunt ffor game ;
 & as he went ouer the Lay,
 he spyed a knight was stout & gay,
 36 *that soone he made ffull tame.*¹

he sees a
 knight,
 kills him,

then he did on ² *that Knights weede,*
 & himselfe therin yeede,³
 into *that* rich armoure ;
 40 & when he had done *that* deede,
 to Glasenbury swithe ⁴ hee yeede,
 there Lay King Arthur.
 & when he came into the hall
 44 amonge the Lords and Ladyes all,
 he grett ⁵ them with honore,
 And said, "King Arthur, my Lord ! ⁶
 suffer me to speake a word,
 48 I pray you *par* amoure ⁷ :

puts on his
 armour,
 goes to
 Glaston-
 bury, to
 King
 Arthur,

and asks
 Arthur

⁸ " I am a child vncouthe ;
 come I am out of the south,
 & wold be made a knight.
 52 14 yeere old I am,
 & of warre well I cann,
 therfore grant me my right."
 then said Arthur the King strong
 56 to the child *that* was soe younge,⁹

to knight
 him, as he's
 fourteen,
 and can
 fight.

Arthur

¹ The Cotton MS. reads :
 He fond a knyzt, whare he lay,
 In armes þat were stout & gay,
 I-sclayne & made fulle tame.—F.
² þat chyld dede of.—C.
³ And anon he gan hym schrede.—C.
⁴ prompte, Jun.—P.
⁵ did greet.—P.
⁶ Mais cil li dist : " Ains m'escoutés.
 Artu, venus sui à ta cort ;
 Car n'i faura, comment qu'il cort,
 Del premier don que je querrai :

Aurai-le je, u le j' faurai ?
 Donne-le moi et n'i penser
 Tant esprendre ; ne l' dois véer."
 " Je le vos dons : ce dist li rois."

Le Bel Inconnu, l. 82-9, p. 4.

⁷ par-amour, or perhaps pour amour ;
 it is not here a compound word, signi-
 fying *Mistress* ; but is a Phrase equiva-
 lent to that [in] St. 14, lin. 3.—P.

⁸ This stanza is omitted in C. The
 Lambeth MS. 306 has it.—F.

⁹ A-noon withoute any dwellyng.—C.

asks him his
name.

“tell me what thou hight¹;
for neuer sithe I was borne
sawe I neuer heere beforne²
60 noe child soe ffaire of sight.”

Ginglaine
says he
doesn't
know,

the child said, “by St. Iame,³
I wott not⁴ what is my name!
I am the more vnwise⁵;

but his
mother
calls him
Beaufise.

64 but when I dwelled att home,⁶
my mother in her game
cleped mee beaufise.”

Arthur says
“by God it's
odd you

68 & said, “this is a wonderous thing,
by god & by S^t. Denise,

don't know
your own
name!

that thou wold be a Knight,
& wott nott what thou hight,
72 & art soe ffaire and wise⁸!

I'll give you
one

“now I will giue thee a name
heere amonge all you in-same;
for thou art soe ffaire and free,—

that your
mother
never called
you,

76 I say, by god & by S^t. Iame,
soe cleped thee neuer thy dame,
what woman *that* euer shee bee;—

and that is
Lybius
Disconius”
(the fair
unknown,
or handsome
stranger).

call yee him all thus,⁹
80 Lybius Disconius¹⁰;
ffor the loue of mee
looke yee call him this name;
both in ernest & in game,

84 certes, soe hight shall hee.¹¹”

¹ byn name aplyzt.—C.

² Ne fond y me be-fore.—C.

³ Cil li respont: “Certes ne sai,
Mais que tant dire vos en sai,
Que *biel fil* m'apieloit ma mère;
Ne je ne sai se je oi pere.”

Le Bel Inconnu, l. 115-18, p. 5.

⁴ I not.—C.

⁵ hame, idem.—P.

⁶ fayre of vys.—C.

⁷ nys.—C.

⁸ spake.—F.

⁹ thus.—P.

¹⁰ lybeau desconus.—C. The French
has, p. 6:

“Et por ce qu'il ne se connuist,
I'i BIAUS DESCONNÉUS ait non!
Si l'nommeront tot mi baron.”

Le beaux Desconus, i.e. the fair un-
known.—P.

¹¹ þan may ye wete a rowe
þe fayre vnknowe
Sertes so hatte he.—C.

King Arthur anon-right
 with a sword ffaire & bright,¹
trulye that same day
 88 dubbed *that* Child a knight,²
 And gaue him armes bright³;
 fforsooth as I you say,
 hee gaue to him in *that* ilke
 92 a rich sheeld all ouer gilte
 with a griffon soe gay,⁴
 & tooke him to Sir Gawaine⁵
 ffor to teach him on the plaine
 96 of euery princes⁶ play.⁷

Then Arthur
 knights
 Lybius.

[page 219] gives him
 arms

and a shield,

and asks
 Gawaine to
 teach him.

when hee was made a knight,
 of the boone⁸ he asked right,⁹
 & said, "my Lord soe ffree,
 100 in my hart I wold be glad
 the ffirst battell if I had
 that men asked of thee."
 then said Arthur the King,
 104 "I grant thee thine askinge,
 whatt battell *that* euer itt bee;
 but euer methinke thou art to young
 ffor to doe a good¹⁰ ffighting,
 108 by ought *that* I can see.

Lybius

asks Arthur

to let him
 have the
 first fight
 that turns
 up.

Arthur
 grants this,

but thinks
 he's too
 young to
 fight well.

when he had him thus told,
 Dukes, Erles, and Barons bold,¹¹

¹ Made hym þo a knyzt.—C.

² And yaf hym armes bryzt.—C.

³ Hym gertte with swerde of myzt.
 —C.

⁴ gryffoun of say.—C.

⁵ And hym be-tok hys fadyr gaweyn.
 —C.

⁶ eche knyzt.—C.

⁷ An *a* seems to have been blotted out

after the *y* in the MS.—F.

⁸ Other boone, or another boone, or
 One other D.—P.

⁹ Anon a bone *þer* he bad.—C.

¹⁰ *thing*, which follows, has been
 marked out in the MS.—F.

¹¹ With oute more resoun
 Duk, Erl & baroun.—C.

Then all
dine off wild
fowl and
venison.

washed & went to meate;
112 of wild ffoule¹ and venison,²
as lords of great renowne,
inoughe they had to eate.

Soon

116 well the space of halfe an hower,
talking att their meate,³

come in hot
haste a
damsel and
a dwarf.

there came a damsell att *that* tyde,⁴
& a dwarffe⁵ by her side,
120 all sweating⁶ ffor heate;

Her name is
Hellen;
she brings a
message
from a lady,

the Maidens name was Hellen;
sent shee was vnto the King,⁷
a Ladyes messenger.
124 the maiden was ware & wise,
& cold doe her message att device,⁸
shee was not to ffere⁹;

and is clad
in green.

128 shee was cladd all in greene¹⁰;
& ffurred¹¹ with Blaundemere¹²;

¹ take y^e heddes of [=off] all felde byrdes and wood byrdes, as fesande, pe-cocke, partryche, woodcocke, and curlewe, for they ete in theyr degrees foule thynges, as wormes, todes, and other suche. *Boke of Keruynge* in *Babees Book* &c., E. E. T. Soc. p. 279. See the capital bit about venison from Andrew Borde, *ib.* p. 210-11.—F.

² Of alle manere fusoun.—C.

³ Ne hadde artoure bote a whyle þe mounsaunce of a myle At hys table y-sete.—C.

⁴ a mayde Ryde.—C.

⁵ dwerk.—C.

⁶ be-svette.—C.

⁷ Gentylle bryzt & schene.—C.

⁸ i.e. Will, Pleasure. See Chau^r Gloss.—P.

⁹ þer nas contesse ne quene So semelyche on to sene þat myzte be here pere.—C.

¹⁰ Sche was clodeþ in tars Rowme & nodyng skars.—C.

¹¹ pelured.—C.

¹² *Blaunchmer*, a kind of fur.

He ware a cyrcote that was grene;
With *blaunchmer* it was furred, I wene.
Syr Degoré, 701 in Halliwell's Glossary.

This word comes in so oddly that I could almost be tempted to think that Chaucer in his burlesque *Romance of Sir Thopas* might allude to it sportively, as thus:

Sir Libeaux and the* Blaundemere
Scilicet the Blaundemere Furr mentioned
in his *Romance* &c. But after all perhaps this construction is too forced.

N.B. It might be the other Version which Chaucer alludes to.

See Chaucer's *Rhyme of Sir Thopas*, where this word seems to be mistaken, viz.:

Men speken of Romaunces of Pris,
Of Hornechild and of Ipotis
Of Bevis & Sir Gie
Of Sir Libeaux and Blaindamoure
But Sir Thopas bereth the flowre
Of rich Chivalrie.—P.

her saddle was ouergilte,
 & well bordered with silke,¹
 132 & white² was her distere.³

the dwarfe was cladd with scarlett ffine,
 & ffured well with good ⁴Ermine; ⁵
 stout he was & keene ⁶;
 136 amonge all christen kind
 such another might no man find ⁷;
 his cercott ⁸ was of greene ⁹;
 his haire was yellow as fflower on mold,¹⁰
 140 to his girdle hang ¹¹ shining as gold,¹²
 the sooth to tell in veretye;
 all ¹³ his shoone with gold were dight,
 all as gay as any ¹⁴ knight,
 144 there sseemed no pouertye.

The dwarf
 wears
 scarlet,
 is stout,

has long
 yellow hair,

Teddelyne was his name,¹⁵
 wide sprang of him the fame,¹⁶
 East, west, North & south;
 148 much he cold of game & glee,

is named
 Teddelyne,

¹ Here sadelle & here brydelle yn fere
 Fulle of dyamandys were.—C.
 The author of the French Romance gives
 a fuller description of Maid Hellen, or
Hélie as he calls her. Doubtless it is
 his own love, for whom he composed the
 Romance, whom he sketches.

Gente de cors et de vis bièle :
 D'un samit estoit bien vestue ;
 Si bièle riens ne fu veüe.
 Face ot blanche com flors d'esté,
 Come rose ot vis coloré,
 Le iouls ot vairs, bouce riant,
 Les mains blanches, cors avenant ;
 Bel cief avoit, si estoit blonde :
 N'ot plus biel cief feme del monde !
 En son cief ot un cercle d'or ;
 Ses perles valent un trésor
 Sor un palefroï cervaçoit. (p. 6.)—F.

² Melk.—C.

³ apud Chauc. *Destrer*, a War-horse, or

Led Horse. Vid. Gloss.—P.

⁴ One stroke too few in this word in
 the MS.—F.

⁵ þe dwerke was clodeþ yn ynnde
 Be-fore & ek be-hynde.—C.

⁶ pert.—C.

⁷ find in the MS.—F.

⁸ Surcoat—A gown & hood *the* same,
 an upper coat, Ch. Gloss.—P.

⁹ was ouert.—C.

¹⁰ as ony wax.—C. Not in the French.
 —F.

¹¹ hung.—P.

¹² henge þe plex.—C.

¹³ als, also.—P.

¹⁴ And kopeþ as a.—C.

¹⁵ The French Romance doesn't name
 him till he and Hellen leave the court,
 and it calls him *Tidogolains*, l. 256,
 p. 10.—F. Teaudelayn.—C.

¹⁶ MS. same.—F. fame.—P. welle
 swyde sprong hys name.—C.

is a good
fiddler,
 fiddle, crowde,¹ and sowtrye,
 he was a merry man of mouth² ;
 harpe, ribble³ & santrye,
 minstrel
and jester 152 he cold much of Minstrelsy,
 he was a good Iestoure,
 there was none such in noe country ;
 a jolly man
with ladies.
 156 a Iolly man fforsooth was hee
 with Ladyes in their bower.

 Hellen gives
Arthur her
message :
 then he bade maid Hellen
 ffor to tell her tale by-deene,
 & kneele before the King.
 160 the maid kneeled in the hall
 among the Lords & Ladyes all,
 & said, " my Lord ! without Leasing

 " There is a strong case toward ;
 164 there [is] none such, nor soe hard,
 nor of soe much dolour.
 my⁴ Lady of Sinadone
 is brought to strong prison,
 168 that was of great valoure ;
 shee prayes you of⁵ a Knight
 ffor to win her in ffight
 with ioy & much honor."⁶
 Lybius at
once 172 vp rose that younge Knight,

[page 320]

her lady, of
Sinadone,
is in distress,

and begs for
a knight to
fight for her.

¹ A kind of fiddle.—F.
² Myche he coupe of game,
 with sytole sautyre yn same
 harpe fydele & croupe.—C.
³ There is none of this in the French.
 —F. Al can they play on gitterne and
 rubible. *Cook's Tale*. The giterne was
 a small guitar, and the ribible a small
 fiddle played by a bow, and not by hand
 as the giterne was. Jerome of Moravia
 says of the ribble, Ribible, or Ribibe :
 —" Est autem *rubeba* musicum instru-
 mentum habens solum duas cordas sono
 distantes a se per diapente, quod quidem,

sicut et viella, cum arcu tangitur."—W. C.
 ribble, a fiddle or gutttern, Gl. Ch.—P.

⁴ MS. ny.—F.

⁵ of you.—P.

⁶ The French adds some lines about
 the kiss, on which so much turns at the
 end :

" Certes moult auroit grant honnor
 Icil qui de mal l'estordroit,
 Et qui le FIER BAISIER feroit.
 Mais pros que il li a mestier !
 Onques n'ot tel à chevalier.
 Jà mauvais hom le don ne quière ;
 Tot en giroit en vers en bière ! " (p. 8.)

in his hart he was ffull light,
& said, "my Lord Arthur,

claims the
fight.

"my couenant is to haue *that* fight
176 ffor to winne *that* Ladye bright,
if thou be true of word."

the King said without othe,
"thereof thou saiest soothe,

Arthur
assigns it
to him.

180 thereto I beare record ;

"god thee giue strenght & might
ffor to winne *that* Ladye bright
with sheeld & with speare dint ! "

184 then began the maid to say,
& said, "alas *that* ilke day
that I was hither sent ! "

Maid Hellen
grumbles,

shee said, "this word will spring wyde ;
188 Sir King, lost is all thy pride,
and all thy deeds is shent,¹

and says it's
a disgrace to
Arthur

when thou sendest a child
that is wittlesse & wild,

to send a
witless child
to fight,

192 to deale doughtilie with dint !
thou hast *Knights* of mickle maine,
Sir Perciuall & Sir Gawaine,
full wise in Turnament."

when he has
knights like
Gawaine &c.

196 tho² the dwarffe with great error³
went vnto King Arthur,
& said, "Sir ! verament

Dwarf
Teddelyne

"this child to be a warryour,
200 or to doe such a Labor,
itt is not worth one ffarthing !

says the
child isn't

or⁴ hee *that* Ladye may see,
hee shall haue battells 5 or three

worth a
farthing.
He'll have to
fight five
battles
before
reaching
Sinadone ;

204 trulye without any Leasinge ;

¹ are shent, i. e. disgraced.—P.

² then.—P.

³ *Errour* course, running.

⁴ i. e. before.—P.

Halliwell.—F.

the first at
the Bridge
of Perils.

"att the bridge of perill
beside the aduenturous chappell,
there is the first begining."

Lybius says
he's not
afraid;

208 Sir Lybius anon answered
& said, "I was neuer affeard
ffor no mans threatninge!

he can
fight,

"somewhat haue I lerd¹
212 ffor to play with a swerd
there men hath beene slowe.²
the man *that* fleethe ffor a threat
other³ by way or by streete,

and will
never give
in: such is
Arthur's
law.

216 I wold he were to-draw.
I will the battell vndertake;
I ne will neuer fforsake,
ffor such is Arthurs Lawe."

Hellen
sneers at
Lybius,

220 the made⁴ answered alsoe snell,⁵
& said, "*that* beseemeth thee well!
who-soe looketh on thee may know

and Tedde-
lyne tells
him

"thou ne durst for thy berde
224 abyid⁶ the wind of my⁷ swerde,
by ought *that* I can see!"
then said *that* dwarffe in *that* stond,
"dead men *that* lyen on the ground,
228 of thee affrayd may bee;

to go and
suck his
mammy.

but betweene earnest & game,
I counsell thee goe souke⁸ thy dame,
& winne there the degree."

Arthur says
"By God
you shall
have nobody
else."

232 the King answered anon-right,
and said, "thou gettest noe other Knight,
by god *that* sitteth in Trinytye!

¹ lered, i.e. learned. see Ch. Gl.—P.

² Where—have been slaw, Qu.—P.

³ i.e. either. So they still speak in Shropshire.—P. Or is the contraction of *other*.—F.

⁴ The Maid.—P.

⁵ snel, i.e. presently, immediately.

see Gl. ad Ch.—P. Al soe is alsoe in MS.—F.

⁶ abyde.—P.

⁷ perhaps any: or perhaps she taunts him, as not a Match for a Woman.—P.

⁸ souke, i.e. suck, Chauc.—P.

- If thou thinke he bee not wight,
 236 Goe ¹ and gett thee another Knight [page 321]
 that is of more power.”
 the maid ffor ire still did thinke,²
 shee wold neither eate nor d[r]inke
 240 ffor all *that* there were ;
 shee sate still, without ffable,
 till they had vncovered the table,
 she and the dwarffe in ffere.
 244 King Arthur in *that* stond
 comanded of the table round,
 4 knights in ffere,

 of the best *that* might be found
 243 in armes hole ³ & sound,
 to arme *that* child ffull right ;
 & said “ through the might o Christ
 that in ffloome ⁴ Iordan was baptiste,
 252 he shold doe *that* he hight,⁵
 & become a Champyon
 to the Lady of Sinadon,
 & ffell her ffoemen in ffight.”
 256 to arme him they were ffaine,⁶
 Sir Perciuall & Sir Gawaine,
 & arrayed him like a knight ;

 the 3^d was Sir Agrauaine,⁷
 260 & the 4th was Sir Ewaine,⁸

Hellen gets
angry,
won't eat or
drink
anything,

nor will the
dwarf.
Arthur
orders

his four best
knights to

arm Lybius,

as he'll do
what he
says,
and be the
Lady of
Sinadone's
champion.

Lybius is
armed by
Percival,
Gawaine,

Agravaïne,
and Ewaine ;

¹ The MS. curl to the *G* is like *w*.—F.

² The French Romance makes her leave the court at once in disgust, and Lybius ride after her and overtake her, p. 10, 11.—F.

³ whole.—P.

⁴ i.e. River ; Ital. fiume.—P.

⁵ i.e. promised, engaged.—P.

⁶ glad.—P.

⁷ See the note on him in vol. i. p. 145, —F.

⁸ Ewaine or Uwayn was the son of Arthur's sister, Morgan le Fay, and had

a bad opinion of his mother: “ ‘ A,’ sayd syr Uwayn, ‘ men saith that Merlyn was begoten of a deuylle, but I may saye an erthely deuylle bare me.’ ” This was when he stopt “ my lady ” his “ moder ” from killing “ the kynge ” Vryens, his “ fader, slepyng in his bed.” *Carton's Maleor*, i. p. 107. The Cotton MS. has : The *pyrþe* was syr Eweyn, [Oweyn, below]

The *ferpde* was syr agrrafrayn,
So seyþ þe Frenzsche tale.—F.

- is clad in
silk,
- 264 them right ffor to behold.
they cast on him right good silke,
a sercote as white as any ¹ milke
that was worth 20, of golde ;
- and has a
hauberk.
- 268 alsoe an hawberke ffaire & bright,
which was ffull richelye dight
with nayles good and ffine.
- Gawaine .
- 268 Sir Gawaine, his owne ffather,
hange about his necke there
a sheeld with a griffon,²
& a helme *that* was ffull rich,
272 in all the Land there was none such.
- gives him a
shield
and helm.
- Percival puts
on his
crown ;
Agravaïne
brings him
a spear,
- 276 Sir Perciuall sett on his crowne,
Sir Agravaïne brought him a speare
that was good euery where
& of a ffell ffashion.
- and Ewaine
a steed.
- 280 Sir Ewaine brought him a steede
that was good in euery neede,
& as ffierce as any Lyon.³
- Lybius
mounts,
- 280 Sir Lybyus on his steede gan springe,
& rode fforth vnto the King,
asks & said, " Lord of renowne !
- Arthur's
blessing ;
- 284 " giue me your blessinge
without any Letting !
my will is fforth me to wend."
- Arthur
gives it him,
- 288 the King his hand vpp did lifft,
& his blessing to him gaue right
as a Knight curteour⁴ & hende,
& said, " god *that* is of might,
and hopes
God & his mother Marry bright,

¹ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.² griffyne, qu.—P.³ The French Romance only makes
Gawain order Lybius's armour to bebrought, and Gawain give him a squire
"Robers: moult esteit sages et apers,"

p. 11.—F.

⁴ ? *for* curteous.—F.

that is fflowre of all women,
 292 giue thee gracce ffor to gone
 ffor to gett the ouerhand of thy fone,
 & speed thee in thy iourney! Amen! "

will grant
 him grace to
 conquer his
 foes.

[The Second Part.]

296 { Sir Lybius now rideth on his way,
 & soe did *that* ffaire may,
 the dwarffe alsoe rode them beside,
 till itt beffell vpon the 3^d day
 2^d parte. { vpon the *Knight* all the way
 300 { ffast they gan to chide,
 & said, "Lorell¹ and Caitiue!
 tho thou were such ffine,
 Lost is all thy pride!
 304 This way keepeth a Knight
that with euery man will ffight,
 his name springeth wyde ;

Lybius
 starts with
 Hellen and
 the dwarf.

They begin

abusing him,

and say that
 a knight
 near,

"his name is *William de la Braunche*,²
 308 his warres may noe man staunche,³
 he is a warryour of great pride ;
 Both through hart & hanch
 swithe⁴ hee will thee Launche,
 312 all *that* to him rides."⁵
 then said Sir Lybius,
 "I will not Lett this nor thus
 to play with him a ffitt!
 316 ffor any thing *that* may betide,
 I will against him ryde
 to looke if *that* he can sitt! "

Sir William
 de la
 Braunche,

[page 322]

will soon
 spear him
 through.

Lybius says

whatever
 happens he'll
 ride at him.

¹ Lewd base fellow, Homo perditus. (leaf 45, col. 1) Cotton MS.—F.
 Lye.—P. ² stop, stay, resist.—P.
² Wylleam Celebronche (leaf 44 b.) ⁴ soon.—P.
 here, and wylleam selebraunche, l. 342, ⁵ and all *that*—ride, qu.—P.

- thé rode on then all 3 :
- 320 vpon a ffaire Causye.
 Near the
 Adventurous
 Chapel
 they see a
 knight
 on the
 Bridge of
 Peril,
 beside the aduenturous chappell ¹
 a knight anon they can see
 with armes bright of blee,
- 324 vpon the bridge ² of perrill.
 he bare a sheeld all of greene
 with 3 Lyons of gold sheene,
 right rich and precyous.
- well armed. 328 well armed ³ was *that Knight*
 as he shold goe to ffight,
 as itt was his vse.⁴
- The knight
 tells Lybius 332 when he saw Sir Lybius with sight,
 anon he went to him arright,
 & said to him there,
- he must
 fight or
 leave his
 harness
 there. 336 “ who passeth here by day or night,
 certer ⁵ with me must ffight,
 or leaue his harnesse here.”
- Lybius
 begs leave to
 pass. then answered Sir Libyus
 & said, “ ffor the loue of Iesus
 lett vs passe now here !
- 340 wee be ffarr ffroe our ffreind,
 & haue ffarr ffor to wend,
 I and this mayden in fere.⁶”
- Sir William
 refuses, and
 says 344 Sir William answered thoe
 & said, “ thou shalt not scape soe !
 soe god giue me good rest,
- he must
 fight him. thow & I will, or wee goe,
 deale stroakes betweene vs tow
- 348 a litle here by west.”

¹ Ryght to chapell Auntours.—Lambeth MS. Be a castelle aunterous.—C.

² Fr. *le Gué Périlleux*.—F. Poynt perylous.—Lambeth MS. vale perylous.—C.

³ armed in the MS.—F.

⁴ The French adds, p. 13, l. 330–3 :
 Maint chevalier l'ont trouvé dure,
 Que il avoit ocis al gué ;
 Moult étoit plains de cruauté,
 BLIOBLIÉRIIS avoit non.

⁵ certes.—P.

⁶ together.—P.

- Sir Libyus sayd, "now I see
that itt will none other bee ;
 goe fforth and doe thy best ;
 352 take thy course with thy shaft
 if thou can ¹ well thy craft,
 ffor I ame here all prest.²"
- then noe longer they wold abyde,
 356 but the one to the other gan ryde
 with greatt randaun.³
 Sir Libyus there in ⁴ that tyde
 smote Sir william on his side
 360 with a speare ffelon ⁵ ;
 but Sir william sate soe ffast
that his stirroppe all to-brast,
 he leaned on his arsowne ;
 364 Sir Lybius made him stoupe,
 he smote him over the horse croupe
 in the ffeeld a-downe ;
- his horsse ran ffrom him away.
 368 Sir william not long Lay,
 but start anon vpright,
 and said, " Sir, by my-in ffay,
 neuer beffore this day
 372 I ffound none soe wight !
 now is my horsse gone away !
 ffight on [foot],⁶ I thee pray,
 as thou art a Knight worthye."
 376 then sayd Sir Lybius,
 " by the leaue of Sweete Iesus
 therto ffull ready I am.⁷ "

Lybius says

Charge
away !They
charge ;Lybius hits
Sir William
on the side,drives him
over his
saddle-back,and grounds
him.Sir William
starts upand asks
Lybius to
fight on foot.¹ con.—P.² i. e. ready.—P.³ Ap^d G. Doug. *randoun*. The swift
Course, Flight or Motion of any thing.
Fr. *randon*, idem. Gl. G.D.—P.⁴ MS. therein.—F.⁵ *fel*, *felon*, *feloun*, wicked, also cruel,
fierce. Gl. Chauc.—P.⁶ on [foot] I &c.—P. a fote.—C.
on fote.—Lam.⁷ am I.—P.

- They do so then together they went as tyte,¹
 380 & with their swords they gan smite;
 they ffought wonderous Longe;
 stroakes together they lett fflinge
 that they ffyer out gan springe
 till the fire . 384 ffrom of their helmes strong.
 flies from
 their helms.
 Sir William but Sir william de ² la braunche
 to Sir Lybius gan he launche,
 & smote on his sheild soe ffast
 cuts off a 388 *that* one cantell ³ ffell to the ground;
 corner of
 Lybius's
 shield. & Sir Lybius att *that* sonde ⁴
 in his hart was agast.
- Lybius then Sir Lybius with all his might
 392 defended him anon-right,
 was ⁵ warryour wight & slye;
 coyfe ⁶ & crest downe right,
 cuts off the he made to ffly with great might,
 coif and
 crest of Sir
 William's
 helm, 396 of Sir Williams helme on hye;
 & with the point of his sword
 he cut of Sir williams berd,
 and his and touched him ffull nye.
 beard.
- Sir William's 400 Sir William smote Sir Lybius thoe
 sword breaks
 in two; ⁷ as *that* his sword brast in tow
 ⁸ *that* many men might see with eye.
- he prays for then Sir William began to crye
 his life. 404 & sayd, "ffor the Loue of Marrye,
 on lue let mee weelde!
 itt were great villanye
 ffor to make a *Knight* dye
 408 weponlesse in the feeld."

¹ quickly.—F.² MS. do.—F.³ cantle, a Piece, a part. Gl. Ch.—P.⁴ Perhaps stounde, time, moment, space.—P. Sonde is message.—F.⁵ as, qu.—P. as.—C. and L.⁶ *coif-de-fer*, the hood of mail worn by knights in the twelfth century. *Fair-**holt*. The second seal of Henry I. represents him without a helmet, the cowl of mail being drawn over a steel cap called a *coif-de-fer* in contradistinction to the *chappelle-de-fer* worn over the mail. *Planché*, i. 94.—F.⁷ That his, &c.—P.⁸ As men, &c.—P.

- then spake Sir Lybius
 & sayd, "by the leane of Iesus!
 of liffe gettest thou no space¹
- 412 but if thou wilt sweare anon,
 or thou out of the ffelld gone,
 here before my fface,
- "& on knees kneele downe,
 416 & swere by my sword browne
that thou shalt to Arthur wend,
 & say, 'Lord of great renowne!
 I am in battell ouerthrowne;
 420 a knight me hither doth send
 that men cleped thus,
 Sir Lybius Disconius,
 vnknownen *knight* and hend.'"
- 424 Sir william mett² him on his knee;
 & the othe there made hee,
 & fforward gan he wend.
- thus departed all the rout.
- 428 Sir william to Arthurs court
 he tooke the ready way;³
 a sorry case there gan ffall:
 3 knights⁴ proude and tall
- 432 Sir william mett *that* day;
 the 3 *Knights* all in ffere
 where his emes⁵ sonnes deere,
 stout they were and gay.
- Lybius
grants it
him
- on condition
- that he
swears to go
to Arthur
- and say that
Lybius sends
him.
- Sir William
swears,
- and starts
for Arthur's
court.
- His three
cousins
meet him,

¹ For the next stanza and a half, the French has, p. 18:

"Ens à la cort Artu le roi,
 A lui en irés de par moi."

² ? sett.—F.

³ The French Romance sends him home wounded, puts him to bed, and there he sees the three knights.—F.

⁴ The French makes them only his

"compaignons," and him their "signor."
 Their names are:

Elius li blans, sires des Aies,
 Et li bons chevaliers de Graies
 Et Willaume de Salebrant.

⁵ *eme*, Uncle. See Jun. *came*. See Gl. ad Chauc. &c.—P. A.-Sax. *edm*, uncle.—F.

- 436 when they saw Sir william bleed,
& alway hanged downe his head,
they rode to him with great array,
- and ask him
who has
wounded
him.
- & said, " Cozen will !
- 440 who hath done to you this shame ?
& why bleedest thou soe long ? "
- hee said, " Sirs, by St. Iame !
one *that* is not to blame ;
- 444 a stout *Knight* & a stronge—
Sir Lybius disconius hee hight—
to ffell his enemyes in ffight ;
he is not ffarr to Learne ;
- " Sir Lybius
Disconius,
- 448 a dwarfe rydeth with him in fere
as he was his Squier ;
they ride away ffull yarne.¹
- and he has
made me
swear
- 452 " but one thing greoueth me sore,
that he hath made me sweare
on his sord soe bright,
that I shold neuer more,
till I come to *King* Arthur,
court,
- not to stop
till I get to
Arthur's
court,
- 456 Stint by day nor night ;
and alsoe to him I ame yeelde
as ouercome into the ffeelde
by power of his might ;
- and never to
bear arms
against
him."
- 460 nor against him ffor to beare
neither sheeld nor speare ;
thus I haue him hight."
- His cousins
promise to
avenge him:
- 464 then said the *Knights* 3 :
" well auenged shalt thou bee
certes without ffayle !
ffor hee one against vs 3,
hee is not worthe a flee
- Lybius isn't
worth a flea;
- 468 ffor to hold battell ² !

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¹ yerne, inter al. nimble, Ch. Gl.—P.² battayle.—P.

goe fforth & keepe thine othe
though thou be neuer soe wroth;
 wee will him assayle.

472 or he this fforrest passe,
 wee will his armour vnlace,
 tho itt were double maile."

they'll soon
 unlace his
 armour.

theroff wist nothing *that* wight
 476 Sir Lybius, *that* gentle Knight,
 but rode a well good pace;
 he & that maiden bright
 made together *that* night

Lybius
 rides on
 with Hellen.

480 game & great solace.
 shee cryed him mercye
 ffor shee had spoken him villanye;
 shee prayed him to fforgiue her *that* tyde;
 484 the dwarffe was their squier,
 & serued them both in ffere
 off all *that* they had need.

She begs his
 pardon for
 having
 abused him.

on the morrow when itt was day,
 488 fforthe thé rode on their way
 towards Sinadowne.
 then they say ¹ in their way
 3 Knights stout and gay
 492 came ryding ffrom Caerleon;
 to him they sayd anon-right,²
 "Traitor, turne againe and ffight!
 thou shalt lose thy renowne!
 496 & *that* maide ffaire & bright,
 wee will her lead att night
 herby vnto a towne."

Next day

the three
 cousins
 meet Lybius,
 and call on
 him to fight.

¹ saw.—P. ? Perhaps the MS. has a
w made over the *y*, or an *e* after it.—F.

² The French puts the fight with these

three knights (p. 34) after that with the
 two giants (p. 23).—F.

Lybius is
 ready, 500 Sir Lybius to them gan crye,
 " ffor to ffight I am all readye
 against you all in-same.¹ "
 a² prince proude of pride,
 charges he rode against them *that* tyde
 504 with mirth sport and game.
 the eldest, the Eldest brother then beere
 to Sir Lybius with a Spere;
 Sir Baner, Sir Baner was his name.³
 508 Sir Lybius rode att him anon
 and breaks his thigh in
 two. & brake in tow his thigh bone,
 & lett him Lye there lame.⁴
 the Knight mercy gan crye
 512 when Sir Lybius certainly
 had smitten him downe.
 Dwarf
 Teddelyne
 rides Baner's
 horse the dwarffe *that* hight Teodline
 tooke his horsse by the raine,
 516 he lept into the arsoone⁵;
 he rode anon with that
 to Hellen, vnto the mayd where shee sate
 soe ffayre of ffashyon.
 and she says
 Lybius is a
 good
 champion. 520 then laughed *that* Maiden bright,
 & said, " fforssooth this young Knight
 is a ffull good Champyqn! "

¹ i. e. all together; it seems a contraction of the Fr. *ensemble*. See G.D. Gl. *alsame*, sub. verb, same.—P.

² As, q.—Pencil note.

³ Willaumes vint à lui premiers, l. 1052, p. 38. The French Rom. remarks on the knights attacking singly, in the good old times, as contrasted with the cowardice of the then modern ones:

Et à cel tens, costume estoit
 Que quant i hom se combatoit,
 N'avait garde que de celui
 Qui faisoit la bataille à lui.
 Or va li tens en febloiant
 Et cis usages decaans,
 Que XX et V en prenent un!
 Cis affaires est si commun

Que tuit le tienent desormès;
 La force fait le plus adies,
 Tos est mués en autre guise,
 Mais dont estoit fois et francise,
 Pitiés, proesse et cortoisie,
 Et largesse sans vilonnie.
 Or fait cascuns tot son pooir,
 Tos entendent au decevoir. (p. 38.)

⁴ The French makes Lybius kill Willaume (or Sir Baner):

Mort le trebuce del ceval.

Il ne li fera huimais mal! (p. 40.)

Then Helin de Graies attacks Lybius, and gets his right arm broken.—F.

⁵ Fr. Arçon, a *saddle bow*, Per Meton. *Saddle*.—P.

- ¹ the 2^d brother, he beheld
 524 how is brother lay in the ffeild
 & had lost strenght & might;
 he smote Sir Lybius in *that* tyde
 on the sheeld with much pride,
 528 with his speare ffull right.
 Sir Lybius away gan beare [page 325]
 with his good speare
 the helme of *that* knight.
 532 the youngest brother ² then gan ride,
 & hitt Sir Lybius in *that* tyde
 as a man of much might,

 & said to him then anon,
 536 "Sir, thou art by St. Iohn
 a ffell Champyowne;
 by god *that* sitteth in trinitye,
 ffight I will with thee,
 540 I hope to beare thee downe." ¹
 as warryour out of witt,
 on Sir Lybius then hee hitt
 with a ffell ffauchy on;
 544 soe stifflye his stroakes hee sett,
 that through helme ³ & basenett ⁴
 he carued Sir Lybius crowne.
- Sir Lybius was served in *that* stead
 548 when hee ffelled ⁵ on his head
 that the sword had drawen blood;

The second
cousincharges
Lybius.Lybius
unhelms
him.The third
cousinsays he
shouldlike to fight
Lybius,and cuts
throughhis helm and
bascinet
into his
head.

Lybius

¹⁻¹ þe myddelle broþer com 3erne

Vp-on a stede sterne

Egre as lyoun.

Hym þo3te hys body wolde berne

But he my3t al so 3erne

Felle lybeaus a-doun.—C.

² Sir Gramadone, the French calls
him, l. 1122, p. 40.—F.³ helmet or head-piece, Fr. D^o *Galea*.
—P.⁴ *Bascinet*, a light helmet, shaped
like a skull-cap, worn with or without a
moveable front. *Fairholt*.—F.⁵ felt.—P. The Lambeth MS. reads:
Tho wax Lybeous a-greued
When he felt on his hed.

The Cotton has:

Tho was ly-beaus agreeede
Whan he felde on hedde.—F.

waves his
sword,

about his head the sword he waued,—
all *that* hee hitt, fforsoothe hee cleened,

552 as warryour wight and good ;—

Sir Lybius said swithe thoe,

“ one to ffight against 2

is nothing good.”

says two
against one
isn't fair
(the second
cousin
having
joined in
again ?),

556 ffast they hewed then on him

with stroakes great and grim ;

against ¹ them he stifflye stood,

and cuts off
the second
cousin's
right arm.

² & through gods grace

560 he smote the eldest in *that* place

vpon the right arme thoe ;

hee hitt him soe in *that* place,—

to see itt was a wonderous case,—

564 his right arme ffell him ffroe.²

The third
cousin

the youngest saw *that* sight.

& thought hee had noe might

to ffight against his ffoe ;

yields to
Lybius,

568 to Sir Lybius hee did vp-yeeld

his good Speare & sheeld ;

and cries
for mercy.

mercy he cryed him thoe.³

Lybius
grants it

anon Sir Lybius said, “ nay,

572 thou shalt not passe this away—

by him *that* bought mankind—

but thou & thy brethren twayne

plight your trothes without Layine

on oondition
that he and
his two
brothers
go to Arthur,

576 *that* yee will to King Arthur wende,

& say, ‘ Lord of great renowne !

in battaill wee be ouercome ;

¹ 'gainst.—P.

²⁻³ The Cotton text omits these lines,
and in the next ones makes both brothers
yield to Lybius.—F.

⁴ The French makes the battle with

the third knight last all night till next
day; then the horse of Sir Gramadone des
Aies slips and falls, Lybius seizes the
prostrate rider, and he is obliged to
yield, p. 41-2.—F.

- a Knight vs hither hath send
 580 ffor to yeeld thee tower & towne,
 & to bee att thy bandowne ¹
 euermore withouten end.'
- " & but if you will doe soe,
 584 certes I will you sloe
 as I am true Knight."
 anon they sware to him thoe ;
 that they wold to Arthur goe,
 588 their trothes anon thé plight.
 Sir Lybius & that ffaire May
 rode fforth on the way
 thither as they had hight ;
 592 till itt beffell on the 3^d day
 thé ffell together in game & pley,
 hee and *that* Maiden bright.
- they rode fforthe on west
 596 into a wyde fforrest,
 & might come to noe towne ;
 thé ne wist what way best,
 ffor there they must needs rest,
 600 & there they light a-downe.
 amonge the greene eues ²
 they made a lodge with bower & leaues,
 with swords bright and browne.
 604 Sir Lybius & that maiden bright [page 326]
 dwelled there all night,³
 that was soe ffaire of ffashyon.
- and give up
 their all to
 him.
- They swear
 to do this,
- and Lybius
 rides on with
 Hellen.
- On the third
 day
- they are
 benighted in
 a forest
- and camp
 out.

¹ Fr. bandon, "A son bandon," i. e. at his will and Pleasure. Gl. G. Doug.—P.

² eaves. Metaph. from a house building.—P.

³ The French picture is prettier:

Li Desconnéus se dormoit
 Sur l'erbe fresce à reposoit ;
 Dalés lui gist la damoisèle,
 Deseur son brac gist la pucèle ;
 Li uns dalés l'autre dormoit,
 Li lousignols sor els cantoit. (p. 23.)

The dwarf
keeps watch,
608 then the dwarffe began to wake,
ffor noe theenes shold take
away their horsses with guile;
then ffor ffeare he began to quake;
sees a great
fire,
612 a great ffyer hee saw make
ffrom them but a mile.
wakes
Lybius,
and says
they must be
off,
"arise," he said, "worthy *Knight*!
to horsse *that* wee were dight
ffor doubt of more perill!
616 certes I heare a great bost¹;
alsoe I smell a savor of rost,
as he smells
roast meat.
by god & by S^t Gyle!"

[The Third Part.]

Lybius
620 Sir Lybius was stout & gay,
& leapt vpon his palffrey,
& tooke his sheeld & speare
rides off, 3^d part. & rode fforth ffull ffast.
and finds
two
giants,
624 2 gyants hee ffound at Last,
[that]² strong & stout were.
The one was blacke as any sole,³
the other as red as ffyerye cole,
& ffoule bothe they were.
a black one
holding a
maid by the
bosom,
628 the blacke Gyant held in his⁴ arme
a ffaire mayd by the barme,⁵
bright as rose on bryar⁶;

¹ burst, report, like *the* discharge of a gun: It is still called *bost* in Shropsh.—P.

² Who.—P.

³ A.-S. *sol*, soil, filth, mire, dirt. Bosworth. Fr. *souiller*, to soyle, slurrie, durtie, smutch, beray, begrime. Cotgrave. The Cotton stanza is:

þat on was Red & loblyche,

And þat oper swart as pyche,

Grysly boþe of chere.

þat oon helde yn hys barme

A mayde y-clepte yn hys arme,

As bryȝt as bloȝle on brere.—F.

⁴ *hus* in the MS. with a dot.—F. The French is:

Car uns gians moult la pressoit,

A force baisier le voloit,

Mais cele ne l' pooit souffrir,

Mais se voloit laisser morir.

⁵ Sinus, gremium.—P. A.-S. *bearm*, the womb, lap, bosom. Bosworth.—F. A mayde i-clypped in his barme.—L.

⁶ brere, so in Chauc.—P. *Bryar* is one of the words entered under *eare* in Levins's Manipulus or Rhyming Dictionary, p. 209, col. 1, ed. 1867.—F.

- the red Gyant ffull yarne
 632 swythe about can turne
 a wild bore on a spitt ;
 ffaire the ffyer gan berne.
 the maid cryed ffull yerne,
 636 for men shold itt witt ;
 shee said, " alas & euer away
 that euer I abode this day
 with 2 devills for to sitt !
 640 helpe, Mary *that* is soe mild,
 for the lone of the¹ child,
 that I be not fforgett ! "
- Sir Lybius said, " by S^t Iame !
 644 ffor² to bring *that* maid ffrom shame
 itt were ffull great price ;
 but ffor to fight with both in shame³
 it is no childs game,
 648 they be soe grim and grise.⁴ "
- he tooke his course with his shaft
 as a man *that* cold his crafft,
 & he rode by right assise :
 652 the blacke he smote all soe smart
 through the liner, long⁵ & hart
 that he might neuer rise.
- then fled *that* maiden sheene,
 656 & thanked⁶ Marye, heauens queene,
 that succour had her sent.
 then came mayd Ellen
 & the dwarffe by-dene,⁷
 660 & by the hand her hent,
- a red one
 roasting a
 boar on a
 spit.
 The maid
 cries out
 for help.
 Lybius says
 it's no child's
 play to fight
 both giants,
 but he
 charges the
 black one,
 and runs
 him right
 through the
 heart.
 The maid
 flees ;
 Hellen takes
 her

¹ perhaps thy.—P.² for.—P. qu. MS. ffea.—F.³ in same, i. e. together, ensemble, Fr. —P.⁴ id. ac grisly, horrid, horrible.—P.⁵ lung.—P.⁶ d added by Percy.—F.⁷ MS. " & by the dwarffe dene," but the tmesis must be a copier's mistake. —F. And the Dwarf by-dene.—P. Sche & here dwerk y-mene.—Cot.

into the
forest,

& went into the greanes,¹
& lodged them vnder the leanes
in a good entent ;

and she
prays for
Lybius's
safety.

664 & shee besought Iesus
ffor to helpe Sir Lybius
that hee was not shent.

The red
giant
hits at
Lybius with
the boar,

the red Gyant smote thore²
668 att Sir Lybius with the bore
as a wolfe *that* were woode ;
his Dints he sett soe sore,

and knocks
his horse
down.

that Sir Lybius horsse therfore
672 downe to the ground yode.³
then Sir Lybius with ffeirce hart,
out of his saddle swythe he start
as spartle⁴ doth out of fyer ;

Lybius
fights with
his sword.

676 feir[c]ely as any Lyon
he ffought with his ffawchyon
to quitt the Gyant his hyer.

The giant
lays on
Lybius with
his spit,

⁵ the Gyants spitt sickerlye
680 was more then a cowle tree⁶
that he rosted on the bore ;
He laid on Sir Lybius ffast,
all the while the spitt did last,

[page 327]

684 euer' more and more.

covers him
with boar's
grease,

the bore was soe hott then,
that on Sir Lybius the grease ran

¹ i.e. Groves, Bushes. So in Chauc.
—P.

² i.e. there, *metri gratiâ*. so in Chauc.
—P.

³ went.—P. The French makes Lybius
kill the other giant first :

Il . . fiert celui premieremant

Qui esforçoit la damoiséle.

Si la féru lès la mamièle.

Le fer li fist el cuer serrer ;

Les ioils del cief li fist torbler ;

Mort le trebuçe el feu ardant. (p. 27.)

The Cotton text (leaf 46 back, col. 2)

follows the French :

þe blake geaunt he smote smert

þorgh the lyuere, longe, & herte,

þat neuer he myzte aryse.—F.

⁴ sparkle.—P. sparkyll.—L. sperk.
—C.

⁵ This stanza is not in C. or L.—F.

⁶ ? Phillipps's *coul-staff*: "Coul, a
kind of Tub, or Vessel with two Ears to
be carry'd between two Persons with a
Coul-staff." See Lambarde's *Perambu-*
lation, p. 367, and Strutt, ii. 201, says
Halliwell, under *Cowlstaff*.—F.

- right ffast thore.¹
- 688 the gyant was stiffe & stronge,
 15 ffoote he was Longe ;
 hee smote Sir Lybius ffull sore. and batters
him till
- Euer still the gyant smote
- 692 att Sir Lybius, well I wott,
 till the spitt brast in towe. the spit
breaks.
Then he gets
a truncheon,
- then as man *that* was wrath,
 ffor a Trunchyon fforth he goth
- 696 to ffight aga[i]nst his ffoe,
 & with the End of *that* spitt
 Sir Lybius sword ² in 3 he hitt. and splits
Lybius's
shield with
it,
- then was Sir Lybius wonderous woe.
- 700 or he againe his staffe vp caught,
 Sir Lybius a stroke him rought but drops
his staff.
Lybius cuts
off his right
arm,
that his right arme ffell him ffroe.
- the Gyant ffell to the ground,
- 704 & Sir Lybius in *that* stond
 smote of his head thoe:
 in a ffrench booke itt is ffound.³ then his
head,
- to the other he went in *that* stond,⁴
- 708 & serued him right soe.
 he tooke vp the heads then
 & bare them to *that* ffaire maiden and gives
both heads
to the
maiden.
that he had woone in ffight.
- 712 the maid was glad & blythe, She
 & thanked god often sithe
that euer he was made a Knight.
- Sir Lybius said, "gentle dame,
- 716 tell me now what is your name

¹ There is nothing of this grease business in the French and Cotton texts.—F.

² scheld.—Cot. The French has not the passage.—F.

³ Renals de Bianju's text omits the cutting off of the right arm, but makes Lybius split the giant's head to the teeth.—F.

⁴ stound.—P.

- tells him
that her
father is
- an earl,
Sir Arthore,
and her
name is
Violet.
- She was out
walking
- when the
giant sprang
on her,
- and would
have
destroyed
her,
had it not
been for
Lyblus.
Christ
reward him!
- They all ride
to
- & where *that* you were borne."
- "Sir," she said, "by S^t Iame,
my ffather is of rich ffame,
720 & dwelleth here beforne;
he is a Lord of much might,
an Erle & a Noble Knight;
his name is S[ir] Arthore,
724 & my name is Vylett,¹
that the Gyant had besett
for the Castle ore.
- 728 "as I went on my demeaning"²
to-night in the eueni[n]ge,
none euill then I thought;
the gyant, with-out leasing,
out of bush he gan spring,
732 & to the ffyer me brought.
of him I had beene shent,
but *that* god me succour sent
that all this world hath wrought.
736 Sir Knight! god yeeld thee thy meed,
ffor vs *that* on the roode did bleed,
& with his blood vs bought!"
- without any more talking
740 to their horsses they gan spring,³

¹ Vilett, Violette.—P. Vyolette.—Cot.
The French gives the name and story
differently:

. . . nommée sui Clarie . . .
Et Saigremors si est mes frère,
Li jaians me prist cés mon père.
En un vergier hui mais entrai
Et por moi déduire i alai.
Li jaians ert desous l'entrée,
Trova la porte desfremée;
Iluec me prist, si m'enporta,
Ici son compaignon trova. (p. 32.)—F.
² probably *going a walking*, demener,

the same as promener, qu.—P.

Yesterday yn the mornynge
Y wente on my playnge.

Cot. MS. in Ritson.

³ The French text makes them first
have a grand feast on the grass off the
giants' food. Squire *Roberts* distinguishes
himself as cook, seneschal, butler, mar-
shal, chamberlain, and squire, helped by
the dwarf, p. 32–34. *Roberts* is a most
useful personage all through the French
story.—F.

& rode fforth all in-same,
 & told the Erle in euery thing ¹
 how he wan in ffighting
 744 his Daughter ffrom woe & shame.
 then were these heads sent
 vnto King Arthur ffor a present
 with much mirth & game,
 748 *that* in Arthurs court arose
 of Sir Lybius great Losse ²
 & a right good name.

Sir
 Arthore's,

and Lybius
 sends the
 giants' heads
 to King
 Arthur.

³ the Erle, ffor *that* good deede,
 752 gaue Sir Lybius for his meede
 sheeld and armour bright,
 & alsoe a noble steede
that was good in euerye need,
 756 in trauayle & in ffight.

Sir Arthore
 gives Lybius

armour

and a noble
 steed.

[The Fourth Part.]

now Sir Lybius and his May
 tooke their leane, & rode their way
 thither as they had hight.⁴

Lybius rides
 on towards
 the Waste
 Land,

4^d parte. { 760 Then they saw in a parke [page 328]
 a Castle stiffe & starke,⁵
that was ffull maruelouslye dight;
 wrought itt was with lime & stone,—
 764 such a one saw he neuer none,—
 with towers stiffe & stout.

and sees a
 castle

¹ erl tydyngge.—Cot.

² lose, praise.—F.

³ The Cotton text has an extra stanza here, in which Sir Arthore offers Lybius his daughter Vyolette to wife, but the offer is declined, leaf 47 b. MS., p. 30, Ritson. The French has neither of the stanzas.—F.

⁴ þey Ryde forþ alle þre

Toward þe fayre cyte,

Kardeuyle fore soþ hyt hyzt.—C.

Here follow in the French a page and a quarter of what M. Hippeau terms "Digression de l'Auteur: Il sera fidèle à celle qu'il ne peut encore nommer *s'amie*, mais qu'il appelle *la moult aimée*." The next adventure with Sir Gefferon, or Part IV, is omitted.—F.

⁵ i. e. strong.—P.

which he
thinks very
strong.

Sir Lybius said, "soe haue I blis!
worthy dwelling here itt is

768 to them *that* stood in doubt!"

Hellen tells
him that a
brave knight
lives there:

then laughed *that* Maiden bright,
& sayd, "here dwelleth a *Knight*,
the best *that* here is about.

772 who-soe will with him ffight,—
be he Baron or be he knight,—
he maketh him to loute.

whoever
brings him
a lady

"soe well he loueth his Leman
776 *that* is soe ffaire a woman,
& a worthy in weede,

fairer than
his own,
gets a white
falcon;

who-soe bringeth a fairer then,
a ioly ffawcon as white as swan

780 he shall haue to his meede.

but if she is
not so fair,
Sir Gefferon

& if shee be not soe bright,
with Sir Gefferon he must ffight;
& if he may not speed,

cuts his head
off.

784 ¹his [head] shall be ffrom him take,
& sett ffull hye vpon a stake,
trulye withouten dread.

"the sooth you may see and heere;

788 there is on euery corner²
a head or tow ffull right."

Lybius
declares he'll
fight
Gefferon,

Sir Lybius sayd al soe soone,
"by god & by S^t Iohn!

792 with Sir Gefferon will I ffight,
& challenge the Iolly ffawcon,
& say *that* I haue one in the towne,
a lemman al soe³ bright;

and produce
Hellen as
his love.

796 & if hee will her see,
then I will bring⁴ thee,
be itt day or by night."⁵

¹ his [head] shall.—P.

² Percy has added an *e* at the end.
—F.

³ MS. alsoe, and in line 790.—F. al

soe.—P

⁴ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁵ by day or night, or *dele* by.—P.

- the dwarffe sayd, "by Sweete Iesus !
 800 gentle Sir Lybyus ¹ Disconiys,
 thou puttest thee in great perill.
 Sir Giffon La ffraudeus,²
 in ffigthing he hath an vse
 804 Knights ffor to beguile."
 Sir Lybius answered and sware,
 & said, "therof I haue no care !
 by god & by S^t Gyle,
 808 I will see him in the fface
 or I passe out of this place,
 ffor all his subtulle wile ! "
- without any more questyon
 812 thé³ dwelled still in the towne
 all night there in peace.
 on the morrow he made him readie
 ffor to winne him the Masterye
 816 certes⁴ withouten Lease.
 he armed him ffull sure
 in the sayd Armor
 that King Arthurs⁵ was,
 820 & his horsse began he to stryde ;
 the dwarffe rod by his syde
 to that strong palace.
- Sir Gyffron la ffraudeus
 824 rose vp, as itt was his vse,
 in the morrow tyde
 ffor to honor sweete Iesus.
 then he was ware of Sir Lybius ;
 828 as a prince of much pryde

The dwarf

warns him

of Gefferon's
wiles.Lybius
doesn't care
for 'em ; he
will fight.Next day
Lybius

arms

and rides to

Gefferon's
castle.

Gefferon

sees him,

¹ There is a stroke too many after the
u in the MS.—F.² Syr Gyffroun le flowdous.—Cot.³ they.—P.⁴ MS. certer.—F.⁵ erl autores.—Cot., which must be
right.—F. sir Arthores, or Knight Ar-
thores.—P.

ffast he rode into *that* place.
 Sir Ieffron maruailed att *that* case,
 & loud to him did crye
 832 with voyce loud and shrill :
 “ comest thou ffor good or ill ?
 tell me now on hye.”

and asks why
 he comes.

Sir Lybius said al soe ¹ tyte,
 836 “ certes I haue greate delight
 with thee ffor to ffight !
 thou hast [said] great despite ; ²
 thou hast a Leman, ³ none so whyte
 840 by day or by night
 as I haue one in the towne,
 ffairer of ffashyon
 for to see with sight.
 844 therfore thy Iolly ffawcowne,
 to King Arthur with the crowne
 bring I will by right.”

“ To fight
 you,” says
 Lybius ;

“ you have
 no such fair
 maiden as I
 have ;

give me
 your falcon
 for King
 Arthur.

[page 339]

Sir Geffron said al soe right,
 848 “ where shall wee see *that* sight,
 whether the ffairer bee ? ”
 Sir Lybius said, “ wee will ffull right
 in Cardigan see *that* sight, ⁴
 852 there all men may itt see ;
 in the middes of *that* Markett,
 there shall they both be sett
 to looke on them soe ffree ⁵ ;
 856 & if my Leman be browne,
 ffor thy Iolly ffawcowne
 iust I will with thee.”

My lady is in
 Cardigan ;

we'll set
 yours and
 mine in the
 market,
 and see
 which is
 the fairer.”

¹ MS. alsoe, and in l. 847.—F.

² Thou seyste a foule dispite.—Lam.

³ Lennan in the MS.—F.

⁴ In Cardenyle cyte ryzt.—Cot.

⁵ bothe bond & fre.—Cot.

- Sir Geffron said alsoe then,
 860 "I wold ffaine as any man
 to-day att yondertyde.¹
 all this I grant thee well,
 & out of this Castell
 864 to Cardigan ² I will ryde."
 their glones were there vp yold,
 that fforward ³ to hold,
 as princes proud in pryde.
 868 Sir Lybius wold no longer blinn,⁴
 but rode againe to his inn
 & wold no longer abyde.
- he said to maid Ellen
 872 that was soe bright & sheene,
 "looke thou make thee bowne!
 I thee say, by S^t Quintin,
 Sir Gefferons Leman I will winn:
 876 to-day shee will come to towne,
 in the midds of this cytye,
 that men may you see,
 & of you bothe the ffashyon;
 880 & if thou be not soe bright,
 with Sir Geffron I shall ffight
 to winne the Iollye ffawcowne."
- the dwarffe answered, "for-thy ⁵
 884 that thou doest a deed hardye ⁶
 ffor any man borne.
 thou wilt doe by no mans read

Geffron
agrees.

Lybius rides
back, and

tells Hellen
to get ready,

as she is to
be shown
against
Geffron's
love.

The dwarf
tells him it's
a foolhardy
business;

¹ *forte* ondertyde.—P. bys day at vnderne tyde.—C. This daye at vnder-tide.—L.

² Karlof.—Cot. Kardyle.—Lam.

³ A.-S. *foreweard*, agreement.—F.

⁴ blim in the MS.—F.

⁵ for thy, *therefore*, according to Gl. Ch. & G.D., here it should seem to be *forthwith*.—P. Cot. omits this stanza.

The Lambeth MS. has:

The Dwerff answerd and seid,
 "Thow doste a savage dede!

ffor any man i-borne

Tow wilt not do by Rede,

But faryst with thi madd hede

As lorde that will be lorne."

⁶ hardye, qu.—P. MS. not clear.—F.

- for thou fforest in thy child head
 888 as a man *that* wold be lorne!
 he'd better
 go on his
 way. & therefore I thee pray
 to wend fforth on thy way,
 & come not him beforne."
- Lybius won't
 hear of this. 892 Sir Lybius said, "*that* were great shame!
 I had leuer with great grame¹
 with wild horsses to be torne."
- Hellen
 decks herself 896 maid Ellen, ffaire and free,
 made hast sickerlye
 her ffor to attyre
 in Keicheys² *that* were white,
 for to doe all his delight,
 900 with good³ gold wyer.
 with a violet
 mantle, a vyolett mantle, the sooth to say,
 ffurred well with gryse gay,⁴
 shee cast about her Lyr⁵;
 and precious
 stones, 904 the stones shee had about her mold
 were precyous & sett with gold,⁶
 the best in *that* shire.
- and rides on
 a palfrey 908 Sir Lybius sett *that* ffaire May
 on⁷ a right good⁸ Palffrey,
 & rode fforth all three.
 euery man to other gan say,
 "heere cometh a ffaire May,
 912 And louelye ffor to see!" [page 330]
 to Cardigan
 market. into the Markett hee rode,
 & boldly there abode

¹ i.e. grief, sorrow; vexation, anger; madness: trouble, affliction, Gl. ad Chauc.—P.

² Kercheffs, qu.—P. keuechers.—C. kerchevys.—L.

³ arayde wyth.—Cot.

⁴ Pelured with grys & gray.—Cot.

⁵ swyre (neck).—Cot.

⁶ A sercle vp-on here molde, Of stones & of golde.—Cot. *Mold*, the suture of the skull; form, fashion, appearance.—Halliwell.

⁷ om, or ? one, in the MS.—F.

⁸ Vp-on a pomely.—Cot.

- in the middes ¹ of *that* citye.
- 916 anon thé saw Geffron come ryde,
 & 2 squiers by his side,
 & na more meanye ²:
- he bare a sheelde of greene,
 920 richelye itt was to be seene ³;
 of gold was the bordure,
 dight itt was with fflowers
 & alsoe with rich colours,
 924 like as itt ⁴ were an Emperour.
 the ⁵ squiers did with him ryde;
 the one bare by his side
 3 shafts good & stoure, ⁶
 928 the other bare, his head vpon,
 a gentle lolly ffawcon ⁷
that was laid to wager;
- & after did a Lady ryde,
 932 ffaire & bright, of Much pryde,
 cladd in purple pall.
 the people came ffarr & wyde
 to see *that* Ladye in *that* tyde, ⁸
 936 how gentle ⁹ shee was and small;
 her mantle was of purple ffine,
 well ffurred with good Armine,
 itt was rich and royall;
 940 a sercotte sett about her necke soe sweete
 with dyamond & with Margaret,
 & many a rich Emerall;
- To them
comes
Geffron,
- with two
squires
- (one bearing
a falcon)
- and his fair
lady,
- clad in
- purple,
- her surcoat
set with
diamonds,
pearls,
and
emeralds;

¹ niddes in the MS.—F.² attendants.—P.³ He bare þe schelde of goules,
Of syluer thre whyte oules.—C.
He bare the shelde gowlys,
Off syluer three white owlys.—L.⁴ hee.—P.⁵ two.—P.⁶ Idem ac *sture*, *ingens*, *crassus*, Lye.
—P.⁷ I would read Ier-faucon. see st. 37
[l. 977] below.—P. gērfawcone.—C.⁸ To se here bak & syde. — Cot.
(which has many variations in the follow-
ing lines).—F.⁹ forte, *gimp*.—P.

her hue
rose-red,
her hair
golden,

her brows
like silk,

her eyes
grey.

The lookers-
on

put two
chairs for
the ladies,

and decide
that
Gefferon's
is the fairer.

Hellen is
only fit to be
her laundry-
maid.

Lybius then
challenges
Gefferon to
fight.

her colour was as the rose red ;
944 her haire *that* was on her head,
as gold wyer itt shone bright ;
her browes were al soe ¹ silke spread,
ffaire bent in lenght & bread ;
948 her nose was ffaire and right ;
her eyen gray as any glasse ;
milke white was her fface.
thé said *that* sawe *that* sight,
952 her body gentle and small,
'her beautye ffor to tell all,
noe man with tounge might.'

unto the Markett men gan bring
956 2 Chaires ffor to sitt in,
their bewtye ffor to descrye.
then said both old & younge,—
fforssooth without Leasing
960 betweene them was partye,—²
Geffrons Leman was ffaire & cleere
as euer was any rose on bryer,³
fforsooth without Lye.

964 Maid Ellen, the Messenger,
seemed to her but a Launderer ⁴
in her nurserye.

then said Sir Geffron la ffraudeus,⁵
968 "Sir Knight, by Sweet Iesus,
thy head thou hast fforlore ⁶ !"
"nay !" said Sir Lybius,
"that was neuer my vse !
972 iust I will therfore ;

¹ MS. alsoe.—F.

² This Line in a Parenthesis.—P.

³ brere.—P. There is no short stroke
to the y in the MS.—F.

⁴ i. e. Launderess, Laundress.—P.

⁵ le fludous.—Cot.

⁶ lost.—P. The Cotton MS. reads :
Syr lybeaus Desconus,
pys hauk þou hast for-lore.

“ & if thou beare me downe,
 take my head on thy ffawchyon,
 & home with thee itt lead ;
 976 & if I beare downe thee,
 the Ierffaucon shall goe with mee
 maugre thy head indeed.

“ what needeth vs more to chyde ?
 980 but into the saddle let vs glyde,
 to proue our mastery.”
 either smote on others sheeld the while
 with crownackles ¹ *that* were of steele,
 984 with great envye.
 then their speares brake assunder ;
 the dints ffared as the thunder
that cometh out of the skye.
 988 trumpetts & tabours,
 herawdyes & good desoures,²
 Their stroakes ffor to ³ descrye. [page 331]

They charge

and their
spears break.

Geffron then began to speake :
 992 “ bring me a spere *that* will not breke,
 a shaft with one crownall !
 ffor this young ffeley ffreke
 sitteth in his saddle steke ⁴
 996 as stone in Castle wall.
 I shall make him to stoope
 swithe ouer his saddle croope,
 & giue him a great ffall,
 1000 tho he were as wight a warryour
 as Alexander or Arthur,
 Sir Lancelott or Sir Perciuall.”

Geffron
calls for a
spear that
won't break,and he'll
soon unhorse
Lybius !

¹ coronals.—Cot. *Coronel*, the upper part of a jousting-lance, constructed to unhorse, but not to wound, a knight. Fairholt, p. 426 (with a cut of one).—F. This seems to be the same as Crownall, st. 40 [of MS., l. 993 here]. both

seem to signify the heads of *the* spears.—P.

² disours, tellers, narraters.—F.

³ gon.—Cot.

⁴ steke for stuck, rhithmi gratia.—P.

- then the *Knights* both tow
 They charge again. 1004 rode together swithe thoe
 with great ren[d]owne¹ :
 Sir Lybius smote Sir Geffron soe
 Geffron loses his shield. *that* his sheild ffell him ffroe
 1008 into the ffeeld againe.²
 then laughed all *that* was there,
 & said without more,
 Duke, Erle, or Barron,
 1012 *that* " thé saw neuer a *Knight*,
 ne noe man abide might
 a course of Sir Geffron."

 another course gan thé ryde :
 The third course, Geffron does nothing. 1016 Sir Geffron was aggreeued *that* tyde
 ffor hee might not speede.
 The fourth, he rode againe al soe³ tyte,
 & Sir Lybius he gan⁴ smite
 1020 as a doughtye man of deed.

 Sir Lybius smote him soe ffast
 Lybius *that* Sir Geffron soone he cast
 him and his horsse a-downe ;
 1024 Sir Ieffrons backe bone he brake
 breaks Geffron's back, *that* the ffolkes hard itt cracke ;
 lost was his renowne.
 then they all said, lesse & more,
 1028 *that* Sir Geffrons had Lore
 and wins his falcon. the white Gerffawcon.⁵
 the people came Sir Lybius before,
 & went with him, lesse & more,
 1032 anon into the towne ;

¹ With welle greet Raundoun.—Cot.² I would read *adowne*. see below, st. 45.—P. a-doun.—Cot. a-downe.—L.³ MS. alsoe.—F.⁴ MS. gam.—F.⁵ Only half the *w* in the MS.—F.

- & Sir Geffron ffrom the ffeeld
 was borne home on his sheild
 with care and rueffull mone.
- 1036 the Gerffawcon sent was,
 by a knight *that* hight Chaudas,¹
 to bring to Arthur with the crowne ;
- & rote ² to him all *that* dead,³
 1040 & with him he gan to leade
 the ffawcon *that* Sir Lybius wan.
 when the King had heard itt read,
 he said to his knights in *that* stead,
- 1044 “ Sir Lybius well warr can !
 he hath me sent with honor
that he hath done battells ⁴
 since *that* he began ;
- 1048 I will him send of my treasure,
 ffor to spend to his honor,
 as ffalleth ⁴ ffor such a man.”
- a 100^u, ready ⁵ prest
 1052 of ffloryins to spend with the best,
 he sent to Cardigan towne.
 then Sir Lybius held a feast
that lasted 40 dayes att Least
- 1056 with Lords of renowne.⁶
 & att the 6: weeke end
 hee tooke his leaue, ffor to wend,
 of duke, Erle, and Barron.

Geffron is
 carried
 home.

The falcon
 is sent by
 Chaudas

to King
 Arthur,

who praises
 Lybius,

and sends
 him to
 Cardigan
 £100 of
 florins,
 with which
 Lybius
 makes a
 forty days'
 feast,

and then
 takes his
 leave.

¹ There was one Chandos a herald,
 whose book is preserved in Worcester
 College Library, Oxon.—P.

² He wrote, sic legerim.—P.

³ deed.—P.

⁴ fitteth, qu.—P.

⁵ ready, speedy.—P.

⁶ The Cotton text sends the falcon
 by a knyght that hyght Gludas, to King
 Arthur; and Arthur sends Lybius back
 a hundred pound of florins to Cardelof,
 where Lybius holds feast forty days.
 (MS. leaf 49, col. 2 ; ed. Ritson, p. 42).
 --F.

[The Fifth Part.]

[The Adventure of the Hound, and the Fight with Sir Otes de Lile.]

Lybius rides on	1060	{	Sir Lybius and his ffaire May rode fforth on their way towards Sinadon.
towards Sinadon.	5 ^d parte		then as they rod in a throwe, ¹
He hears a horn,	1064		hornes heard they lowd blowe, & hoinds ² of great game.
and the dwarf says it's			the dwarffe said in <i>that</i> throwe, ³ “ <i>that</i> horne I well know
	1068	}	many yeeres agone ;

Sir Otes de
Lile's.

“Thatt horne bloweth Sir Ortes de lile,
That serued ⁴ my Ladye a while
seemlye in her hall ;
1072 & when shee was taken with guile,
he fled from *that* perill
west into worrall.⁵”

[page 332]

Then they
see a
beautiful
hound

but as they rode talking,
1076 they saw a ratch ⁶ runinge
ouerthwart the way.
then said both old & young,
“ffrom the ffirst begining
1080 they saw neuer none soe gay.”

¹ a short space, sed vid. infra, perhaps
in a row.—P. A.-S. *brah*, a space, time.
—F.

² hounds.—P.

³ a cast, a stroke. It. short space,
Chauc. Gl.—P.

⁴ seruede.—Cot.

⁵ Wyrhale.—Cot.

⁶ Ratches. Genus Canum: Braccones,
Lye. Jun.—P. A.-S. *ræce*, a rach, a
setting dog? Lye, in Bosworth. ? a dog
hunting by scent.—F.

- hee was of all coulours
that men may see on flowers
 betweene Midsummer & May.
- 1084 the Mayd sayd al soe¹ soone,
 “soe faire a ratch I neuer saw none,
 nor pleasanter to my pay²!
- “wold to God *that* I him ought³!”
- 1088 Sir Lybius anon him caught,
 & gaue him to maid Elen.⁴
 they rode fforth all rightes,
 & told of ffigthing with *Knights*
- 1092 ffor ladyes bright & sheene.
 they had rydden but a while,
 not the space of [a] Mile
 into *that* fforrest greene;
- 1096 then they saw a hind sterke,⁵
 & 2 grayhounds *that* were like
 the ratch *that* I of meane.
- thé hunted⁶ still vnder the Lind⁷
- 1100 to see the course of *that* hind
 vnder the fforrest side.
 there beside dwelled *that Knight*
that Sir Otes de lile hight,
- 1104 a man of much pride;
 he was cladd all in Inde,⁸
 & ffast pursued after the hind

of all sorts
 of colours.

Hellen
 wishes sh^o
 had it.

So Lybius
 catches it
 and gives it
 her.

Soon they

see a stag
 followed by
 two grey-
 hounds,

and stop to
 watch her.

Sir Otes de
 Lille

¹ MS. alsoe.—F.

² satisfaction, liking.—P.

³ owned, possest.—P.

⁴ The French text makes the hound stop with a thorn in its foot; Hellen takes it out, rides off with the dog, and a huntsman sees it under her cloak. She refuses to give it up to him or his master, and so Sir Otes, or *L'Orgueilleux de la Lande*, rides off for his armour, and

fight Lybius.—F.

⁵ stout Hind.—P.

⁶ hovede (stopt).—Cot.

⁷ Properly a Teil or Lime tree, but in these ballads it seems to be used for Trees in general.—P.

⁸ i.e. azure or blue as used by Lydg. —black according to Sp. Gl. ad Ch. —P.

rides by on a
bay,

1108 vpon a bay distere ;
loude he gan his horne blow,
for the hunters shold itt know,
& know where he were.

sees Lybius
and Hellen,

1112 as he rode by *that* woode right,
there he saw *that* younge Knight
& alsoe *that* ffaire May ;
they dwarffe rode by his side.

and
remonstrates
with them
for taking
his hound.

1116 Sir Otes bade they shold abyde,
they Ledd ¹ his ratch away :
“ffreinds,” he said, “why doe you soe ?
let my ratch ffrom you goe ;
good for you itt were.

1120 I say to you without Lye,
this ratch has beene my
all out this 7 yeere.”

Lybius says
he means to
keep it.

1124 Sir Lybius said anon tho,
“I tooke him with my hands ²,
& with me shall he abyde ;
I gaue him to this maid hend ²
that with me dothe wend

Sir Otes
warns him
to look out
for his life.

1128 riding by my side.”
then said Sir Otes de lile,
“thou puttest thee in great perill
to be slaine, if thou abide.”

Lybius calls
him a churl.

1132 Sir Lybius said in *that* while,
“I giue right nought of thy wile,
churle ! tho thou chyde.”

Sir Otes
rebukes him ;

1136 then spake Sir Otes de lile,
& said, “thy words be vile !
churle was neuer my name !

I say to thee without ffayle,
the countesse of Carlile
1140 certes was my dame ;

¹ The last *d* has a tag to it.—F.

² gentle, kind.—P.

- “ & if I were armed now
as well as art thou,
wee wold ffight in-same.
- 1144 or thou my ratch ffrom me reue,¹
we wold play, ere itt were eue,
a wonderous strong game.”
- Sir Lybius said al soe² prest,
1148 “goe fforth & doe thy best;
Thy ratch with mee shall wend.” [page 333]
they rode on right³ west
througe a deepe fforrest,
1152 then as the dwarffe them kend.⁴
- Sir Otes de lile in *that* stower
rode home into his Tower,
& ffor his ffreinds sent,
1156 & told them anon-rights
how one of Arthurs *Knights*
shamefully had him shent,
& had his ratche away Inome.⁵
- 1160 then the sayd all and some,⁶
that “theese shall soone be tane;
& neuer home shall hee come
tho he were as grim a groome
1164 as euer was Sir Gawaine.”⁷
- they dight them to armes
with gleaues⁸ and gysarmes,⁹
as they wold warr on take;
1168 Knights and squiers

if he were
armed, he
would fight
him.

Lybius says
“Do your
best,”

and rides on.

Sir Otes

tells his
friends

how badly
Lybius has
treated him.

They say
they'll soon
take Lybius.

They and
their friends
arm,

¹ bereave, take away.—P.
² alsoe, MS.—F.
³ *th* is crossed out between *t* and *w*.
—F.
⁴ taught, made known. Gl. Ch.—P.
⁵ y-nome, taken. Sax. *niman*, to take,
hinc *nim*. ⁶ Lye.—P.
⁶ sone in MS.—F.

⁷ *þauz* he were *þoꝝtyere* gome
Than Launcelot du lake.—Cot.
M. Hippeau prints “thogh tyer,” which
doesn't look much like “doughtier” at first.
MS. is clear, leaf 50, col. 2, l. 5.—F.
⁸ gleave, a sword, cutlace, Fr. *glaive*.
—P. swerdes.—Cot.
⁹ gysarme, a halbert or Bill. Sk.—P.

- mount, leapt on their disteres
 ffor their Lords sake.
- vpon a hill trulye
- see Lybius, 1172 Sir Lybius they can espye,
 ryding a well good pace.
and say to him gan they loud crye,
they'll kill & said, "thou shalt dye
him. ffor thy great trespass!"
- 1176 Sir Lybius againe beheld
Lybius how ffull was the ffeild,
 for many people there was ;
- 1180 he said to Maid Ellen,
advises " ffor this ratch I weene
Hellen to vs commeth a carefull case.
- " I rede *that* yee withdraw
- to hide in 1184 yonder into the woods wawe,¹
the forest. your heads for to hyde ;
 ffor here vpon this plaine,
 tho I shold be slaine,
- He will 1188 the battell I will abyde."
abide the into the fforrest thé rode ;
battle. and Sir Lybius there abode
- Lybius's foes of him what may betyde.
- 1192 then thé smote at him with crossebowes.
fre at him with speare, & with bowes turkoys,²
with bows that made him wounds wyde.
- and wound
- him.
- Sir Lybius with his horsse ran,
- He rides 1196 & bare downe horsse and man ;
down men
and horses,

¹ wode schawe.—Cot. *wawe* is used in Chaucer for a *wave*, but that can hardly be the sense here.—P. ? *Waw*, wall. Jamieson.—F.

² i. e. longbowes. Fr. *Turquois*,

Turkish, such as the Turks use. Gl. ad G.D.—P. See Strutt, p. 66, ed. 1830.—F.

With bowe and with arblaste
To hym they schote faste.—Cot.

- ffor nothing wold he spare.
 euery man said then
that hee was the ffeend Sathan like Satan,
 1200 *that* wold mankind fforfare ¹ ;
- ffor he *that* Sir Lybius raught,
 his death wound there he caught,
 & smote them downe by-deene.
 1204 but anon he was besett, but is beset
 as a ffish in a nett,
 with groomes ² fell and keene ;
- for 12 *Knights* verelye by twelve
knights
 1208 he saw come ryding redylye
 in armes ffaire & bright ;
 all the day they had rest, who have
waited for
him,
 for thé thought in the fforrest
 1212 to see Sir Lybius *that* Knight.
 in a sweate they were all 12,—
 one was the Lord himselfe
 in they ³ ryme to read right :—
 1216 they smote att him all att once, and all
attack him
at once.
 ffor they thought to breake his bones
 & fell him downe in ffight.
- ffast together can thé ding ;
 1220 & round they stroakes he gan fflinge Lybius
 among them all in fere ;
 fforsooth without Leasing
 the sparkells out gan springe
 1224 of sheeld and harnesse ⁴ cleere.
 Sir Lybius slew of them 3,
 & 4 away gan flee kills three
of them ;
four flee.

¹ perdere, perire. A.-S. *forfaran*.
 Lye.—P.

² men.—P.

³ the.—P. There is nothing of this
 incident in the French.—F.

⁴ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

- he slew att stroakes 3.
 & when the Lord saw the flight,
 of his horsse a-downe gan light,¹
 1260 away hee ffast gan flee.
 Sir Lybius noe longer abode,
 but after him ffast he rode,
 & vnder a chest of tree²
 1264 there he had him killed ;
 but the Lord him yeelded
 att his will ffor to bee,
 & ffor to yeeld him his stent,³
 1268 treasure, Land, and rent,
 Castle, hall, & tower.
 Sir Lybius consented therto
 in⁴ fforward *that* he wold goe
 1272 vnto King Arthur,
 & say, " Lord of great renowne !
 in battell I am ouerthrowne ;
 & sent thee to honor."
 1276 the Lord granted theretill,
 ffor to doe all his will.
 they went home to his tower,
 & anon Maiden Ellen
 1280 with knights ffiueteene
 was ffeitched into the Castle.
 shee & the dwarffe by-deene
 told of his deeds Keene,
 1284 & how *that* itt befell
 that hee had presents⁵ 4
 sent vnto King Arthur,

Sir Otes
flees;

Lybius
catches him,

and Sir Otes
yields up
himself

and all his
lands and
goods,

and agrees to
go to King
Arthur

and honour
him.

They go to
Sir Otes's
castle.
Hellen is
brought
there,

and tells Sir
Otes
that he is
Lybius's
fourth
present to
Arthur.

¹ And on hys courser lyzt.—Cot.

² a chesten tree, i. e. a Chesnut Tree.
Sic legerim. vid. Gl. ad Chauc.—P.
chesteyn.—Cot. chesteyne.—Lam.

³ his stint, *apud Salopienses*, signifies

his measure, his quantity, his share.
—P. be sertayne extante.—Cot.

⁴ MS. him.—F. in.—Cot.

⁵ presentes.—Cot. persones.—Lam.

- that he had woone ffull well.*
- 1288 the Lord was glad & blythe,
& thanked god often sithe,
& alsoe S^t Michall,¹
- that such a noble Knight*
- 1292 shold ffor that Ladye fight
that was soe ffaire and ffree.
in the towne dwelled a Knight:
att the ffull ffortnight
- Lybius 1296 Sir Lybyus² there gan bee,

recovers
from his
wounds

and rides on
towards
Sinadon.

1300 then Sir Lybius and his May
rode fforthe on their way,
to Sinadon to wend;
and alsoe the Lord of *that* tower

Sir Otes goes
to Arthur,

1304 went vnto King Arthur,
& prisoner him did yeeld,
& told how a Knight younge
in fighting had him woone,

1308 & ouercome him in the ffeeld;

and tells him
how Lybius
beat him.

& said, "Lord of great renowne!
I am in battell brought a-downe
with a Knight soe bolde."

1312 King Arthur had good game,
& soe had they all in-same
*that heard that tale soe told.*³

[page 335]

¹ The Cotton text omits the rest of this part. The French of the whole part is very different.—F.

² One stroke too many for *u* in the MS. *There* means, I suppose, the house of the knight of l. 1294. The Lambeth MS. has:

Lybeous a fourtenyght
Then with him came lende,

He did helen his wounde,

And made him hole and sownde.

Corresponding nearly with our text.—F.

³ The French puts in here its tale of the Falcon or Sparrow-hawk, which M. Hippeau summarises thus, p. x.:

L'Inconnu, Robert, Hélie, et son nail aperçoivent, en sortant du bois [where Lybius has vanquished *l'Orgueilleux de*

[The Sixth Part.]

[Lybius's Adventure at the Ile Dore.]

6 ^d parte	1316	Now let vs rest awhile of Sir Otes de lile, & tell wee other tales.	
		Sir Lybius rode many a mile, sawe ¹ aduentures many & vile	Lybius sees adventures
	1320	in England ² & in Wales, till itt befell in the monthe of June, when the ffenell ³ hangeth in the towne all greene in seemlye manner, ⁴	in England and Wales.
	1324	The midsummer ⁵ day is ffaire & long; merry is the ffoules songe, the notes of birds on bryar ⁶ ;	On Mid- summer day

la Lande, our Sir Otes], un castel d'où descend, pour venir à leur rencontre, une dame richement vêtue et d'une beauté ravissante. Elle leur apprend que celui qu'elle aimait a été tué par un chevalier redoutable qui habite le château. Là se trouve, dit-elle, un épervier perché sur un bâton d'or. La damoiselle qui pourra s'en emparer sera proclamée la plus belle; mais elle devra se faire accompagner par un chevalier assez hardi pour oser se mesurer avec le maître de l'épervier. La pauvre damoiselle, désireuse d'obtenir le prix de la beauté, avait conduit à ce château son ami qui avait succombé dans une lutte inégale. "Je le vengerai, et vous serez reconnue comme la plus belle!" dit l'Inconnu, qui trouve l'occasion d'un nouveau triomphe. *Gifflet, le fils d'O*, est terrassé an effet; et, comme l'Inconnu apprend que la jeune fille pour laquelle il vient de se battre est Marguerie, la fille du roi d'Écosse, Agolant, il l'a fait conduire chez son père par un chevalier dont la valeur et la loyauté sont éprouvées. Hélie reconnaît en elle sa cousine; elle lui fait de tendres adieux. "Je ne sais," dit-elle avec sensibilité, "si jamais je vous re-

verrai, mais je vous aimerai toujours!"
—F.

¹ One stroke too many for the *w* in the MS.—F.

² Among aventurus fyle

In Yrland.—Cot.

and sey awntours the while

and [in] Irlande.—Lam.

Vile = fele, numerous.—F.

³ *cerfille and finule*
fela mihtigu twa

Chervil & fennel
Two very * mighty
(ones)

þa wyrte gesceop
witig drihten

These worts formed
(The) wit-ful† Lord

halig on heofenum

Holy in heavens

þa he hongode sette

Them he set hung-
up †

and sænde on vii.
worulde

And sent to the 7
worlds

earmum and eadi-
gum

For the poor & the
rich

eallum to bote.

For a remedy § for
all.

Lecchdoms, iii. 34-7, ed. Cockayne.

⁴ P. has added an *e* to the *r*.—F.
sales.—Cot. saale.—Lam.

⁵ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

⁶ briere.—P.

As notes of the nyztyncales.—Cot.

And notis of the nyghtyngale.—Lam.

* fair and.—Cockayne.

† Wise he and witty is.—C.

‡ he suspended.—C.

§ Panacea.—C.

- Lybius
sees a fair
city,
which
Hellen
tells him
is Ile d'Ore,
- 1328 Sir Lybius then gan ryde
along by a riuer side,
& saw a ffaire Citye
with pauillyons of much pride,
& a castle ffaire & wyde,
1332 and gates great plentye.
he asked ffast what itt hight:
the maid said anon-right,
" Sir, I will tell thee ;
1336 men clepeth itt Ile dore ;¹
there hath beene slaine *Knights* more
then beene in this cuntrye
- and that a
lovely lady
is kept there
by the giant
Mangys,
- 1340 " ffor a Ladye *that* is of price,
her coulour is red as rose on rise.²
all this cuntry is in doubt
ffor a Gyant *that* hight Mangys,³
there is noe more such theeues !⁴
1344 *that* Ladye hee lyeth about ;
he is heathen, as blacke as pitch ;
now there be no more such
of deeds strong & stout ;
1348 what *Knight that* passeth this brigg,
his armes he must downe ligg,
& to the gyant Lout.⁵
- to whom
every knight
must bow,
and lay down
his armour.
- 1352 " he is 20 ⁶ ffoote of lenght,
& much more of strenght

¹ Isle Dor, Fr. Yledor.—Cot. Il-deore.—Lam. The French has a long description of the Castle, but nothing about the giant Mangys. It is a knight, *Malgiers li Gris* (p. 77), who there defends the entrance to the castle ; and if he conquers every comer for seven years (or nine according to M. Hippeau) he is to wed *La Dame aux blanches Mains*. The knight has killed 143 opponents,

and cut their heads off (p. 71, l. 1985), when he is overcome by Lybius.—F.

² sprig, twig, shrub, Jun. Lye.—P.

³ Maungys.—Cot.

⁴ Nowhere hys pere ther nys.—Cot. Nowhere is non suche.—Lam.

⁵ MS. Cot. omits the next twelve lines.—F.

⁶ thirty.—Lam.

then other *Knights* fflu.

Sir Lybius! now ¹ bethinke thee,
hee is more grimmner ffor to see

She warns
Lybius not
to fight him.

1356 then any one aliue; ²

he beareth haire on his brow
like the bristles of a sow;

his head is great & stout ³;

1360 eche arme is the lenght of an ell,
his ffists beene great & ffell,
dints ffor to driue about."

Sir Lybius said, "maiden hend!

Lybius says

1364 on our way wee will wend
ffor all his stroakes ill.

if god will me grace send,
or this day come to an end

that by
God's help
he'll kill
him before
the day ends.

1368 I hope him ffor to spill.⁴

tho I be young & lite,⁵

I will him sore smyte,
& let god doe his will.

1372 I'beseech god almight
that I may soe with him ffight,
that giant ⁶ ffor to kill."

then they rode fforth all 3

Near

1376 vnto that ffaire cytye,
men call itt Ile dore ⁷;

Ile d'Ore

anon Mangy can they see
vpon a bridge of tree,

they see
Mangys

1380 as grimm as any bore;

¹ well.—Lam.

² That thou with him ne macched bee,
He is gryme to Discryue.—Lam.

³ grete as an hyve.—Cot.

⁴ Cot. inserts here:

I have y-seyn grete okes
Falle fore wyndes strokes,

be smale han stonde styll,
and omits the last three lines of the
stanza. Lam. does the same, altering
the words a little.—F.

⁵ lite, little.—P.

⁶ MS. grant.—F. giant, qu.—P.

⁷ Ylledore.—Cot. Iledolour.—Lam.

with a black
shield,
his sheild was blacke as ter ¹ ;
his paytrill,² his crouper,³
3 mammetts ⁴ there-in were ;
1384 thé were gaylye gilt with gold ;
a spear
and sword.
& a spere in his hand he did hold,
& alsoe his sword in ffere.

He cryed to him in despite,
[page 324]
Mangys asks
Lybius who
he is,
1388 & said, " ffellow, I thee quite ! ⁵
and advises
him to turn
back.
now what thou art, mee tell ;
& turne againe al soe ⁶ tyte
ffor thine owne proffitt,
1392 if thou loue thy selfe well."
Lybius
Sir Lybius said anon-right,
" King Arthur made me a Knight.
vnto him I made my vow
refuses.
1396 that I shold neuer turne my backe
ffor noe such devill in blacke.
goe ! make thee readye now ! "

They charge
Now Sir Lybius & Mangys,
1400 Of horsses ⁷ proud of price
(Lords and
ladies
together they rode full right ;
both Lords & Ladyes there
Lay on pount tornere ⁸
1404 to see *that* seemlye sight,

¹ tar.—F. perhaps as *Aster*, *Haster*, or *Aster* is a word still used in Shropshire, signifying the back of the chimney. "As black as the Haster" is a common expression with *them*.—P. pych.—Cot. pyche.—Lam. The French knight's shield is *Sinople*, greene colour (in Blazon).—Cotgrave :

Les escus à sinople estoit,
Et mains blanches parmi avoit (p. 73).—F.

² Poitrel, peytrel, *antilena* : The breast-armour for a horse. Jun.—P.

³ croupere.—P.

⁴ Mammet, a puppet, an Image, a

false-god. Jun.—P. One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

⁵ Say, *bou felaw yn whyt*.—Cot. & Lam.

⁶ MS. alsoe.—F.

⁷ On Horses.—P. On stedes.—Cot. & Lam.

⁸ ? *Pont Turnere*, the name of the bridge.—F.

Leyn out yn pomet tours.—Cot.

Laynen in her toures.—Lam.

The French text brings them all out of the castle, except *La Dame aux blanches Mains*.—F.

- & prayed to god loud & still,
 " if *that* itt were his will,
 to helpe *that* cristyan Knight;
 1408 & the vile Gyaunt
that beleeneth in Termagant,
that he might dye in ffight! "
- pray that
 Lybius may
 kill
 Mangys).
- 1412 theire speres brake assunder,
 their stroakes ffared as the thunder,¹
 the peeces gan out spring.
 euery man had great wonder
that Sir Lybius had not beene vnder
 1416 att the ffirst begininge.
 anon they drew sords bothe ;
 as men *that* were ffull wrothe,
 together gan they dinge :
 1420 Sir Lybius smote Mangyes thoe
that his sheild ffell him ffroe,
 in the ffeild he gan itt ffling.
- Mangyes gan smite in *that* stead
 1424 Sir Lybius horse on the head,
 & dashed out his braine ;
 his horsse fell downe dyinge.
 Sir Lybius sayd nothing,
 1428 but start vp againe ;
 an axe in his hand he hent anon
that hunge on his saddle arson,²
 & smote a stroake of maine
 1432 through Mangis horsse swire,³
 carned him throug long⁴ & liuer,⁵
 & quitt him well againe.
- Their spears
 break ;
 they draw
 their
 swords ;
 Lybius cuts
 away
 Mangys's
 shield ;
 Mangys kills
 Lybius's
 horse,
 and Lybius
 kills his.

¹ The first part of *thunder* is blotted in the MS.—F. donder.—Cot. thonder.—Lam.

² arçon. Fr. i.e. saddle bow.—P.

³ swire, swere, the neck. Gl. ad Ch.—P.

⁴ through lung.—P.

⁵ P. has added an *e* to the end of *liuer*.—F.

fore-karf bon and lyre.—Cot.

forkarve bone and lyre.—Lam.

Then each

descriue the stroakes cold no man
1436 *that* were giuen betwene them then ;
 ¹ to bedd peace was no boote thoe ;

wounds the
other badly,

deepe wounds there they caught,
ffor they both sore ffought,
1440 & either was others foe.

and they
fight from
six to
evensong.

ffro : the hower of prime
till it was euensong time,
they ffought together thoe.

Lybius asks
leave to get
some drink.

1444 Sir Lybius thirsted then sore,
& sayd, “ Mangyes, thine ore ² !
to drinke lett me goe ;

“ & I will grant to thee,
1448 what loue ³ thou biddest mee,
such happe if thee betyde.
great shame itt wold bee
a *Knight* ffor thirst shold dye,
1452 & to thee litle pryde.”

Mangys
gives it him,

Mangies granted him his will,
ffor to drinke his ffill
without any more despite.

but as he
lies down
drinking

1456 as Sir Lybius lay ouer the banke,
through his helme he dranke ;

Mangys
knocks him
into the
river.
Lybius gets
out,

Mangyes gan him smite
that into the riuer he goes.
1460 but vp anon he rose ;
wonderffull he was dight
with his armour enery deale ;
“ now by S^t Micaheel
1464 I am twise as light !

¹ It was no boot then to bid (propose)
peace.—P. Cot. and Lam. have differ-
ent lines.—F.

² mercy.—F.
³ bone.—C. & Lam.

- what weenest thou ffeend fere ?
that I vnchirstened were
 or thou saw itt with sight ?
- 1468 I shall, ffor thy baptise, [page 337]
 well qu[i]tte thee thy service,
 by the grace of god almight."
 a new battell there began ;
- 1472 either ffast to other ran,
 & stroakes gaue with might.
 there was many a gentleman,
 and alsoe Ladyes as white as swan,
 1476 they prayed all ffor the Knight.
- but Mangis anon in the ffeild
 carued assunder Sir Lybius sheild
 with stroakes of armes great.
- 1480 then Sir Lybius rann away
 thither were Mangis sheild Lay ;
 & vp he can itt gett,
- & ran againe to him ¹ ;
- 1484 with stroakes great and grim
 together they did assayle ;
 there beside the watter brimne
 till it waxed wonderous dimm,
- 1488 betweene them lasted *that* battell.²
 Sir Lybius was warryour wight,
 & smote a stroke of much might ;
 through hawberke,³ plate and maile,
- 1492 hee smote of by the shoolder bone
 his right arme soone and anon
 into the ffeild with-out ffaile.

and tells
Mangys

he'll pay
him out.

They fight
again ;

Mangys
cuts Lybius's
shield in
two.

Lybius gets
Mangys's
shield ;

and they
fight on

till Lybius

cuts off
Mangys's
right arm.

¹ One stroke too many in MS.—F.

² battayle.—P.

³ coat of mail, *thro' plate & mail*, is
used both by Milton & Spencer.—P.

- Mangys
1496
flees.
Lybius
pursues him,
and cuts his
back in two,
1500
and his head
off.
Lybius goes
into the
town,
1504
and is
received by
the beautiful
Madam de
Armoroure,
1508
- ¹ when the gyant *that* gan see
that he shold slaine bee,
hee fled with much maine.
Sir Lybius after him gan hye,
& with strong stroakes mightye
smote his backe in twaine.
thus was the Gyant dead :
Sir Lybius smote of his head ;
then was the people ffaine.²
Sir Lybius bare the head to the towne ;
thé mett him with a ffaire procession,
the people came him againe.
a Ladye white as the Lyllye fflower,
hight Madam de Armoroure,³
receiued *that* gentle Knight,
& thanked him in *that* stoure

¹ The Ashmole MS. 61 reads :

Tho gyante gane to se
That sleynē schuld [he] be :
He stode to fense A-3eyne,
And at þe secund stroke
Syre lybeus to hym smote,
And brake hys Arme in tweyne.
The gyante þer he leuyd,
lybeus smote of hys hede,
There-of he was full feyne ;
He bore þe hed in-to þe toune.
With A feyre prosessyoun
The folke cōme hym A-3ene.
That lady was whyte As flowre
That men callyd denamowre.
&c. &c.

² glad.—P. And of þe batayle was
fayn.—Cot.

³ The French text has a glowing des-
cription of the lady's beauty (p. 78-9):

Sa biauté tel clarté jeta,
Quant ele ens le palais entra,
Com la lune qu'ist de la nue . .
Plus estoit blanche d'une flor,
Et d'une vermelle color
Estoit sa face enluminée :
Moult estoit bele et colorée.
Les oels ot vair, boce riant,

Le cors bien faict et avenant ;
Les levres avoit vermelletes,
[one Line wanting in the MS.]
Boce bien faite por baisier,
Et bras bien fais por embracer.
Mains ot blanches com flors de lis,
Et la gorges, desous le vis.
Cors ot bien fait, et le cief blont ;
Onques si bele n'ot el mont.
Ele estoit d'un samit vestue,
Onques si bele n'ot sous nue,
La pene en fu moult bien ouvrée
D'ermine tote eschekerée ;
Moult sont bien fait li eschekier,
Li orles fu mout a prisier ;
Et deriere ot ses crins jetés ;
D'un fil d'or les ot galonés.
De roses avoit i capel
Moult avenant et gent et bel ;
D'un afremail son col frema,
Quant ele ens el palais entra.
Molt i ot gente damoisele,
Onques nus hom ne vit tant bele.
La dame entre el palais riant,
Al Desconnéu vint devant . .
There is a further description of her
in her *cemise* at p. 84-5.—F.
⁴ la dame damore.—Cot.
la dame Amoure.—Lam.

- that hee wold her succour*
 1512 *against that ffeend to flight.*
 into the chamber shee him ledd,
 & in purple & pall shee him cledd,
 & in rich royall weede ;
 1516 *& proffered him with honor*
 ffor to be lord of towne & tower,
 & her owne selfe to meede.
- Sir Lybius ffrened¹ her in hast,*
 1520 *& loue to her anon he cast,*
 ffor shee was ffaire and sheene.
 alas, that hee had not beene chast !
 ffor afterwards att the Last
 1524 *shee did him betray & teene.²*
 12 monthes and more
 Sir Lybius tarryed thore,³
 & his mayden with renowne,
 1528 *that he might neuer out scape*
 ffor to helpe & ffor to wrake⁴
 the Ladye of Sinadone ;
- ffor that ffaire Lady*
 1532 *told⁵ more of Sorcery*
 then such other ffine ;
 shee made him great melodye,
 of all manner of minstrelsy
 1536 *that any man cold discreene.*
- who clothes*
 him in
 purple,
- and offers*
 him her
 lands and
 herself.
- He gives her*
 his love,
- but she*
 betrays him
 at last.
 Lybius stays
 twelve
 months
 there,
- beguiled by*
 the Lady's
 sorcery,

¹ asked.—P. grāntede.—Cot.

² enrage, vex, grieve, Gl. ad G.D.

N.B. This does not appear from anything which follows in this Ballad: unless it be her detaining him by her enchantments in these stanzas.—P.

³ there: so in Chauc.—P. The French Romance keeps Lybius only a night in the castle. The Lady comes to him in her chemise, leans on his breast:

Ses mameles et sa poitrine

Furent blances comme flors d'espine;

Se li ot desus son pis mis. (p. 85-6.)

She desires his love. He wants to kiss her, but she draws back, as that would be lechery till he had married her, and leaves his room. He has troubled dreams, thinking he holds her all night in his arms, and next morning he resolutely rides away, but returns after freeing the Lady of Sinadowne.—F.

⁴ wreak, i. e. revenge.—P.

⁵ for cold, knew.—F.

for, when
looking on
her,
he thinks
himself in
Paradise.

when he looked on her fface,
him thought certainlye *that* hee was
in paradise alieue,
1540 with ffantasye and fayrye;
& shee bleared his eye
with ffalse sorcerye.

[The Seventh Part.]

At last,
Hellen meets
him,

and
reproaches
him
with his
faithlessness
to Arthur

1544 till itt beffell vpon a day
he mett with Ellen *that* may
betwene the Castle and the tower;
1548 { Then vnto him shee gan say,
7^a Parte. { "thou art ffalse of thy ffay¹
vnto King Arthur!
ffor the loue of that Ladye
that can soe much curtesye,
thou doest thee dishonor!

[page 338]

and the Lady
of Sinadon.

1552 My Ladye of Sinadon
may long lye in prison,
& *that* is great dolour!"

Lybius is
touched to
the heart,

1556 Sir Lybius hard her speake,
him thought his hart wold breake
ffor sorrow & ffor shame.

and they
ride off that
night.

att a posterne there beside
by night they gan out ryde
1560 ffrom *that* gentle dame.

Lybius

hee tooke with him his good steede,
his sheeld & his best weede,
& rode fforth all in-same;

makes Sir
Geffelett his
steward,

1564 & the² steward stout in ffere,
he made him his Squier,
Sir Geffelett³ was his name.

¹ faith.—P.

² Her.—Cot. Hir.—Lam.

³ Gyfflet.—Cot. Gurflete.—Lam.

- they rode fforth on their way,
 1568 but lightly on their Iourney,
 on bay horssees and browne ;
 till itt beffell vpon a day
 they saw a Citye ffaire and gay,
 1572 men call itt Sinadowne,¹
 with a Castle hye & wyde,
 and pauillyons of much pride
 that were of ffaire ffashyon.
- 1576 then said Sir Lybius
 "I hane ² great wonder of an vse
 that he saw ³ in the towne ;"
- they gathered dirt & mire ffull ffast :
 1580 which beffore was out cast,⁴
 they gathered in I-wis.
 Sir Lybius said in hast,
 "tell me now, mayd chast,
 1584 what betokeneth this ?
 they take in all their hore ⁵
 that was cast out beffore !
 methinke they doe amisse."
- 1588 then sayd Mayd Ellen,
 "Sir Lybius, without Leasing
 I will tell thee why itt is.
- "there is no King soe well arrayed,
 1592 tho he had before payd,
 that there shold take ostell,⁶
 ffor a dread of a steward
 that men call Sir Lamberd ;
 1596 he is the constable of the Castle.

and they
ride ontill they
see Sina-
downe.Lybius asks
why they aredrawing into
the city the
dirt that
was before
cast out of
it :What does
it mean ?Hellen
answersthat no one
can lodge
therefor fear of
Sir Lamberd.

¹ synadowne.—Cot. Lam. *La Cité Gaste* is the French name of Sinadowne ; but this preliminary castle is called *Galigans*.—F.

² He had (or).

³ I see.—P. The Cotton MS. reads :
But lybeaus desconus

He hadde wondere of an vus
bat he saw do yn toune.

⁴ For gore, and fen, and full wast,
That there was out y-kast.—Cot.

⁵ Sax. *horh*, fimus, scruta, phlegma.
limus, Bens. Voc.—P.

⁶ Fr. *hostel*, hospitium, Domus.—P.

If Lybius
asks for
lodging,

but ride into the Castle gate,
& aske thine inne theratt
both ffaire and well ;

1600

Lamberd
will ioust
with him ;

& or he bidd thee nede,
Iusting he will thee bedd,
by god & by S^t Michaell !

and if
Lamberd
wins,

1604

“ & if he beare thee downe,
his trumpetts ¹ shalbe bowne,
their beaugles ² ffor to blow ;

all the
people in the
town will
throw dirt
on Lybius ;

1608

then ouer all this towne,
both mayd & garsowne ³
but dirt on thee shall throwe ;

and unless
he fights,

& but thou thither wend,
vnto thy lines end

he'll be
called a
coward.

1612

cowarde thou shalt be know ;
& soe may King Arthur
losse all his great honor
for thy deeds slowe ! ”

Lybius says
he'll fight
Lamberd

1616

Sir Lybius sayd, “ *that* were despite !
thither I will goe ffull tyte,
if I be man on line ;

and free the
lady.

1620

ffor to doe Arthurs delight,
& to make *that* Lady quite,
to him I will drine.

Sir Geffelett, make thee ready,
& lett vs now goe hastilye,
anon *that* wee were bowne.”

He and his
squire ride
to the
Castle,

1624

they rode fforth on their gate
till they came ⁴ to the Castle gate
That was of great renowne,

[page 339]

¹ Trumpetters.—P.

² bugles, hunting horns ; from bugle,
a wild bull, Lye.—P.

³ Fr. Garçon, Boy.—P.

⁴ *cane* in the MS.—F.

- & there they asked Ostell
 1628 in *that* ffaire Castell and ask for
 ffor a venturous knight. lodging.
 the porter ffaire & well
 lett them in ffull snell, The porter
 1632 & asked anon-right,
 “who is your gouernor?” asks who
 they sayd, “King Arthur, their
 a man of much might. Governor is.
 “King
 Arthur,
 1636 to be a king he is worthye,
 he is the fflower of Chiualrye,
 his ffone to ffell in ffight.” the flower of
 chivalry!”
 the porter went without ffable The porter
 1640 to his lord the Constable,
 & this tale him told : tells
 “Sir, without any ffable, Lamberd
 of Arthurs round table
 1644 be comen 2 knights bold. that two of
 the one is armed ffull sure Arthur's
 with rich & royall armoure, knights have
 with 3 Lyons of gold.” come.
 1648 the Lord was gladd & blythe, Lamberd
 & said to them ffull swythe, says they
 Iust with them hee wold :
 “bidd them make them yare¹
 1652 into the ffeeld ffor to ffare are to get
 without the Castle gate.” ready to
 the porter wold not stent,² fight.
 but euen anon went The porter
 1656 to them lightlye att the yate,
 & sayd anon-rightes, tells them
 “yee aduenturous knights,

¹ ready, Sax. *Gearwe*.—P. *se gearwa*, Bosworth.—F.² stint, stop.—P.

- ffor nothing *that* yee Lett ;
 1660 Looke your sheelds be good & strong,
 & your speres good and long,
 sheild, plate, & Basnett,
- to ride into
 the field,
 and his
 lord will
 fight them. .
 1664 “ & ryde you into the ffeild ;
 my Lord with speare and sheild
 anon with you will play.”
 Sir Lybins spake words bold,
 & said, “ this tale is well told,
 1668 & pleasant to my pay.¹ ”
 into the feld thé rode,
 & boldlye there abode
 in their best array.²
- They ride in,
 and wait for
 Lamberd,
 1672 S[ir] Lamberd armed ffull weele
 both in Iron and in steele
that was both stout & gay ;
- whose shield
 1676 his sheeld was sure & ffine,
 3 bores heads was therin
 as blacke as brond brent,³
 the bordure was of rich armin,—
 there was none soe quent⁴ a ginn⁵
 1680 ffrom Carlile into Kent,—
 & of the same paynture
 was his paytrell & his armoure.
 in lande where euer he went,
- his armour
 too.
 1684 2 squiers with him did ryde,
 & bare 3 speares by his side
 to deale with doughtye dint.
- Two squires
 attend him,
 then *that* stout stewared
 1688 *that* hight Sir Lamberd

¹ liking.—P.² As best brozt to bay.—C.

As bestis brought to baye.—Lam.

³ i. e. burnt brand.—P.⁴ quent, queint.—P.⁵ ginne, trick, contrivance.—P.

- armed him ffull well & bright,
 & rode into the ffeild ward—
 ffeircely as any Libbard—
 1692 there abode him *that* knight.
 him tooke a speare of great shape; ¹
 he thought he came to Late.
 when he him saw with sight,
 1696 soone he ² rode to him *that* stond
 with a speare *that* was round,
 as a man of much might.
- Either smote on others sheeld
 1700 *that* the peeces fell in the ffeild
 of theire speares long.
 euery man to other tolde
 “*that* younge Knight is ffull bold.”
 1704 to him with a speare he fflounge;
 Sir Lamberd did stifflye ssitt;
 he was wrath out of his witt
 ffor Ire and ffor teene,³ [page 340]
 1708 & sayd, “bring me a speare!
 ffor this Knight is not to Lere,
 soone itt shalbe seene.”⁴
- then they tooke shaftes round,
 1712 with crownalls sharpe ground,
 & ffast to-gether did run;
 either proued other in *that* stond
 to give either theire deaths wound,
 1716 with harts as ffeirce as any Lyon.
 Lamberd smote Sir Lybius thoe
that his sheeld fell him ffroe
- and he rides
 into the
 field as fierce
 as a leopard.
- Lybius
 charges him,
- and both
 shatter their
 spears.
- They charge
 again with
 fresh spears.
- Lamberd
 knocks
 Lybius's

¹ He smote hys schaft yn grate.—C.
 He sette his shelde in grate.—Lam.

² Lybeaus.—C. Lybeous.—Lam.

³ anger, madness, vexation.—P.

⁴ He cryde, “Do come a strangers
 schaft!

3yf artours kny3t kan craft,

Now hyt schalle be sene.—Cot.

- into the ffeild a-downe ;
- shield on the
ground,
- 1720 Sir Lamberd him soe hitt
*that vnnethes*¹ hee might sett
vpright in his arsowme,²
- and nearly
unhorses
him.
- 1724 his shaft brake with great power.
Sir Lybius hitt him on the visor
that of went his helme bright ;
the pesanye,³ ventayle,⁴ & gorgere,⁵
with the helme flew fforth in fere,
- Lybius cuts
off
Lamberd's
helm,
- 1728 & Sir Lamberd vpright
sate rocking⁶ in his sadle
as a chyld in a cradle
without maine & might.
- and makes
him rock in
his saddle
like a child
in a cradle.
- 1732 euery man tooke other by the lappe,
& laughed and gan their hands clappe,
barron, Burgesse, and *Knight*.
- Lamberd
gets another
helm,
- 1736 Sir Lamberd, he thought to sitt bett ;
another helme he made to ffett,⁷
& a shaft full meete.
- and they
charge
again.
- 1740 & when they together mett,
either other on their helmes sett
strokes grim & great.
then Sir Lamberds speare brast,
& Sir Lybius sate soe ffast
- Lybius

¹ scarcely.—P.² saddle.—P. arsoun.—C.³ pysane.—C. pesanie.—Lam. In *The Anturs of Arther*, st. xlv. ed. Robson, p. 21, is:

He girdus to Syr Gauane

Throȝhe ventaylle and *pusane* ;on which Dr. Robson observes, p. 99, "This was either the Gorget or a substitute for it. In the Acts of Parliament of Scotland (anno 1429) vol. ii. p. 8, it is ordered that every one worth 20*l.* a year, or 100*l.* in moveable goods, 'be wele horsit and haill enarmyt as a gen-till man aucht to be. And uther sym-pillare of X lib. of rent, or L lib. in gudes haif hat, gorgeat or *pesaune*, with rerebrasares, vambrasares, and gluffes of plate, breast plate, and leg splentes at the lest, or better gif him likes."—F.⁴ auentayle.—C. ventail, The Part of the Helmet which lifts up. Johns.—P.⁵ Gorgere, id. ac Gorget. The Piece of Armour which defends the throat. Johns.—P.⁶ One stroke too many in this word in the MS.—F.⁷ fett, fetch.—P.

in the saddle there hee ¹ sett,
 1744 that they Constable Sir Lamberd
 ffell of his horsse backward,
 soe sore they there mett.

unhorses
 Lamberd,

Sir Lamberd was ashamed sore.
 1748 Sir Lybins asked if he wold more.²
 he answered and said " nay !
 ffor sithe *that* euer I was bore,
 saw I neuer here beffore

and asks
 him if he
 wants any
 more.
 " No," says
 Lamberd,

1752 none ryde soe to my pay !
 by the faith *that* I am in,
 thou art come of Sir Gawayines kin,
 thou³ art soe stout and gay.
 1756 if thou wilt ffight ffor my Ladye,
 welcome thou art to mee,
 by my troth I say ! "

"you must be
 of Gawaine's
 blood ;

will you
 fight for
 my lady ? "

Sir Lybins sayd, " sikerlye
 1760 I will ffight for my Ladye ; ⁴
 I promised soe to King Arthur ;
 but I ne wott how ne why
 who does her *that* villanye,

" Certainly I
 will.

1764 ne what is her dolor ;
 but this maid *that* is her mesenger,
 certes has brought me here
 her ffor to succour."

Hellen has
 brought me
 here to help
 her."

1768 Sir Lamberd said in *that* stond
 " welcome, Sir Knight of the table round,
 into my strong tower ! "

Lamberd
 welcomes
 him to his
 tower.

then mayd Ellen anon-rightes
 1772 was ffeitched fforth with 5 Knights

¹ One stroke too many in this word in the MS.—F.

² The French omits this question ; makes *Lampars* go to Lybins and say :

" Sire," fait-il, " ça, descendés ;
 Par droit avés l'ostel conquis ;
 Vos l'auerés a vo devis,"

then embrace Hellen or *Hélie*, and ask her what she did (at Arthur's court).—F.

³ A letter is crossed out at the end of this word in the MS.—F.

⁴ ffeyzte y schalle for a lady.—C.
 ffyght y shall for thy ladye.—Lam.

- Hellen and
the Dwarf
are fetched
in,

and relate
Lybius's
adventures.
- beffore Sir Lamberd.
 shee & the dwarffe by-deene
 told of 6 battells ¹ keene
 1776 *that* he had done thitherward :
 the sayd *that* Sir Lybius then
 had ffought with strong men,
 & beene in stowers hardye.
 1780 then they were glad & blythe,
 & thanked god alsoe sithe ²
that he were soe mightye.
- Lybius and
Lamberd
talk of old
heroes.
- they welcomed him with mild cheere,
 1784 & sett them to supper
 with much mirth and game.
 Sir Lybius & Sir Lamberd in ffere
 of ancyents *that* beffore were
 1788 talked both in³-same.
- Lybius asks
what knight
has im-
prisoned the
Lady of
Sinadowne.
- Sir Lybius sayd, "with-out ffable,⁴
 tell me now, Sir Constable,
 what is the *Knights* name
 1792 *that* hath put in prison
 my Ladye of Sinadon
that is soe gentle a dame ? "
- " No knight;
 1796 Sir Lamberd said, " soe mote I gone,
Knights there beene none
that dare her away Lead ;
 but two
clerks,
 2 Clarkes beene her ffone,
 ffull ffalse in body & in bone,
 1800 *that* hath done this deed.
 they be men of Masterye
 their artes ffor to reade of Sorcerye⁵;
 sorcerers,
named

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¹ Tolde seven dedes.—Cot.² *im* in the MS.—F.³ fole syde.—C. fele sythe.—Lam.
⁴ 'Swithe' is quickly.—F.⁵ There is none of this in the French.
—F.

- Mabam¹ thé hight one in deede,
 1804 & Iron hight the other verelye,²
 cla[r]ckes³ of Nigromancye,
 of them wee haue great dread.
- “ this Mabam & Irowne
 1808 haue made in the towne
 a palace of quent gin⁴;
 there is no Erle ne barron
that has hart as Lyon
 1812 *that* dare come therin;
 itt is all of the ffaierye
 wrought by Nigromancye,
that wonder it is to winne.
 1816 there they keepe in prison
 my Ladye of Sinadowne,
that is of *Knights* kinn.⁵
- “ oftentimes wee her crye;
 1820 ffor to see⁶ her with eye,
 therto we haue no might.
 this Mabam & Iron trulye
 had sworene to death trulye
 1824 her death ffor to dight,
 but if shee grant vntill
 ffor to do Mabams will,
 & giue him all her right
 1828 of all *that* Dukedome ffayre,
 therof is my ladye heyre
that is soe much of might.
- “ shee is soe meeke & soe ffaire;
 1832 therefore wee be in dispayre
- Mabam
 and Iron,
 necro-
 mancers,
- have made a
 curious
 palace that
 no one dare
 enter,
- as it's
 wrought by
- necromancy;
 and there
 they keep the
 Lady of
 Sinadowne,
- and will put
 her to death,
- unless she
- gives up her
 dukedom to
 Mabam.

¹ Syr Maboune.—C.—Lam.
² syr Irayn hys broþer.—C. Irayne.³ Clarkes.—P.⁴ Curious contrivance.—P.⁵ The *n* is made over an *e*, or *vice versa*, in the MS.—F.⁶ A *w* follows and is crossed out.—F.

- Lybius says
 that by
 Jesus's help
- 1836 ffor the dolour *that* shees in."
 then sayd Sir Lybius,
 "through the helpe of Iesus
 that Ladye I will winne;
 & Mabam & Iron,
 smite of there anon
 their heads in *that* stoure,
 & wine that Lady bright,
 & bring her to her right
 with ioy & much honor."¹
- he'll cut off
 the heads of
 Mabam and
 Iron,
- 1840
- and restore
 the lady to
 her rights.
- Then they
 sup;
- 1844 then there was no more tales to tell
 in *that* strong Castle.
 to supp & make good cheere,²
 the Barrons & Burgesse all
 came to *that* seemlye hall
 hear about
- 1848 ffor to listen & heare
 how Sir Lybius had wrought;
 & if the *Knight* were ought,
 his talking for to harke.³
- and listen to
 him.
- 1852 they ffound them sitting in ffere
 talking, att their supper,
 of *Knights* stout and starke.

¹ C. omits the next twelve lines, (and alters many before).—F.

² Tho was no more tale

I the Castell grete and smale,
 But stouped and made hym blythe.
 —Lam.

³ His crafte for to kythe.—Lam.

[The Eighth Part.]

[Of Lybius's Adventures in Slnadowne, and how he conquers the Lady's Enchanters.]

- & after they went to rest,
 1856 & tooke their likeing¹ as them list²
 in *that* Castell all night.
- On the morrow anon-right
 1860 Sir Lybius was armed bright;
 ffresh he was to ffight.
- 8^d parte { Sir Lamberd led him algate³
 right vnto the Castle gate;
 open they were ffull right;
 1864 no man durst him neere bringe
 fforsooth, with-out Leasing,
 Barron, Burgess, ne Knight,
- But turned home againe.
- 1868 Sir Gefflet his owne swaine⁴
 wold with him ryde,
 but Sir Lybius ffor certaine
 Sayd he shold backe againe,¹ [page 342]
 1872 and att home abyde.
- Sir Gefflett againe gan ryde⁵
 with Sir Lamberd ffor to abyde;
 & to Iesu christ they⁶ cryed,
 1876 ffor to send them tydings gladd
 of them *that* long had
 destroyed their welthes wyde.

All go to bed.

Next
morningLamberd
takes
Lybius to
the castle
gates,but no man
dares go in
with him.His squire
wants to,but Lybius
forbids him.All pray for
the sorcerers'
deaths.¹ Only half the *as* in the MS.—F.² *þo* toke þeye hare reste,
In lykyng as hem leste.—C.
Tho toke they ease and Reste,
And lykynges of the beste.—Lam.³ at all events, by all means.—P.
The French makes *Lanpars* describeto Lybius what he will see, and what
he is to do, in *la Cité Gaste*, (p. 98–
100).—F.⁴ youth, servant. Jun.—P.⁵ The Cotton text makes Gefflett stop
at the castle, l. 1754.—F.⁶ *sc.* the People.—P.

Lybius rides into the palace,	880	Sir Lybius, <i>Knight</i> curteous, rode into <i>that</i> proud palace, ¹ & att the hall he light. trumpetts, hornes, & shaumes ² ywis he ffound beffore the hye dese, ³
sees horns, hears musio, and sees a bright fire.	1884	he heard, & saw with sight. a ffayre ffyer there was stout & stowre in the midds of the flore, brening ffaire and bright. ⁴
Lybius rides farther in,	1888	then ffurther in hee yeed, & tooke with him his steede <i>that</i> helped him to ffight.
and can see nothing	1892	ffurthermore he began to passe, & beheld then euerye place all about the hall; of nothing, more ne lesse, he saw no body <i>that</i> there was,
but minstrels	1896	but minstrells cladde in pall, with harpe, ffidle & note, ⁵ & alsoe with Organ note,— great mirth they made all,—
with their harps, &c., all playing,	1900	& alsoe fiddle and sautrye ⁶ ; soe much of minstrelsy ne say ⁷ he neuer in hall.
and a torch before every man.	1904	before euery man stood a torch ffayre and good, brening ffull bright.
Lybius		Sir Lybius Euermore yode ⁸ ffor to witt ⁹ with Egar mood
can't find any one to fight,	1908	who shold with him ffight.

¹ The French text describes the palace, p. 101.—F.

² shaumes, a Psaltery; a Musical Instrument like a Harp. Chau. Gl.—P.

³ Dese, Deis. The high table.—P.

⁴ Was lyzt & brende bryzt.—C.

That tente and brende bright.—Lam.

⁵ rote.—C. lute and roote.—Lam.

⁶ a Psaltery, vid. Supra.—P.

⁷ saw.—P.

⁸ went.—P.

⁹ know.—P.

- hee went into all the corners,
 & beheld the pillars
*that seemelye*¹ were to sight;
 1912 of Iasper ffine & Cristall,
 all was ffourished in the hall;
 itt was ffull ffaire & bright.
- the dores were all of brasse,
 1916 & the windowes of ffaire glasse,
that ymagyrye itt was drine.
 the hall well painted was;
 noe ffairer in noe place;
 1920 maruelous ffor to descriue.
 hee sett him on the hye dese:
 then the minstrells were in peace
that made the mirth soe gay,
 1924 the torches *that* were soe bright
 were quenched anon-right,
 & the minstrells were all away;
 the dores & the windowes all,
 1928 thé bett² together in the hall
 as it were strokes of thunder;
 the stones in the Castle wall
 about him downe gan ffall;—
 1932 thereof he had great wonder;—
 the earth began to quake,
 & the dese ffor to shake
*that was him there vnnder*³;
 1936 the hall began for to breake,
 & soe did the wall eke,
 as they shold ffall assunder.
 as he sate thus dismayd,
 1940 he held himselfe betrayd.

but only sees
jasper
pillars,

brass doors,
&c.,

in the
decorated
hall.

He sits on
the dais,
and at once
the music
stops,

the torches
go out,

the
minstrels
vanish,

the doors
and windows
clash
together,

all the stones
of the wall
fall down,

the earth
quakes,

the hall and
walls begin
to crack.

¹ In line 1910 in the MS.—F.

² They beat.—P.

³ there under.—P.

Then he
hears horses
neigh. He
says there's
some one to
fight,
and sees

1944

then horses heard hee nay :
to himselfe then he sayd,
"now I am the better apayd,
for yett I hope to play."
hee looked fforth into the ffeild,
saw there with speare and sheild ¹

two men of
arms

1948

well arrayed.

men of armes tway,²
in purple & pale armour
well harnished in *that* stoure,
with great garlands gay.

One rides
into the
hall,
and tells
Lybius he
must fight
them.

1952

The one came ryding into the hall,
& to him thus gan call,

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1956

"Sir Knight aduenturous !
such a case there is befall ;
tho thou bee proude in pall,
ffight thou must with vs.
I hold thee quent of ginne ³
if thou my Ladye winne ⁴
that is in prison."

Lybius

1960

is quite
willing,

Sir Lybius sayd anon-right,
"all ffresh I am ffor to ffight,
with the helpe of goddes sonne."

mounts,

1964

Sir Lybyus with good hart
ffast into the saddle he start ;
in his hand a speare he hent,
& ffiercly he rode him till,
his enemyes ffor to spill ;

1968

ffor *that* was his entent.

¹ There is a stroke between the *e* and *i* in the MS.—F.

² The French postpones the darkness, &c., and makes Lybius first see and fight a single knight (p. 103, *Eurains li fiers*, p. 119), and put him to flight; then fight another (*Mabons*, p. 119), on a horse with a horn in his forehead, and fire shooting out of his nostrils, (p. 105-8). Then comes the darkness, and a horrible noise;

Lybius thinks of *La Damoiselle aux blanches mains*, and commends himself to God; the *Wivre* (Lat. *vipera*) appears, comes near him, and kisses him; he is stupefied; a voice tells him who he is; he dreams; and on waking sees the lovely *Esmeree*, who tells him her story.—F.

³ clever of contrivance.—P.

⁴ wime MS.—F.

- but when they had together mett,
 either on others helme sett
 with speares doughtye dent.
- 1972 Mabam his speare all to-brast ;
 then was Mabam euill agast,
 & held him shameffully shent.
- & with *that* stroke ffelowne ¹
- 1976 Sir Lybins bare him downe
 ouer his horsse tayle ;
 ffor Mabams saddle arsowne
 brake there-with, & fell downe
 into the ffeild without ffayle.
- 1980 well nye he had him slone ;
 but then came ryding Iron
 In a good hawberke of mayle ;
- 1984 ~~/~~ll ffresh he was to ffight,
 & thought he wold anon-right
 Sir Lybius assayle.
- Sir Lybius was of him ware,
 1988 & speare vnto him bare,
 & left his brother still.
 such a stroke he gane hime thore
that his hawberke all to-tore ;
- 1992 *that* liked him ffull ill.
 their speares brake in 2 ;
 swords gan they draw tho
 with hart grim and grill,²
- 1996 & stifflye gan to other ffight ;
 either on Other proued their might,
 eche other ffor to spill.
- then together gan they hew.
- 2000 Mabam, the more shrew,³
- and charges.
- Mabam
shivers his
spear,
- and is cut
over his
horse's tail
by Lybius,
- and nearly
killed,
but that
Iron attacks
Lybius,
- who rides at
him,
- and rends
his hauberk.
- They draw
their swords,
- and hew at
one another.

¹ felon stroke, i. e. a murderous stroke.
 —P.

² idem ac grisly. Gl. ad Ch.—P.

³ shrew, *apud Chaucer est*, a *Villaine* ;
 here it seems to signify shrewd, cunning,
 artful.—P.

Mabam
gets up,

vp he rose againe ;
he heard & alsoe knew
Iron gaue strokes ffew ;

2004 therof he was not ffaine ;
but to him he went ffull right
ffor to helpe Iron to ffight,
& auenge him on his enemye.

and attacks
Lybins too,

2008 tho he were neuer soe wroth,
Sir Lybins fought against them both
and kept himselfe manlye.

but he
defends
himself like
a man.

when Mabam saw Iron,¹

Mabam (t.l.
Iron)

2012 he ffought as a Lyon
the *knight* to slay with wreake.

chops off
Lybins's
steed's neck.

beffore his ffardar arsowne
soone he carued then downe

2016 Sir Lybins steeds necke.

Lybins cuts
Iron's thigh
in two,

Sir Lybins was a worthy warryour,
& smote a 2 his thye² in *that* stoure,
skine,³ bone, and blood.

2020 then helped him not his clergye,
neither his ffalse Sorcerye,⁴
but downe he ffell with sorry moode.

dismounts,

Sir Lybins of his horsse alight,

2024 with Mabam ffor to ffight.

and fights
Mabam.

in the ffeild both in ffere
strong stroakes they gaue with might,
that sprakeles⁵ sprang out ffull bright

The sparks
fly.

2028 ffrom helme and harnesse cleere.
as either ffast on other bett,⁶
both their swords mett,

¹ Yrayn saw Mabonn.—Cot. Lam.

² There is the long part of another *h*
in the MS.—F.

³ ? skime in the MS.—F.

⁴ þo halp hym noȝt hys armys,

Hys chauntement, ne hys charmys.

—Cot.

Ne halpe hym not his Armour,

His chauntements, ne his chambur.

—Lam.

⁵ ? MS. spaakeles.—F.

⁶ did beat.—P.

As yee may now heare.

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2032 Mabam, *that* was the more shrew,
the sword of Sir Lybius he did hew
in 2 quite and cleare.

Mabam
cuts Lybius's
sword in
two.

then Sir Lybius was ashamed,
2036 & in his hart euil¹ agramed²
ffor he had Lost his sword,
& his steed was lamed,
& he shold be defamed

Lybius
gets angry,

2040 to *King* Arthur his lord.
to Iron lithelye³ he ran,
& hent vp his sword then
that sharpe edge⁴ had & hard,

catches up
Iron's sword,

2044 & ran to Mabam right
& ffast on him gan ffight,
& like a madman he ffared.

runs to
Mabam

but euer then ffought Mabam,
2048 as he had beene a wyld man,
Sir Lybius ffor to sloe.
but Sir Lybius carued downe
his sheild with *that* ffawchowne

and cuts off
his shield

2052 *that* he tooke Iron ffroe :
true tale ffor to be told,⁵
the left hand with the sheild
away he smote thoe.

and left
hand.

2056 then sayd Mabam him till
"Sir! thy stroakes beene ill!
gentle *Knight*, now hoe,⁶

Mabam

"& I will yeeld me to thee
2060 in loue and in Loyaltie

offers to
surrender
himself,

¹ for euil, or evil.—F. sore.—Lam.
Cot. omits it.—F.

² *agramed*, displeased, grieved. Gl.
ad Chauc. rather (*agramed*) angered.
A.-S. *Gram*. Furor. Lye.—P.

³ lithely, gently, (nimble).—P.

⁴ The *d* has two bottoms in the MS.,
or the word is *eidgc*.—F.

⁵ told, rhythmi gratia.—P.

⁶ i.e. now stop.—P.

- and to give
up the Lady
of Sina-
downe,
- 2064 att thine owne will,
& alsoe *that* Lady ffree
that is in my posstee,¹
take her I will thee till ;
ffror through *that* sh[r]ueed dint
my hand I haue tint² ;
- for Iron's
sword was
poisoned,
and will kill
him.
- 2068 the veinim will me spill ;
fforsooth without othe
I venomed them both,
our enemyes ffor to kill."
- Lybius
refuses,
- 2072 Sir Lybius sayd, "by my thrifft
I will not haue of thy gift
ffor all this world to w[i]nn !
therfore lay on stroakes swythe !
the one shall cut the other blythe
- calls on him
to fight
again,
- 2076 the head of by the Chin³ !"
then Sir Lybius and Mabam
ffought together ffast then,
& lett ffor nothing againe ;
- and then
- 2080 *that* Sir Lybius *that* good Knight
carued his helme downe right,
& his head in twayne.⁴
- splits his
head in two.

¹ posté, apud Chauc. est Power. Vid.
Gl.—P.

² lost.—P.

³ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

⁴ The French adds (p. 108):
Del cors li saut i fumiere,
Qui molt estoit hideuse et fiere,
Qui li issoit parmi la boce, &c.—F.

[The Ninth Part.]

[How Lybius disenchantes and weds the Lady of Sinadowne.]

- 2084 { Now is Mabam slaine ;
 & to Iron he went againe,
 with sword drawne to ffight ;
 ffor to hane Clouen his braine,
 9^d Parte { I tell you ffor certaine
 2088 { he went to him ffull right ;
 but when he came there,¹
 away he was bore,
 into what place he nist.²
 2092 he sought him ffor the nones³
 wyde in many woones⁴ ;
 to ffight more him List.
- as he stood, & him bethought⁵
 2096 that itt wold be deere bought
 that he was ffrom him fare,
 ffor he wold with sorcerye
 doe much tormenrtye,
 2100 & that was much care.
 he tooke his sword hastilye,
 & rode vpon a hill hye,

Lybius goes
to kill Iron,but he has
vanished,and can't be
found.

Lybius

thinks he
may give
him trouble.

Lybius

¹ thore.—P.² MS. list. ? nist, knew not.—F.
nyste.—Cot. nuste.—Lam.³ the *nones*, or *nonce*, on purpose ; de
industria. Jun. purposely.—P.⁴ *wone*, a house, habitation.—P.⁵ Neither the French, nor Cot., nor
Lam., has the seeing and slaying of the
knight which follows here. Cot. reads:And whanne he ne fond hym nojt,
He held hymself be-cau3t,And gan to syke sare,
And seyde yn word and bou3t,

"þys wyll be sore a-bou3t

bat he ys thus fram me y-fare."

¶ On kne hym sette þat gentylle kny3t,
And prayde to marie bry3t,
Keuere hym of hys care.
For the last three lines, Lam. substi-
tutes:" He will with sorcerye
Do me tormentrye

That is my moste care."

Sore he sat and sighte ;

He muste whate do her myght ;

He was of blysse all bare.

(l. 2122-7 here).—F.

& looked round about.

sees a
knight in a
valley,

2104 then he was ware of [a] valley ;
thitherward he tooke the way
as a sterne *Knight* and stout.

as he rode by a riuer side

2108 he was ware of him *that* tyde
vpon the riuer brimm :

rides to him,
and cuts his
head off,

He rode to him ffull hott,
& of his head he smote,

[page 345]

2112 ffast by the Chinn ;
& when he had him slaine,
ffast hee tooke the way againe
for to haue *that* lady gent.

then comes
back,

2116 as soone as he did thither come,
of his horsse he light downe,
and into the hall hee went

and goes to
the hall

to look for
the Lady of
Sinadowne.

& sought *that* ladye ffaire and hend,
2120 but he cold her not find ;
therfor he sighed ffull sore.¹

He mourns,
because he
can't find
her.

still he sate mourni[n]g
ffor *that* Ladye ffaire & young;

2124 for her was all his care ;
he ne wist what he doe might ;
but still he sate, & sore he sight,
of Ioy hee was ffull bare.

A window
opens,

2128 but as he sate in *that* hall,
he heard a window in the wall,
ffaire itt gan vnheld ;—
great [wonder²] there with-all

2132 in his hart gan ffall ;—
as he sate & beheld,

¹ sair. Scotice.—P.

² fear or dread.—P. wonder.—Cot. wondyr.—Lam.

- a worme¹ out gan pace
with a womans fface
2136 *that* was younge & nothing old.
the wormes tayle² & her winges
shone ffayre in all thinges,
 & gay ffor to beholde.
- 2140 grislye great was her taile,
the clawes large without ffayle ;
 Lothelye³ was her bodye.
Sir Lybius swett for heate,
2144 there sate in his seate
 as all had beene a ffire him by.⁴
then was Sir Lybius euill agast,
 & thought his body wold brast.
- 2148 then shee neighed him nere ;
 & or Sir Lybius itt wist,
the worme with mouth him Kist,
 & colled about his lyre.⁵
- 2152 & after *that* kissing,
the wormes tayle & her wing

and out
creeps a
worm (or
serpent)
with a
young
woman's
face,
shining
wings,

big claws
and tail,

and a loathly
body.

It comes to
Lybius,

kisses him
on the
mouth,

its tail and
wings fall
off,

¹ Fr. *wivre*. Phillips gives "*Wyver*, the Name of a Creature little known otherwise than as it is painted in Coats of Arms and described by Heralds: 'Tis represented by Gwillim as a kind of flying Serpent, and so may be deriv'd from *Vipera*, as it were a winged Viper or Serpent; but others will have it to be a sort of Ferret call'd *Viverra* in Latin." De Biauju's description of it may be compared with the English:

A tant vit i aumaire ouvrir
Et une WIVRE fors issir,
Qui jetoit une tel clarté
Com i cierge bien enbrasé.
Tot le palais enluminoit,
Une si grant clarté jetoit.
Hom ne vit onques sa pabelle,
Que la bouce ot tot vermelle;
Parmi jetoit le feu ardent;
Moult par estoit hideus et grant;

Parmi le pis plus grosse estoit
Que i vaissaus d'un mui ne soit;
Les iols avoit gros et luisans,
Comme ii escarbocles grans;
Contreval l'aumaire descent,
Et vint parmi le pavement.
Quatre toises de lonc duroit,
En la queue iii neus avoit.
C'onques nus hom ne vit greignor,
Ains Dius ne fist cele color,
Qu'en li ne soit entremellée,
Dessous sambloit estre dorée.

(pp. 110-11).—F.

² Hyre body.—Cot. Lam.

³ i.e. loathsome.—P.

⁴ Maad as he were.—C.

As alle had ben in fyre.—Lam.

⁵ apud Scot. flesh. Apud Chauc. *lere* is the Complexion or Air of the face.—P. Swyre.—Cot. Lam. *Coll* is to embrace; Fr. *collée*, an imbracing about the necke. Cotgrave.

- ffell away her ffroe ;
 she was ffaire in all thing,
 and a lovely woman 2156 a woman without Leasing ;
 fairer he saw neuer or thoe.¹
 stands naked before him. shee stood vpp al soe² naked
 as christ had her shaped.
 2160 then was Sir Lybius woe.
 She tells him shee sayd, " god *that* on the rood gan bleed,
 Sir *Knight*, quitt thee thy meede,
 ffor thou my ffone wold sloe.³
 he has slain two sorcerers, 2164 " thou hast slaine now ffull right
 2 clarkes wicked of might
that wrought by the ffeende.
 East, west, north and south,
 2168 they were *masters* of their mouth ;⁴
 many a man they haue shend.
 who turned her into a serpent through their inchantment,
 to a worme thé had me meant,⁵
 2172 ne woe to wrapp me in
 till she should kiss Gawaine or one of his kin. till I had k[i]ssed Sir Gawaine
that is a noble *Knight* certaine,
 or some man of his kinn.

¹ De Biauju sends her back into her cupboard after the kiss, stupefies Lybius, and reveals his name and parentage to him,—*Giglains*, son of *Gauvains* (Gawaine), and *la fée as Blances Mains*, then sends him to sleep, and on his waking shows him the lady at her toilet (p. 115), fairer than any one else in the world, except she of the *Blances Mains* (who excels Paris's Elaine, Isex la blonde, Bliblis, Lavine de Lombardie, and Morge la fée, (p. 152). This all takes place in *L'ille de la Montbestée* (p. 116); and the lady declares herself as the daughter of *le bon roi Gringars*. She narrates how *Mabons* and *Eurains* enchanted the 6000 inhabitants and made them destroy the city, and then turned her into a worm. Of the town she says:

. . ceste ville par droit non
 Est appelée Senaudon ;

Por ce que Mabons l'a gastée,

Est GASTECITÉE apelée. (p. 120.)

But as the story has been sketched in the Introduction, I only note here that the lady's name, BLONDE ESMERÉE, is not given till p. 130, when she is starting for Arthur's court.—F.

² MS. alsoe.—F.

³ God yelde þe dy whyle,
 þat my fon þou woldest slo.—Cot.

God yelde the thi wille,
 My foon thou woldest sloo.—Lam.

⁴ Be wordes of hare mouthe.—Cot.

With maystres of her mouthe.—Lam.

⁵ this word signifies mingled, mixed,
 ap^d G. Doug. Chauc. &c.—P.

To warme me hadde þey y-went
 In wo to welde and wend.—Cot.

To a worme they had me went,
 In wo to leven and lende.—Lam.

- 2176 ffor ¹ thou hast saued my liffe,
 Castles 50 and ² ffine
 take to thee I will,
 & my selfe to be thy wiffe
 2180 right without striffe,
 if itt be your will." ³

She promises
 Lybius
 fifty-five
 castles

and herself
 as his wife.

then was he glad & blythe,
 & thanked god often sythe ⁴

Lybius is
 blithe,

- 2184 That him *that* grace had sent, [page 346]
 & sayd, "my Lord ⁵ faire & ffree,
 all my loue I leane with thee,
 by god omnipotent!

- 2188 I will goe, my *Ladye* bright,
 to the castle gate ffull right,
 thither ffor to wend
 ffor to feitch your geere

and proposes
 to fetch the
 lady's
 clothes from
 the castle,

- 2192 *that* yee were wont to weare,
 & them I will you send.

"alsoe, if itt be your will,
 I pray you to abyde still

if she will
 stay till he
 comes back.

- 2196 till I come ⁶ againe."
 "Sir," shee said, "I you pray
 wend fforth on your way,⁷
 therof I am ffaine."

- 2200 Sir Lybius to the castle rode,
 there the people him abode;

Lybius rides
 to the castle

¹ because.—P. ² MS. amd.—F.

³ 3yf hyt ys artours wylle.—Cot.

And hit be Arthures will.—Lam.

⁴ Time—also, since, afterwards. Gl.
 Chauc.—P. Cot. has for this and the
 next sixteen lines:

And lepte to horse swybe,
 And lefte þat lady stylye.
 But euer he dradde yrayn,
 For he was nojt y-slayn,
 Witþ speche he wolde hym spylle.

Lam. has nearly the same words, but
 omits the last line but one.—F.

⁵ Ladye.—P.

⁶ cone in MS.—F.

⁷ "I you pray" the writer of the MS.
 was going to repeat, and got as far as
p: then he stopt, put in *on* after *I*,
 added *r* to *yo*", and *way* to the *p*, so
 that the words are "I on your pway."
 —F.

- to Iesu chr[i]st gan they cryo
ffor to send them tydings glad
2204 of them *that* Long had
done them tormentrye.
Sir Lybius is to the Castle come,
& to Sir Lamberd he told anon,
2208 and alsoe the Barronye,¹
how Sir Mabam was slaine
& Sir Iron, both twayine,
by the helpe of mild Marye.
- 2212 when *that* Knight soe keene
had told how itt had beene
to them all by-deene,
a rich robe good & ffine,
He sends a
rich robe 2216 well ffurred with good Ermine,
he sent *that* Ladye sheene ;
- and garlands
to the lady,
2220 Kerchers and garlands rich
he sent to her priniliche,²
that mayd ho wold home bring.³
& when shee was readye dight,
thither they went anon-right,
both old and young,
- and all the
people of
Sinadowne
go and
fetch her
home.
2224 & all the ffolke of Sinadowne
with a ffaire procession
the Ladye home they ffett.
- They crown
her,
2228 & when they were come to towne,
of precyous gold a rich crowne
there on her head thé sett.
- and thank
God.
they were glad and blythe,
& thanked god often sithe

¹ i. e. The Barrons collectively.—P.² i. e. privily.—P.³ A-non with-out dwellynge.—Cot.

A byrd hit ganne hir bringe.—Lam.

2232 *that ffrom woe them had brought.*
 all the Lords of dignitye
 did him homage and ffealtye,
 as of right they ought.

2236 they dwelled 7 dayes in the tower
 there Sir Lamberd was gouernor,
 with mirth, Ioy, and game;
 & then they rode with honor

Lybius and
 the lady stay
 seven days
 there,
 and then
 ride off to
 Arthur.

2240 vnto King Arthur,
 the Knights all in-same.

ffins.¹

¹ It is so very wrong of the copier or translator to have broken off the story without giving the wedding between Lybius and his love, that I add it here from the three unprinted MSS. as well as the Cotton one. The Lincoln's Inn and Ashmole MSS. have more stanzas than the Cotton and Lambeth ones.

*Lincoln's Inn MS. Hale, No. 150, art. i.,
 last leaf.*

þay þonkyd god almyȝt,
 Boþe Arthour and his knyȝt,
 þat heo [ne] hadde* schame.
 Arthour ȝaf as blyue
 Libeus þat may to wyue
 þat was so gent a dame.

þeo murthe of þeo brydale,
 Nomon con wiþ tale
 Telle hit in no geste.
 In þat semly sale
 Weore lordes monye and fale,
 And ladyes wel honeste.

þer was ryche seruyse
 Boþe to fool and wyse,
 To leste and to meste.
 þer wan þay yche ȝifthes, [back of leaf]
 vche mynstral a ryȝtis,
 And somme þat weore vnprest.

Sir Gawayn, knyȝt of renoun,
 saide to þeo lady of synaydoun,
 "Madame, treouely,
 he þat weddid þe wiþ pruyde,
 y gat him by a forest syde
 On a gentil lady."

Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 58b.

They thankyd god of his myȝtes,
 Kyng Arthour And hys knyȝtes,
 That sche had no schame.

Arthour ȝane be-lyue [leaf 59]
 Syre lybeus þat mey to wyue,
 That was so jentyl A dame.

The my[r]the of þat brydall
 May no man tell with tale
 Ne sey in no geste:
 Yn þat sembly sale
 Where brydes grete *and* smale,
 And ladys full honeste;
 There was many A mane,
 And seruys gode wone
 Both to most *and* leste.

Fore soth þe mynstralles Alle
 That [were] with-in þat halle
 And † ȝyftes of þe beste.

Syre lybeus moder so fre
 Come to þat mangerre;
 Hyre rudd was rede as ryse;
 Sche knew lybeus wele be syȝht,
 And wyst wele A-none ryȝht
 That he was of mych pryse.

Sche went to ser gawene,
 And seyde, "with-uten leyne

* An s, blotted, stands here in the MS.—F.

† had.—F.

(Lincoln's Inn MS. continued.)

þanne þat lady blyþe was,
 And ful ofte kyssed his fas,
 And haylsel [*sic*] hym sykyrly.
 Sir Libeus þan wold kyþe:
 he wente to his fader swyþe,
 And kyssed him tymes monye.

he kneoled in þat stounde,
 And saide, kneoland on grounde,
 "for godis loue al weldand,
 þat made þeo world so round,
 fayre fadir, or y fonde,
 blesse me wiþ þyn hond."
 þat hynde knyzt Gawayn
 blessyd þeo child wiþ mayn,
 And made him seopþe vp stande.
 he comaundyd knyzt and sweyn
 To clepe Libeus "Gengelayne,"
 þat was lord of lond.

fourty dayes þay dwellyd,
 And heore feste faire heold
 wiþ Arthoure þeo kyng.
 As þeo gest vs tolde,
 Arthour wiþ knyztis bolde
 hom gonne þay brynge.
 twenty yere þay lyued in-same
 wiþ muche gleo and game,
 he and þat swete þyng.
 Ihesu Cryst oure saueour,
 And his modir þat swete flour,
 spede vs at our nede!

Explicit Libius de-sconius [? MS.]

(Ashmole MS. continued.)

Thys is owre chyld so fre."
 Than was he glad *and* blyth,
 And kyssed hym many A sythe,
 And seyde, "þat lykes me."

Syre gawen, knyght of renowne,
 Seyd to þe lady of synadoun,
 "Madame, treuly
 He þat hath þe wedyd with pride,
 Y gate hym vnd[er] A forest syde
 Off a gentyll lady."
 Than þat lady was blyth,
 And thankyd hym many A syth,
 And kyssed hym sykerly.
 Than lybeus to hym wan,
 And þer he kyssed þat man;
 Fore soth treuly

He fell on kneys in þat stound,
 lybeus knelyd on þe ground,
 And seyde, "fore god All weldinge
 That made þe world rownd,
 Feyre fader, wele be 3e fownd!
 Blysse me with 3our blyssyng!"

That hend knyght gawene
 Blyssed hys sone with mayne,
 And made hym vp to stond,
 And comandyd knyght *and* sweyne
 To calle hym gyngelyane,
 That was lorde of lond.

Forty deys þer they duellyd, [leaf 53b.]
 And grete fest þei held
 With Arthour þe kyng.
 As þe gest hath told,
 Arthour with knyghtes bold
 Home gane hym brynge.
 X 3ere þei lyued in-same
 With mekyll gle *and* game,
 He *and* that suete thyng.
 Ihesu cryst owre sauour,
 And his moder þat suete floure,
 To heuene blys vs bryng!

Here endes þe lyfe—
 Y telle 3ow with-uten stryfe—
 Off gentyll libeus disconius.
 Fore his saule now byd 3e
 A pater noster And An Aue,
 Fore þe loue off Ihesus,
 That he of hys sawle haue pyte,
 And off owrys, iff hys wyll be,
 When we schall wend þer-to.
 And 3e þat haue herd þat talkyng,
 3e schall haue þe blyssyng
 Of Ihesu cryst All-so.

[Finis.]

Cotton, Calig. A. ii. fol. 57, col. 2.

And þonkede godes myztes,
 Artoure and hys knyktes,
 Þat he ne hadde no schame.
 Artoure yaf here al so * blyue,
 Lybeanus to be hys wyfe,
 Þat was so gentylls a dame.

Þe Ioye of þat bredale
 Nys not told yn tale,
 Ne rekened yn no gest.
 Barons and lordynges fale
 Come to þat semyly sale,
 And ladyes welle honeste.

Þer was ryche seruyse
 Of alle þat men kouþ deuyse,
 To lest & ek to mest.
 Þe menstrales yn boure & halle
 Hadde ryche yftes with-alle,
 And þey þat weryn vnwrest.

Fourty dayes þey dwellede
 And hare feste helde
 With artoure þe kyng.
 As þe frenssche tale teld,
 Artoure with knyktes beld
 At hom gan hem brynge.

Fele ȝere þey leuede yn-same
 With moche gle & game,
 Lybeauus & þat swete þyng.
 Ihesu cryst oure sauoure,
 And hys modere þat swete floure,
 Graunte vs alle good endynge.
 Amen.

Explicit libeanus desconus.

Lambeth MS. 306, leaf 106.

They thanked god with al his myghtis,
 Arthur and alle his knyghtis,
 That he hade no shame.
 Arthur gave als blyve
 Lybeous that lady to wyfe,
 That was so gentille a dame.

The myrrour of that brydale
 No man myght telle with tale
 In Ryme nor in geste.
 In that semely Saale
 Were lordys many and fale,
 And ladies fulle honeste.

There was Riche Service
 Bothe to lorde and ladyes,
 To leste and eke to moste.
 Thare were gevyn riche giftis,
 Euche mynstrale her thriftis,
 And some that were vnbrest.

ffourty dayes thei dweldeñ,
 And ther here feste heldeñ
 With Arthur the kyng,
 As the ffrensshe tale vs tolde.
 Arthur kyng, with his knyghtis bolde,
 Home he gonne hem brynge.

Sevyn yere they levid same
 With mekylls Ioye and game,
 He and that swete thyng.
 Nowe Ihesu Criste oure Savioure,
 And his moder, that swete floure,
 Grawnte vs gode Endynge! Amen.

Explicit libious Disconyus.

* MS. also.

Childe Maurice :¹

THIS piece has been already printed from the Folio, just as it is by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806).

The other versions of the old ballad are, *Gil Morice* given by Percy in the *Reliques* from a printed edition current in Scotland, *Child Noryce* and *Chield Morice* given by Motherwell from recitations, 3 stanzas of a traditional version given by Jamieson. The number of these versions shows how popular the ballad was. Another proof is its use by Langhorne, by Home, and others, as the basis of longer, more pretentious works. Of the said versions *Gil Morice* and *Chield Morice* closely resemble each other, and are infinitely less forcible than the other two. They are intolerably prolix. The fire is quenched with much water. They are the offspring of men who possessed the faculty of Midas with a difference—they turned everything they touched into dross. The other two versions are admirably terse and vigorous, and have a right to places in the first ranks of our ballad-poetry. Undoubtedly the less corrupted is the Folio version; but, unhappily, it is somewhat imperfect.

This is indeed a noble specimen of our ballad-poetry in all its strength. For the overpowering vigour of its objective style it may be compared with *Little Musgrave and Lady Bernard*. How vivid every picture it paints is! how effective every stroke! Not a word is wasted. The writer is too absorbed in the action of his piece to indulge in any comments, or moralisings, or superfluities of any sort.

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.

¹ vid. Scottish Edition which is evidently a modern Improvement.—P.

This abstinence from all reflections and sentimentalities is indescribably impressive. The ballad-writer of later times is too often like the guide who introduces the traveller to a fine cathedral, and disturbs the glorious effect of the sight with his intrusive conceited garrulity. This old writer presents us with a wonderful spectacle without putting in ever a word of his own. You forget the guide, and are given up wholly to the effect of the spectacle. If we could never consider the heavens without having suggested to us the names of the stars and their sizes and distances from the earth! This old writer is content to let his tale produce its own effect. He conceives it in all its tremendous force, too really to permit him to criticise or dally with it in any way. Feeling much, he says little. Hence the intensity of his narration.

What strange wild pictures he paints! The Child in the silver wood,

sitting on a block
With a silver comb in his hand,
Kembing his yellow lock.

—the foot-page hasting on his errand with the presents of the grass-green mantle and of the gold and precious stone rings—the husband and his wife's son drying on the grass or a sleeve their bright brown swords—the victor, his supposed rival's head cut off, how he

pricked it on his sword's point,
Went singing there beside,
And he rode till he came to the lady fair
Whereas this lady lied,
& says "Dost thou know Child Maurice head
If that thou dost it see?
And lap it soft and kiss it oft,
For thou lovedst him better than me.

—the mother recognising in her slain lover her one only son. That terrible passage in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, where the scales fall from Agave's eyes, naturally suggests itself as one looks at that last picture; though there, indeed, the horror of

the situation is deepened by the fact that her own hands have done the deed :

ἔα, τί λεύσσω ; τί φέρομαι τόδ' ἐν χερσίν ;

Then answers Cadmus :

ἄθρησον αὐτὸ καὶ σαφέστερον μάθε. ,
 ΑΓ. ὁρῶ μέγιστον ἄλγος ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
 ΚΑ. μῶν σοι λέοντι φαίνεται προσεικέναι ;
 ΑΓ. οὐκ· ἀλλὰ Πενθέως ἢ τάλαιν' ἔχω κῆρα.

Child
Maurice,
while
hunting,

CHILDE Maurice hunted i the siluen ¹ wood,
 he hunted itt round about,
 & noebodye *that* he ffound therin,
 4 nor none there was with-out.

tells his
footpage

² & he tooke his siluer combe in his hand,
 to kembe his yellow lockes ;
 he sayes, " come hither, thou litle ffoot page,
 8 *that* runneth ³ lowlye by my knee ;
 ffor thou shalt goe to Iohn stewards wiffe
 & pray her speake with mee.

to go to John
Steward's
wife,

greet her as
many times
as there are
knots on a
net,

" & as itt ffalls out many times,
 12 as knotts beene knitt on a kell,⁴
 or Marchant men gone to Leene London
 either to buy ware or sell,

and ask her

" I, and greete thou doe *that* Ladye well,
 16 euer soe well ffroe mee,—
 And as itt ffalles out many times
 as any hart can thinke,

[page 347]

¹ The downstroke of the *r* of *siluen* is made twice over.—F.

² Prof. Child dots two lines as missing, before lines 5, 15, & 21, and after line 64. *Ballads* ii. 313-16.—F.

³ MS. rumeth.—F.

⁴ Kelle, *reticulum*, *retiaculum* (Catholicon). *Reticula* a lytell nette or kalle. *Reticinellum*, a kalle (Ortus) . . . The fashion of confining the hair in an orna-

mental network, which occasionally was jewelled, seems to have obtained in England from the time of Henry III. until that of Elizabeth, and an endless variety of examples are afforded by illuminated MSS. and monumental effigies. It was termed *calle* or *kelle*, a term directly taken, perhaps, from the French *cale*, Latin *calantica* or *callus*. Way in *Promptorium*, p. 270, note ¹.—F.

20 “as schoole masters are in any schoole house
 writting with pen and linke,—
 ffor if I might, as well as shee may,
 this night I wold with her speake.

24 “& heere I send her a mantle of greene,
 as greene as any grasse,
 & bidd her come to the siluer wood
 to hunt with Child Maurice;

to come and
hunt with
him.

28 “& there I send her a ring of gold,
 a ring of precyous stone,
 & bidd her come to the siluer wood;
 let ffor no kind of man.”

He sends her
a ring.

32 one while this litle boy he yode,
 another while he ran;
 vntill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,
 I-wis he neuer blan.

The footpage
goes to John
Steward's
hall,

36 & of nurture the child had good;
 hee ran vp hall & bower ffree,
 & when he came to this Lady ffaire,
 sayes, “god you saue and see!

and gives
the lady

40 “I am come ffrom Ch[i]ld Maurice,
 a message vnto thee;
 & Child Maurice, he greetes you well,
 & euer soe well ffrom mee.

Child
Maurice's
message:

44 “& as itt ffalls out oftentimes,
 as knotts beene knitt on a kell,
 or Marchant men gone to leene London,
 either ffor to buy ware or sell,

he greets
her as many
times as
there are
knots on
her cap,

48 “& as oftentimes he greetes you well
 as any hart can thinke,
 or schoolemasters in any schoole
 wryting with pen and inke;

he sends her
a green
mantle

52 “ & heere he sends a Mantle of greene,
as greene as any grasse,
& he bidds you come to the siluer wood,
to hunt with Child Maurice.

and a gold
ring.

56 “ & heere he sends you a ring of gold,
a ring of the *precious* stone,
he prayes you to come to the siluer wood,
let ffor no kind of man.”

and begs her
to come to
the wood to
him.

60 “ now peace, now peace, thou litle ffootpage,
ffor Christes sake, I pray thee !
ffor if my lord heare one of these words,
thou must be hanged hye ! ”

John
Steward
overhears
this,
orders his
steed

64 Iohn steward stood vnder the Castle wall,
& he wrote the words euerye one,
& he called vnto his horskeeper,
“ make readye you my steede ! ”

and armour,

68 I, and soe hee did to his Chamberlaine,
“ make readye then my weede ! ”

rides to the
wood,

& he cast a lease¹ vpon his backe,
& he rode to the siluer wood ;
& there he sought all about,
72 about the siluer wood,

finds Child
Maurice,

& there he ffound him Child Maurice
sitting vpon a blocke,
with a siluer combe in his hand
76 kemming his yellow locke.

and asks
what he
means.

he sayes, “ how now, how now, Child Maurice ?
alacke ! how may this bee ? ”
but then stood vp him Child Maurice,
80 & sayd these words trulye :

¹ ? leash, thong, cord. See *lees*, *lese* in Halliwell.—F.

"I doe not know your Ladye," he said,
 "if *that* I doe her see."

84 "ffor thou hast sent her loue tokens,
 more now then 2 or 3;

The Child
 says he
 doesn't know
 John's wife.
 "And yet
 you've sent
 her love-
 tokens,

"ffor thou hast sent her a Mantle of greene,
 as greene as any grasse,
 & bade her come to the siluer woode
 88 to hunt with Child Maurice;

a green
 mantle,

"& thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,
 a ring of *precyous* stone,
 & bade her come to the siluer wood,
 92 let ffor noe kind of man.

and a gold
 ring,

and bade
 her come to
 the wood to
 you!

"and by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,
 the tone of vs shall dye!"

One of us
 shall die."

"Now be my troth," sayd Child Maurice, [page 348]
 96 "& *that* shall not be I."

but hee pulled forth a bright browne¹ sword
 & dryed itt on the grasse,
 & soe ffast he smote att Iohn Steward,
 100 I-wisse he neuer rest.

then hee pulled fforth his bright browne sword,
 & dryed itt on his sleene;
 & the ffirst good stroke Iohn stewart stroke,
 104 Child Maurice head he did cleene;

John draws
 his sword,
 splits the
 Child's head,

& he pricked itt on his swords poynt,
 went singing there beside,
 & he rode till he came to *that* Ladye ffaire
 108 wheras this ladye Lyed;

carries it on
 his sword-
 point to his
 wife,

¹ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

- and says, "dost thou know Child Maurice head
if *that* thou dost itt see?
& lapp itt soft, & kisse itt offt,
112 ffor thou louedst him better then mee."
- She says
he has
killed her
only child.
but when shee looked on Child Maurice head,
shee neuer spake words but 3,
"I neuer beare no Child but one,
116 & you haue slaine him trulye."
- John
Steward
reproaches
his men for
not staying
him in his
wrath;
sayes, "wicked be my merrymen all,
I gaue Meate, drinke, & Clothe!
but cold they not haue holden me
120 when I was in all *that* wrath?"
- he has slain
his wife and
her son.
"ffor I haue slaine one of the curteouse[s]t *Knights*
that euer bestrode a steed!
soe haue I done one [of] the fairest Ladyes
124 *that* euer ware womans weede!"
- ffins.

Phillis hoe:

HERE apparently one endeavours to reconcile an offended swain to his offending mistress. He had begged a kiss, it would seem, and been denied it; had concluded that his Phillis cared nothing for him. Deaf to all the pleas urged in her behalf, he rejoices that he has escaped from her. We do not know any other copy of the song.

SHEPARDES hoe! Shepards hoe!

harkes how Phillis¹ calles thee! La: La: La:

Philis hoe: Phillis hoe!

4 "shall I lose my Phillis? noe, noe, noe!"

"what ailes thee Shepard [that thou] looke soe sadd? Why are you
where is thy louely lasse shold make thee gladd?" sad?

"ay me! my mistress proues vntrue,

8 & my louely lasse bidds me adew!"

"My love is
false."

"Shepards, ffe! Sheperds, ffe!

doe not wrong thy lasse, & noe cause whye."

No, she is
not.

"Phillis noe, Phillis noe!

12 but if shee proue light in loue, Ile let her goe."

thus wee poore mayds must beare the blame,

which² inconstant men deserue the same.

if ought be ill, tis our amisse,

16 but a womans word is noe iudge in this.

"Come away! Come away!

see! the louelye lasse tripps ore the lay."

Come and
look at her.

"lett her goe! lett her goe!

20 neuer more shall my loue say mee noe."

"Not I, let
her go.

¹ The first *l* is much like an *s* in the MS. The colons in lines 2 and 3 are those of the MS. Before the first *La* Percy inserts *hoe*.—F. ² while.—P.

- She
wouldn't
kisse me!"
- 24 "ffye shepard ! thou thy loue dost wrong !
 ffor maides, thé dare not doe amidst a throng."
 " O, beg I did but one pore kisse ;
 but shee with coy disdaine said noe by Iys. ¹"
- Don't be
jealous,
- 28 " Ielous loue, Ielous loue,
 hereafter doth vnconstant proue."
 " many ffind, ² many ffind
 women & their words are like the winde.
 men sweare thé loue, & do protest ;
 but when a woman sweares, shee doth but Iest.
 who Iestes with loue, playes with a bayte
 32 that doth wound the hart with slye decepte."
- love your
love again ;
- 36 " Shepards swaine, Shepards swaine,
 let thy lasse inioy thy loue againe !
 Iff maids pray, if maids pray,
 women must
have their
way.
- 40 women in their wants will haue noe nay ;
 thus women they must learne to wooe,
 when men fforgetts what nature bidds them do."
 " if women wooe, tis much abuse,
 tho cuningly they coyne ³ a coy excuse."
- " No, I'm not
such a fool.
- 44 " Haples shee, hapless shee
 that doth loue ⁴ soe base a swaine as thee ! "
 "happye I, happye I :
 that ffortune haue such folly for to fflye !
 base minds to basenes still will flee,
 but honor in an honored hart doth lye.
 tho base, my mind true honor brings ;
- We shep-
herds are as
coy as
kings."
- 48 [w]ee shepards in our loues are as coy as Kings." flins.

¹ noe Iwis.—P.² There is a tag to the d.—F.³ MS. coyme.—F.⁴ Three strokes for the u.—F.

Guy & Colebrande : ¹

[In 3 Parts.—P.]

“GUY & PHILLIS” is simply a *résumé*, with some slight additions from other sources, of the old romance of *Guy of Warwick*; “Guy & Amaranth” and “Guy & Colbrand” are versions, one modern, by Samuel Rowlands, the other much older, of scenes in that romance.

The presence in the MS. Folio of three pieces dealing with Sir Guy is a sign of the immense popularity he enjoyed, if any sign were needed. But indeed there is no lack of evidence of his warm acceptance with the Middle Ages as well in foreign countries as in England. Certainly among the heroes of romance he was one of the most popular. At home, Arthur, and Sir Bevis, and he, surpassed all others in the extent and endurance of the admiration they attracted. There is nothing more touching anywhere than the story of the last moments of Guy. Such was its intrinsic interest, that it won the ear of the world solely on the strength of it; for the story seems never to have been worthily told. Not one of the three poems treasured up in the Folio is of any considerable literary value. Nor can higher praise be bestowed on the old romance. “Guy of Warwick,” says Ellis, “is certainly one of the most ancient and popular, and no less certainly one of the dullest and most tedious of our early romances.” Dull and tedious it emphatically is. This jewel then has never yet been skilfully set. But its preciousness was appreciated in spite of the rude craftsmen into whose hands it

¹ A curious old Song, but very incorrect.—P.

had fallen. Its lustre glorified its clumsy encasements as the beauty of the beggar-maid her unworthy dress. •

As shines the moon in cloudy skies
She in her poor attire was seen.

The oldest form in which we have the story is that of an Anglo-Norman romance, *Romanz de Gui de Warwyk*, extant, as Ritschl informs us, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (l. 6), and in the University Library (More 690), Harl. MSS. No. 3775, King's MSS. 8 F. ix. There are two fragments of it in the Bodleian (printed in the *British Bibliographer*, iii. 268: see Introduction to the Abbotsford Club edition of the copy of the English romance in the Auchinleck MS.). Other fragments were found in the cover of an old book by Sir Thomas Phillips. There is also a copy in the Bibl. Impériale (MSS. de Colbert, 4289), Paris. There was a copy at Bruges in 1467, at Brussels in 1487, as we learn from Barrois' account of the *Librairies du Fils du Roi Jean Charles V., &c.* (See Guy de Warwick, Abbotsford Club, Introduction.) This French work was composed probably in the thirteenth century. Its composer may possibly have been Walter of Exeter, as is stated by Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall*. Whoever composed it, and wherever, it was done into English early in the fourteenth century, which English version is mentioned in the Prologue to Hampole's *Speculum Vitæ*, or *Mirroure of Life*, written about 1350, amongst the popularities of the day:

I warne you firste at the begynnyng
That I will make no vayne carpyng
Of dedes of armes, ne of amours,
As does mynstellis & gestours,
That maketh carpyng in many a place
Of Octavione & Isenbrace,
And of many other gestes
And namely when they come to festes,
Ne of the lyf of Bevis of Hamptoun
That was a knyght of grete renoun,
Ne of Syr Gye of Warwyke. (*apud* Warton, H. Eng. P.)

and by Chaucer in the *Rime of Sir Topas* (about 1380) as one of the romances of price of his day. Of it the oldest copy extant is preserved in the Auchinleck MS. There are others in Caius College and the Public Libraries, Cambridge. It was still in demand in the sixteenth century, and was then printed by Copland, and by Cawood. The romance was then condensed, as was the custom, into a ballad. In 159 $\frac{1}{2}$ Richard Jones has entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company "A pleasante songe of the valiant actes of Guy of Warwicke to the tune of *Was ever man so tost in love.*" This is the "Guy & Phillis" of the present volume. The common title, says Percy, is "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who for the love of fair Phelis became a hermit & dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick." Of this ballad there are copies in the Bagford, the Pepys, and the Roxburghe Collections. The legend was afterwards rendered into prose, and in that shape printed again and again down to very recent times. In the British Museum Library there is a copy of the 7th edition of a cheap printed prose version, 1733. Ellis speaks of this popular form as "to be found at almost every stall in the metropolis." The Anglo-Norman romance was converted into prose in 1525.

But the story was not given up wholly to the romance-writers and their followers. The oldest other recital of it now extant may possibly be that ascribed to Gerard of Cornwall, printed by Hearne in the Appendix to his edition of the *Annales de Dunstable*. This *Historia Guidonis de Werwyke* is preserved in MS. 147, Magd. Coll. Oxford. "There is not however anything else of Gerard's in the Magd. MS. (which the compiler has seen), and the short piece which has been printed is written at the end of Higden's Polychronicon, on the same page with it, and preceding its copious index." (See *Macray's Manual of British Historians.*) Of Gerard's date and life nothing whatever is

known. "He is said to have written a book *De Gestis Britonum*, and another *De Gestis Regum West-Saxonum*, which are referred to three times by Th. Rudburn in his History of Winchester. This also mentions him in his catalogue of historians in Holinshed, p. 1590." This piece, whenever written and by whomsoever, describes the famous fight with Colbrand much as the Folio MS. version narrates it. An entry in the Registry of the priory at Winchester, quoted by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, tells us that when Adam de Orleten, bishop of Winchester, visited his cathedral priory of St. Swithin in that city, "Cantabat jocularior quidam, nomine Herebertus, *Canticum Colbrondi*, necnon gestum Emme regine, a judicio ignis liberate in aula prioris." The first certain historical mention of the great Saxon champion is to be found, as Ritson points out, in the Robert de Brunne's translation with additions, made *circ.* 1338, of Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, written *circ.* 1308.

That was Guy of Warwik, as the boke sais,
There he slouh Colbrant with hache Daneis.

The story of Guy's abnegation of his wife, and his lonely uncomfor-
ted end in the cell he had hewn for himself, is told in chapter clxxii. of the *Gesta Romanorum*, compiled in all probability about the same time with Langtoft's Chronicle. This compilation, made to serve mediæval preachers for purposes of illustration, naturally took that part of the story that exemplified their favourite teachings. Towards the end of the same, the fourteenth century, Henry Knighton, Canon of Leicester, in his *Chronicon de Eventibus Angliæ ab anno 950 ad 1395*, recounted the old tale at full length. He introduces it with a sort of apology. "Set quia historia dicti Guidonis," he writes, "cunctis seculis laudabili memoria commendanda est, in presenti historia immiscere curavi." Then he relates, with circumstances, how "Olavus rex Daciæ," "Golanus rex Norwegiæ," and "dux Neustriæ," invaded England and besieged King Athelstan for a space of two years

in Winchester. They had enlisted in the service of their expedition a vast Saracen, "de Africâ quendam gigantem, Colebrandum nomine, qui eo tempore fortissimus et elegantissimus reputabatur in orbe," described subsequently as "diabolicæ staturæ," and by Guy when he stands face to face with him as "non homo, immo potius spiritus diaboli in effigie hominis latens." Eventually a truce, "treuga," was agreed to, and the determining of the war by a single combat. But there seemed scant hope of finding a match for Colebrand, who was of course put forward to maintain the Scandinavian cause. Then follows, as in "Guy & Colbrand," an account of the vision that appeared to the perplexed King Athelstan, and how, obeying it, and posting himself "ad altam primam" at one of the city's gates, he saw amongst the entering crowd "virum elegantem cursantem, de una sclauma alba vestitum, et unum sertum de albis rosis in capite tectum, fustemque grandem in manu ferentem; set multum erat debilitatus et discoloratus anxietateque minoratus, eo quod nudipes laboravit, barbamque prolixam habuit." This wild woe-begone figure was Guy—Guy in deep distress for his sins, and caring only to escape from hospitalities to pray for indulgence and pardon. But he is moved at last to undertake the combat with the giant. "Fecit se armari de melioribus armaturis regis, et cinxit se gladio Constantini [the sword of Constantine the Great and the spear of Charlemagne were among the presents given to Athelstan by Hugh, Duke of the Franks] lanceamque sancti Mauricii in manu tulit." Then the fight is described with extreme minuteness. Colbrand seems overpowering till Guy cuts off his sword-arm; "Quod Dani videntes, multum ex hoc contabuerunt, et Deos suos in Colubrandi adjutorum cum ejulatu magno invocare cœperunt." And then comes the final scene in the hero's life.

In 1410, as Dugdale (Baron. i. 243) relates on the authority of Rous, to whom we shall come presently, Guy's fame was well spread abroad at Jerusalem; for the Soldan's lieutenant hearing

that Lord Beauchamp, then travelling in the Holy Land, "was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, whose story they had in books of their own language, invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants." The history of Sir Guy, as Percy points out (*Reliques*, vol. iii.), "is alluded to in the old Spanish romance, 'Tirante el blanco' which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430." About the middle of the fifteenth century Rudburn, who has been mentioned above in a quotation, a Benedictine of Winchester, called *Junior* to distinguish him from another chronicler of the same name who died Bishop of St. David's in 1441, gives some account of the great combat. Leland in his *Collectanea*, fol. 595, quotes "ex chronicis Thomæ Rudbourne monachi Wintonensis" this amongst other passages: "Tertio Ethelstani anno, duellum inter Colbrondum Danum & Guidonem comitem de Warwik, extra borealem civitatis Wintoniensis plagam, in loco qui modo Hidemedes, olim Denmarsch appellatus est, prope monasterium de Hida. Insignum vero victoriæ servatur sica prædicti Colbronde gigantis, cumquæ truncatum erat; caput ejus a Guidone comite de Warwik in eccl. cathedrali Wintoniæ usque in hodiernum diem.¹ Rudbourne describes the fight more fully in his *Historia Major Wintonensis* (apud Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*). There the "Rex Dacorum" is "Anelaf;" the scene of the combat is Hyde Mede; the "gigas" is "miræ longitudinis, invisus, inhumanus ac non malæ meditationis ignarus." Lydgate, contemporary with Rudbourne, versified the above-mentioned *Historia Guidonis de Werwyke* just as Samuel Rowland, something more than a century after him, retold the conflict of Guy with Amaranth in the form given in this volume. Lydgate's work, never yet printed, is preserved among the Bodleian MSS. and

¹ "This history remained in rude painting against the walls of the north transept of the cathedral till within my memory." Warton, H. E. P.

in Harl. MS. 7333 f. 35. b.¹ Revised by one Lane, it was licensed to be printed in 1617 (Harl. MSS. 5243),¹ but the licence seems never to have been acted upon. Later on, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, John Rous, appointed priest, or one of the two priests, at the chapel at Guy's Cliff near Warwick (erected, with a statue of Guy, by Richard Beauchamp in 1422), "labored and finished" a "roll" (now in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, numbered 839) containing a biography of him in whose honour he held his office, for whose soul he offered daily prayers. Dugdale pronounces him "a diligent searcher after antiquities, and especially of this county," and one that "hath left behind him divers notable things, industriously gathered from many choice manuscripts, whereof he had perusal in sundry monastries in England and Wales, which now, through the fatal subversion of those houses, are for the most part perisht." Rous narrates as sober facts the story of the romance:

Dame Felys, daughter and heire to Erle Rohand, for her beauty called Felye belle, or Felys the fayre by true enheritance, was countesse of Warwyke, and lady and wyfe to the most victorouse Knight, Sir Guy, to whome in his woinge tyme she made greate straungenes, and caused him for her sake, to put himself in meny greate distresse, dangers and perills; but when they wer wedded and bñ but a litle season together, he departed from her to her greate hevynes, and never was conversaunt with her after, to her vnderstandinge; and all the while she kept her cleane and trew lady and wyf to him, devout to godward, and by way of Almes, greatly helpinge them that wer in poore estate. Sir Gy of Warwyke, flower and honor of Knighthode, sonne to Sir Seyward, baron of Walingforde, and his lady and wyfe Dame Sabyn, a florentyne in Italy of the noble bloode of the contrey, translate from Italy vnto this lande, as Dame Genches, Saynt Martyns sister, borne in Greke lande, was maryed here, and had in this lande noble Saynct Patryke, that converted Irelande to the Christian faythe. This worshipfull Knight Sir Gy, in his actes of warre ever consydered what parties had wronge, and therto wold he draw, by which doinge his loos spred so

¹ See Appendix at the end of this Introduction.

farre that he was called the worthiest Knight lyvinge in his dayes. Then his most speciall and chief Lady that he had sette his hart of most, Dame Felys, applied to his will and was wedded to him. This noble warryor Sir Gy, after his mariage consideringe [what] he had don for a womans sake, thought to besset the other part of his lyf for Goddes sake, departed from his lady in pilgrymeweede as hir shewys, which rayment he kept to his lyves ende, and did menyigreate battells, of the which the last was the victory of Colbrond at Winchester by the warninge of an angell. And from thence, vnknowne savinge to the Kinge only, come to Warwyke, receyved as a pilgryme of his owne lady, and by her leave at his abydinge at Gibclif, and his livery by his page dayly sett at the Castell. And two dayes afore his deathe, an angell enformed of his passage oute of this world, and of his ladyes the day fourtnight after him. And at Gibclyf wer they bothe buried, for ther cowld no man fro thence Remofe him till his sworn brother com, Sr Tyrry, wth whome he was translate without lett. And to this day God for her sake, to tho that devoutely seeke him for hur sakes, with other Greuis as by miracle seen remedied. And in remembrance of his habit it wer full convenient you y^t it pleased som good lord or lady to fynde in the same place ij. poore men that cowde help a priest to singe, one of theim to be ther continually present, wearinge his pilgrime habyte, and to shew folke the place; and their habitacion might be full well sett over his cave in the rocke.

The story of Sir Guy then had evidently long before Rous's time found a local habitation, both at Warwick and at Winchester. Leland, in his *Itinerary*, says of Gibclife or Guycliffe: "Ould Fame remaineth with the People there that Guido Earl of Warwike in King Athelston's Dayes . . . lived in this place like a Heremite, unknowen to his wife Felice, untill at the Article of his Death he shewed what he was. . . . Here is a house of Pleasure, a Place meet for the Muses. There is sylence, a praty Wood, *antra in vivo saxo*, the River rowling over the stones with a praty noyse, *nemusculum ibidem opacum*, fontes liquidi et gemmei, prata florida, *antra muscosa*, rivi leves et per saxa discursus, necnon solitudo et quies multis amicissima." The heart of the antiquary warms towards the lovely spot.

Such are the authorities, if the word may be used in this case,

for the legend. At any rate, they may serve to show how old it is, and how widely and generally popular it was. In the Elizabethan literature allusions to it abound, though, strangely enough, not one occurs in the plays of Shakespeare, familiar as he must have been with it and the locality to which the more touching part is attached. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry* (1589), speaks of "places of assembly where the company shall be desirous to hear of old adventures and valiances of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and the Knights of the round table—Sir Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, and others like." In Dr. King's *Dialogues of the Dead* (quoted by Mr. Chappell), "It is the negligence of our ballad singers," a Ghost remarks, "that makes us to be talked of less than others; for who almost besides St. George, King Arthur, Bevis, Guy and Hickathrift, are in the chronicles?" The Little French Lawyer in Fletcher's play of the name, and Old Master Merrythought in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* sing snatches of the *Legend*. Corbet in his *Iter Boreale* wishes,

May all the ballads be call'd in & dye,
Which sing the warrs of Colebrand & Sir Guy.

Butler tells us of Talgol, one of Hudibras' supporters (who, according to L'Estrange, represented a certain Newgate Market butcher),

He many a boar & huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.

Such has been the popularity of this story. The oldest literary form of it preserved to us is, as we have seen, an Anglo-Norman romance, composed probably in the thirteenth century. This, no doubt, was founded on songs and traditions that were then commonly in vogue in the country, that had then already been so for many a generation. These were dressed and decorated by the romance-writer according to the fashion of his age;

the old Saxon hero transformed into a Norman knight, dispatched to the crusades, conducted from tournament to tournament throughout Europe, and carried through all the adventures proper for a hero of chivalry. One most prominent feature of the romance is its monastic feeling, which, indeed, is so strong that one may well believe it to be the work of a monk. A terrible remorse seizes Guy at last for all the blood he has shed, and his love for the woman who has incited him to his blood-shedding career passes away. Is this penitential element part of the original tale? Was this sung of by old pre-Norman gleemen? Or is it rather to be ascribed to the translator and editor of the thirteenth century? Probably so. In the old Saxon poetry, so far as is known, women occupy but an unimportant place. Neither there, nor indeed in the life which that poetry reflects, do they "rain influence and adjudge the prize." Moreover, one can well conceive such an addition being made to the story in the thirteenth century, a period of a great monastic revival—a period of much doubt as to matrimony, an uneasy suspicion prevailing that it was an indulgence which the truly pious man would scarcely allow himself. Such a suspicion enters the soul of Guy, when at last, after waiting and longing and serving so long, he is at last crowned with the happiness of his heart; he resolves to abandon the treasure gained. How noble and devout such an abandonment was held to be by the mediæval monks may be seen from endless instances, notably from the story of Saint Alexios, of whom Alban Butler thus writes ¹:

Having, in compliance with the will of his parents, married a rich and virtuous lady, he on the very day of the nuptials, making use of the liberty which the laws of God and his church give a person before the marriage be consummated, of preferring a more perfect state, secretly withdrew, in order to break all the ties which held him in this world. In disguise he travelled into a different country, em-

¹ See Appendix at the end of this Introduction.

braced extreme poverty, and resided in a hut adjoining to a church dedicated to the Mother of God. Being after some time there discovered to be a stranger of distinction, he returned home, and being relieved as a poor pilgrim, lived some time unknown in his father's house, bearing the contumely and ill-treatment of the servants with invincible patience and silence. A little before he died he by a letter discovered himself to his parents.

Guy's wife-desertion then, and his severe asceticism, may be later additions to his original story. There can be little doubt that that original story belongs to a remote age,—possibly, as has been suggested, to an age anterior even to that assigned to it in the romance—the age of Athelstan. With this age of Athelstan it would seem to have been connected from a very early time. There is no kind of historical basis for it in what records we have of that age: There was certainly a great Northern invasion in the reign of Athelstan. Northumbria, lately annexed by him, allied itself with Scots, Danes, Welsh, and essayed to recover its independence. “They fought with Athelstan,” writes Milton, “at a place called Wenduse [which might easily have been confounded with Wynton]; others term it Brununbury, others [as William of Malmesbury] Bruneford; which Ingulph [who calls it Brunford] places beyond Humber; Camden in Glendale of Northumberland on the Scottish borders—the bloodiest fight, say authors, that ever this island saw.” Ellis suggests that Guy—he should say Egil—may be identical with one Egils, “who did in fact contribute very materially” to the victory. If this be so, then the legend must be rather Scandinavian than Saxon; for this Egil was a northern viking enlisted on the side of Athelstan. But, indeed, if the legend be an old Saxon one, there need be no difficulty in accounting for its later connection with the reign of Athelstan. That was the most glorious reign in the history of Saxon England. Athelstan reaped the rich fruits of his illustrious grandfather's wisdom and policy. He was enabled to consolidate the kingdom, and to maintain its unity unimpaired. At home

and abroad his name was known and feared. His crowning victory at Brunanburgh produced a profound impression. Even the Saxon imagination was stirred by such power and glory. "To describe his famous fight," says Milton, "the Saxon annalist, wont to be sober and succinct, whether the same or another writer, now labouring under the weight of his argument and overcharged, runs on a sudden into such extravagant fancies and metaphors as bear him quite beyond the scope of being understood." Strangely enough, the great poet did not recognise in the passage he thus characterises the work of an older bard; for it is in fact one of the few Saxon poems that survive. There are many signs of a rich ballad literature, besides that spirited piece, appertaining to this great monarch's reign. There is the story of Analaf belonging to that same battle, which is evidently taken by Malmesbury from some old ballad. Then there are the stories of the King's mother's dream, and of his brother Edwin's punishment for taking part in a conspiracy against him, both which that chronicler confessedly found in old ballads. Naturally enough, the story too of the great combat with the giant was attached to his reign; for legends attract each other, so to speak. The name given in later times to the national combatant was Guy.

Other romances in course of time grew around that of Guy, treating of his son Ruisburn, of his tutor Heraud and his son.

Harl. MS. 7333, fol. 35 b.

þe ermyte with Inne litil spase
 By dethe is past þe Ende of his laboure
 Aftir whome Guy was þer successoure
 Space of twoo yere by grace of crist
 Ihesu
 Dauntynge his fleshe by penaunce and
 Rygour
 Ay more and more encressyng in vertev ¶
 ¶ God made him knowe þe daye þe he
 shold dyee
 þorowe his gracious vesitacioun

By an Aungel his spirit to conveye
 Aftir his bodyly Resolycioun
 For his meritis to þe hevenely mansyoun
 þan in alle haste he sent his weddyng
 Ryng
 Vn to his wyff of trewe Affeccioun
 Prayd her to come And beo at his eonding
 ¶ That she sholde doone þere hir besye
 cure
 As by A maner wyffly deligense
 In haste to ordeyne for his Cepulture

Wit~~h~~ noo pret coste ne wit~~h~~ no grete
 dispence
 Sheo hasted hir til sheo cam in presence
 Wher þat Guy lay dedly pale of face
 Bespreynt wit~~h~~ teeres knelyng wit~~h~~
 Reuerence
 þe dede body Felyce did ther inbrace
 ¶ This notable & Famouse worthi knyght
 Sent her to sayne bi his messagier
 In þilke place to burye hym anoone
 Right
 Wher that he lay to fore in A smal
 Awter
 And Afftir this doe trewly hir deveyre
 þer for her selfe dysposyñ and provide
 Fyftene dayes Folowyng þe same jere
 She to be buried þere by Guyes syde
 ¶ His holy wyf of al this toke good hede
 Like as he badde and liste no longer
 tarye
 Tacquyte hir selfe of wyffly womanhede
 For she was loþ^e frome his desire to
 varye
 Sent in Al haste for þe ordenarye
 Wiche ocupied in þat dyosyse
 She was not founde in oone poynt
 contrarye
 Eche thyng tacomplyshe / as ye have
 herde devise
 ¶ And alle þis cronicle / For to conclude
 At hes Exequyes old & younge of age
 Of diuerse folke cam grete multitude
 Wit~~h~~ grete devocioune vn to þat her-
 mitage
 Lyche A prynse wit~~h~~ al þe surplusage
 þei tooke hym vppe / and leyde him in his
 grave
 Ordeynid of god be marcyal curage
 Ageinst þe Danys þis Regionne to saue
 ¶ Whos sowle I truste restight nowe in
 glorie

Wit~~h~~ holy Spiretis Above þe Firmament
 Felice his wyf callyng to her memorye
 þe daye gane neghe of her enterrement
 To forne provided in her testament
 Reynborne þeire heyre/ioustely to succede
 By title of hir and lynealle discent
 þeorldame of warwike trewly to possede
 ¶ þe stok descendyng doune by þe pee
 dugree
 To Guy his fadir by title of mariage
 Afftir whos dethe/of lawe and equitye
 Reynborne to entre in to his Eritage
 Cleimeyng his Ryght/his moder of good
 age
 Habe yolde hir dette by dethe vnto
 nature
 By side her lorde in þat Ermitage
 Wiche eonded feyre was made hir
 Sepulture
 ¶ For to auctorise better þis matere
 Whos translacioun sheweþe þe sentence
 Oote of latyne made by þe Cronniculier
 Callid of olde Gyrard Cronubyence
 Wiche whilome wrot wit~~h~~ gret deligence
 Dedis of hem in westesex crowned kynges
 Gretly comendyng for kneychtly ex-
 cellence
 Guy of werrewike in heos famouse
 wreytingis
 ¶ Of whos nobelesse ful gret hede he toke
 His kneychtly fame to putten in Re-
 memberavnse
 þe eleventþe chapitre/of his historialboke
 þe parfite lyf þe vertuouse gouernaunce
 His wilfulle pouertee/harde ligginge and
 penaunce
 Al sent to me in Englisho to translate
 If owght be wrong in metre or substance
 Put al þe wyte/for dulnesse oñ lydegate

Harleian MS. 5243, fol. 4.

To all heroical knightes, and illustrious
 Ladies, both in Court, and Countrie
 for virtewe, love, bewtie, chivalrie,
 prowes, bowntie: & of other com-
 plete departmentes most eminent
 and honorabl, John Lane in all
 dutie wisheth gracious perfection to
 felicitie eternal.
 After, nay before all your secular affaires,
 vouchsafe to accepte, to your recreations

the pleasant historie of this vertuous
 paire instanced in the most noble pair of
 frendes, and lovers, the Ladie Felis, and
 her exemplarie sparck of christian honor,
 Sir Gwy Earle of warwick, surnamed
 the heremite; reckoned for more then
 twoe hundred yeeres together, the last of
 the Nine worthies: albeit in that heroical
 ranck, hee standeth indignified, or ne-
 glected, but without anie known cause,

by some forane heraultes, for their Duke Gothfreyes sake, wheareof expostulation is made after a modest fasshion in this Poem. His deedes have lately bin renewed in verse, and published in a litle tract; nevertheles for brevitie sake, (as it seemeth) it omitteth much of the original historie, left vnto vs by all the ancient English poetes: whose historie I take to bee meerly english, and not delt withall by anie straungers, (vnlesse by Ariosto) as kinge Arturs hath bin by the Italien Bocas, in honorable manner, and by some French, and Spanish, as it is reported. But all our ancientes, fallinge in love with the high-pitchd vertew, which our noble Guyon bore in martial prowes, have in divers successive ages, as Poetes historical, reillustrated the same; as well is observed by our learned, and farthest traveled antiquarie Mr Camden, whoe with approved poetical iudgment, of givinge discreet accompte to the Muses, calleth him Guidonem warwicensem decantatum illum heroem. And him have they sunge in deed into the fabrick of sownd poetrie, although in termes obsolete; the which, posteritie maie againe, and againe, (as listeth Poetes) refine, in lines more polite, accordinge as our language is become refined, and more copious, equal (at the least) to anie circumstant vulgar: as with reason, and learned demonstration, is witnessed by our noble, and highlie ingenious knight Sir Philip Sidney, but in sublimitie of conceipt, cann passe them never, for that they (dealinge in own loomes as poets historical) have ever since, built on the same model, either expressely, or transposedly, which also is punctually. It beinge by them idealie layd, after the laudabl, & lawfull manner of poetical fiction, doe serve out Guions trewe real historie, vnder the signature of Misterie; which hath to drawe with it Allusion, Circumstance, Discourse, Speculation, Sentence, Immitation: all sommd vp in these twoe vz Invention, Demonstration. as well knoweth the Classis of poetes laureat, to whome I produce Chaucers tale by the Squier, never yet told out by anie in the same straine; the which formes, I also in this poem shall, and in my poetical visions, first and second partes, and in my Twelue monethes observe, and exemplifye. the name Poeta, being derived

of ποιέω, signifieth to make as a maker; howbeeit to define the art it selfe is all as hard, as to doe it indeede, but not to doe it rightly I cannever define yt soundly: No though her practise doe thus extend yt: vz Primo, into the Satyrical, which proveth so offensive to the meriden wheare yt confineth! as that her back cannever beare half the enimies shee begetteth to her self. Secundo, it maie be laid in y^e Lyrical which hath to praise or despraise; which satisfieth not the best wittes; sith flotinge topp of the wave for the gull to feed on particulars. Tercio, it may bee carried in the kind called heroical, or Allegorical; the which (allegorical waie anglinge at the bottom) implieth those other twaine, and all notions ells, beinge exercised in such different descant, and varietie of verse in kind, as discreete art findeth most congruent to the muse: is thearefore most delightfull to the most iudicious, as having in yt an heroical powr of callinge the highest vnderstandings of all others, as namely our master Aristotel, Alexander magnus, Scipio Affricanus, Octavius Augustus Cesar, Jacobus Angliæ rex, with manie moe, whoe are by so much the more often honorablie remembered, as their bownteous favors to the ingenious in this faculty, have bin shewed, and their own iudicious dexterities in it abownded, but is no meate for paper-peckinge In rimers — out poetasters, sith — muse-traducinge, — witt abusinge, — Poesie-missvsinge Pieridistes. In which last, szt heroical kind; Homer bestirred him selfe to lead the dawnee. Virgil blasoned the riches of his learninge in the same cloth of arras. the ancient English Poetes (meaninge allwaies the sownd ones) have delivered them of heroical birthes in this kind; which doe survive of their deceased parentes glorie, all of them adducinge a complete knight, in the personations of twoe in number; and maie as lawfullie bee instanced in one: and all as well in twoe, as pleaseth the ingenious. For so Mr Edm: Spencer in his allegorical declaratorie, faerely declameth. Now, for my own part (vnder correction) I endeavour to call a general muster of all our noblest Guions whole historie, in the same kind also, as beinge most proper for it, and him; but without derogatinge from the desert of our ancient

English poets first plott: the *which* (representinge excellent) was written almost three hundred yeeres gon, by Don Lidgate, and since him, by John Rowse & Pepulwick. But wheare all they had their first president! is now by the ancient historiens verie hard to prove; for that in our greate combustion of antiquitie, they suffred shippwrack: Notwithstandinge, some of them escaped y^e distroier, and are yet extant, & well preserved by the singular industries of osm, that waie both studious, and learned: amongst whome, M^r Thomas Allen, in the learnedst ranckes hath reputation; as Sir Robert Coton knight his industrie in this kind, hath singular commendation. All these ancient Cronoclers wrote of Guies person, & greate prowes; namely, Henricus Knighton, Thomas Radburn, Giraldus Cornubiensis, Johannes Strench, Johannes Hardinge, Johannes Gresley, Johannes Powtrel: all beinge manuscripts, never printed, with many moe, as saith John Rosse, whose dilligentlie in K. Hen: the seavnth time collected them on the point of Gwy, while the recordes weare yet extant, every of them avouchinge his overcominge of Colbrand on the same conditions, *which* tradition hath ever since that time maintained. Cronica cronicorum affirmeth the same, though at the second hand, and with misnaminge of Giraldus Cambrensis, for Giraldus Cornubiensis. Yet all this notwithstandinge! our valient Guy is so vnfortunate amongst our late Croniclors, as that they are pleased to saie lesse of him, then Hanibals epitaph, amounted vnto. Amongst whome! som of oures, (but vnkindlie for th'innocent English penn, and that to this worthies dishonor) whose person they confesse; yet after holdinge his own for many ages in his grave ex concessio, wold faine decline the credite of all y^e ancientes, concerninge the conditions of Guyes fightinge the Duello for this kingdom, when hee slewe Colbrand the Affrican giant challenginge for the Danes: as yf Sir Guy, beinge then a man retired to obscuritie, and besides overtaken of old age; shoold, or wold runn at a masterie so dangerous for glorie, *which* hee contemned: and not vppon the necessitie of that occasion. but this presumptuous kind of novitious writinge, maie rest assured, that onlie

one of yonder ancientes, livinge neerer the time of the famous Guy by some hundreds of yeeres, will carrie more credite! then one thousand such newe, offringe so forwardly, *which* must needes bee ignorantlie, sith not havinge seene anie of the manuscripts before mentioned. Howbeeit, John Stowes note of Guy, is perfecter then all the rest of the newe. Against *which* manner of histori-fyenge, *which* intendeth but to vex the credite of antiquity, (speakinge this vnder correction, and without taxinge the good endevoire of anie man, or the person it selfe) Poetrie hath to bringe her action of encroachment, for vsurpinge on her licence of allusion in matter of fact, and it applienge to historie of longe before our new writers times: *which* manner, scarce is historicum dicendi genus, but is goodly to shewe with what eloquution such endewe them selves with all, and to enlarge tomes beyond movinge, without the helpe of a porter. In the meane time, the precise naked integritie of the ancientes, gave (with more brevity) accompt, rather of plaine fact, as it was indeede, then of affected eloquence poeticalie interlined (but vnlawfullie) in historie. *Which* new fluence, breeding affluence, will shortlie leave in evidence, that what Poetrie doth idealie deliver for fiction! is trewe; constant truth standing vp her perpetual ensigne: and what this novel kind of historiflunge affirmeth for trewe! is false, sith mixed. For, marck if their affected insinuations doe not purposely wooe these three common concubines Partialitie! feare! flattery! and on them begetteth the bastard falsity! a chaungelin, the *which* mote these faeries overlive them selves! and the parties they have with their mowth glewe starched! they wold not faile so to stripp off their old skinn, cast all their loose haier, and rectifie their new sett countenance att another glasse; as that Proteus him selfe wold not bee able to knowe them. How then may such bee trusted to bee cited in other discentes de futuro? yf not as trewly reportinge! as doth positive divinitie in schooles: with whome, to growe to particulars, wold surelie provoke their passion, but their integritie never. On thother side, sownd Poetrie of the ancient manner, suffreth no alter-

ation, but as a beakeun, or land marcke, standeth vp from age to age impregnable, against all wittes invectives, to drive them home to their vocatio caret. Againe, yet som others, contrarie to thallegeance dewe to the muses, and thearfore impardonable, sith blabbinge their secretes left in trust without leave, vncleanlie, (yet as it weare iocundlie) denie Guy, and his actes to bee at all; but how these doe better know it now! or whie wee must take their wordes for aucthenticall, against the soberer & chaster ancientes, livinge neerer that time by many ages! wee no more dare belive, then them selves are suer to bee belived, regarded, or ought esteemed, when they also have takenn farewell of the world: though now seeminge to bee fallen out but with Lidgate onlie, and his poetrie; doe yet in effect, through his sides, word fensor like let drive at her, but not as Aristotels scholars, naie rather his masters, in not obayenge his injunccion concerninge facultie, of oportet discentem credere. Wheareas Lidgate hath respectivelie followed the advise of the same Aristotl given for Poetry szt of fownding yt on ann historie, and the same determininge in a short time: both which preceptes, Lidgate hath dewlie performed in this manner, viz that touchinge time! Manns whole lief is but short. and touchinge truth of storie! Lidgate fownd this of Guy, first recorded by Giraldus Cornubiensis, and by manie other croniclers before named. Besides, that the noblest Normanes, whoe came in with the Conquerour, and weare earles of Warwick after earle Newbreghte, above six score yeeres after Guy, namely the familie of Beauchamp, or Bellocampe, many yeeres after that; reioiced to ioine them selves to the memorie of such ann ancestor: and did not onlie repaire those monumentes weare fownd of Guy, but added somewhat elles. Thus Lidgat faierlie discharginge him selfe, leaveth it apparent, that the meere historien, is of all other infestus! the most malignant toward the Poet historical; whome hee vnderstandeth not: though him the Poet doth, at ann haier, is thearfore the most vnfitt to accuse, or censure the industrious, in the same case, that Prince Hector, and kinge Artur maie also bee

doubted of, because they likewise have binn poeticalie historified by poetes prosequutinge ideal veritie, as the historien pretendeth positive truth. But now alas so sickly! sith tempted by yonder three fountaine troublinge faeries, that (as the world waggeth,) it is harder to find ann ancient poet false, then a new historien trewe; while hee imbibeth that rancke penn swoln humor, newly cleaped the art of reformation: meaninge the same art, which our excellently learned knight Sir Henrie Sauyl in his annotations vppon Tacitus, mett stealinge oversea hitherward. vppon whose bold forehead, hee scoreth a lecture, wheareof shee is hardlie capable szt of more modestie. Weare it not thearfore better, that Don Barckley (the ferriman) bee delt with all, to shipp her back againe? sith none that knowes, trustes her for strawes; rather then thus, through her envious suppressinge the heroes, to discourage the fertile wittes of our Englishe nation, which weare readie to comme into the deservinge ranck with the Greekes, Latines and Italianes, to renewe that poetical reputation it inherited of old, but for this odd fashion of presumed-sinceare wisdom, down strikinge with her lightned thunderbolt the deceased. Whoe in their times (without comparison) sored on no contemptible opinion, an hartninge of the foraner, to detract also. But if it should bee imposed on the meere historiens (so well beeseene in antiquities, and glistringe of the reformatives aforesaid) to reconcile those Poemes of Chaucer, and Lidgate, & of somme other later English (even the best of that kind, which staieth not yt selfe on particulars only, the which kind was, is, and ever wilbee scandalous) to bee all one thinge variously transposed! it mote chaunce to pose them all though to the poet it bee possible to give a tract, which cann satisfy all men, on what kinds of learninge soever they insist! And further demonstrate, how that a forane poet (esteemed excellent, but dealinge with holie scripture in the Letter) hath from trewe poetries waiese (meaninge the ancient) not a litle erred: forasmuch as it is well knowne to the Academick Classis Laureate, that not good verse alone, nor prose alone, ne store of similes, or some discription with allusion onlie, and the

like, doe make poetrie complete. Yet beinge of it! cann at the most amount but to Sermocination, of prose turnd verse. Thus yf Poetes bee of my iury! I hope I have not provoked anie discreate manns choler, in thus showldringe (though weakely, to poetries behoof) for the same roome for her, *which* Porphirie in schooles collateth szt habet esse in genere demonstrantium; and thearfore without leave, is worthie of own ingenious reputation as well now, as then; to whome ancient learninge woold never give the lye, for doubt of pledginge the new in apium risus. Otherwise, even Cornelius Agrippa, ipse aries (for all his occult philosophick lookes) maie chaunce in this straine, to sitt beatinge his heeles without the muses gates, singinge to own vanity, *Beati qui non intelligunt.* more mote bee brought how lustie some historiens deport them on own glorious ostentation, as yf theare weare none to them! sith vncivilie tauntinge, discreditinge, degradinge, and controwlinge deieted poetrie (the ideal model of moral demonstratives) *which* ever was *rara avis in terris*, and knoweth what shee doth, without such as publish ann ignorance, never ingendred in schooles: for Poetrie hath waies by her selfe. Whearfore such angrie quillmen maie, (when they knowe more) blush of own shame, yf shee acquitt her self from beinge either ward! or tenent

at will to them! Howbeet love predominatinge with vs, concealeth names, that by this litle (gentlie ment,) they woold bee pleased to amend much; *which* more woold commend their own learninge, yf not indignlie baiting sound poetrie of virtuous institute; and thearfore so much the more esteemed by the most noble, most honorable, most valient, wise, and learned, as thinge (by som maintained) *which* none maie teach to other: Least elles shee complaine her to all her ingenious pupills, whoe cann byte home yf bytten. I never had the philosophers stone, whearewith to promise our Guyon, in suche daintie limned worck, as Ariostoes orlando hath fownd since hee came into England; nevertheless this meanethie historicalie with the ancientes, to present Sir Gwies youth, manwood, and old age: his love, warr, & mortification, all sommed vp in his liefe, and death, and that accordinge to our most ancient historiens, poetes, heraltes recordes, publick monumentes, and tradicion also, *which* sometime is a never dienge trewe cronicler. Thus not havinge whearewith ells to expresse my poore service vnto you then in this expense of times leasure with takinge humblest leave doe recommend it vnto you, and you all, to thalmightie.

this of

Your verie lovinge frend

Jo: La:

See Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*. Alexis' father wishes him to marry, and chooses him a bride. "On the appointed day the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and festivity; but when the evening came the bride-groom had disappeared, and they sought him everywhere in vain; and when they questioned the bride, she answered, 'Behold, he came into my chamber and gave me this ring of gold, and this girdle of precious stones, and this veil of purple, and then he bade me farewell, and I know not whither he is gone.' And they were all astonished; and seeing he returned not, they gave themselves up to grief: his mother spread sackcloth on the earth and sprinkled it with ashes, and sat down upon it; and his

wife took off her jewels and bridal robes, and darkened her windows, and put on widow's attire, weeping continually; and Euphemian sent servants and messengers to all parts of the world to seek his son, but he was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, Alexis, after taking leave of his bride, disguised himself in the habit of a pilgrim, fled from his father's house, and throwing himself into a little boat, he reached the mouth of the Tiber; at Ostia he embarked in a vessel bound for Laodicea, and thence he repaired to Edessa, a city of Mesopotamia, and dwelt there in great poverty and humility, spending his days in ministering to the sick and poor, and in devotion to the Madonna, until the people who beheld his great

piety, cried out 'A saint!' Then fearing for his virtue, he left that place and embarked in a ship bound for Tarsus, in order to pay his devotions to St. Paul. But a great tempest arose, and after many days the ship, instead of reaching the desired port, was driven to the mouth of the Tiber, and entered the port of Ostia. When Alexis found himself again near his native home, he thought, 'It is better for me to live by the charity of my parents than to be a burden to strangers,' and hoping that he was so much changed that no one would recognise him, he entered the city of Rome. As he approached his father's house, he saw him come forth with a great retinue of servants, and accosting him humbly besought a corner of refuge beneath his roof, and to eat of the crumbs which fell from his table; and Euphemian, looking on him, knew not that it was his son, nevertheless he felt his heart moved with unusual pity, and granted his petition, thinking within himself, 'Alas for my son Alexis! perhaps he is now a wanderer and poor, even as this man.' So he gave Alexis in charge to his servants, commanding that he should have all things needful. But, as it often happens with rich men who have many servitors and slaves, Euphemian was ill obeyed; for, believing Alexis to be what he appeared—a poor ragged wayworn beggar—they gave him no other lodging than a hole under the marble steps which led to his father's door, and all who passed and repassed looked on his misery; and the servants, seeing that he bore all uncomplaining, mocked at him, thinking him an idiot, and pulled his matted beard, and threw dirt on his head; but he endured in silence. A far greater trial was to witness every day the grief of his mother and wife; for his wife, like another Ruth, refused to go back to the house of her fathers; and often, as he lay in his dark hole under the steps, he heard her weeping in her chamber and crying, 'O my Alexis! whither art thou

gone? Why hast thou espoused me only to forsake me?' And hearing her thus tenderly lamenting and upbraiding his absence, he was sorely tempted; nevertheless he remained steadfast. Thus many years passed away, until his emaciated frame sunk under his sufferings, and it was revealed to him that he should die. Then he procured from a servant of the house pen and ink, and wrote a full account of all these things, and all that had happened to him in his life, and put the letter in his bosom, expecting death. It happened about this time, on a certain feast day, that Pope Innocent was celebrating high mass before the Emperor Honorius and all his court, and suddenly a voice was heard, which said, 'Seek the servant of God who is about to depart from this life, and who shall pray for the city of Rome.' So the people fell on their faces; and another voice said, 'Where shall we seek him?' And the first voice answered, 'In the house of Euphemian the patrician.' And Euphemian was standing next to the emperor, who said to him, 'What! hast thou such a treasure in thy house, and hast not divulged it? Let us now repair thither immediately.' So Euphemian went before to prepare the way, and as he approached his house a servant met him, saying, 'The poor beggar whom thou hast sheltered has died within this hour, and we have laid him on the steps before the door.' And Euphemian ran up the steps and uncovered the face of the beggar, and it seemed to him the face of an angel, such a glory of light proceeded from it; and his heart melted within him, and he fell on his knees; and as the emperor and his court came near, he said, 'This is the servant of God of whom the voice spake just now.' And when the pope saw the letter which was in the dead hand of Alexis, he humbly asked him to deliver it; and the hand relinquished it forthwith, and the chancellor read it aloud before all the assembly."

[The First Part.]

[How Guy undertakes to fight a Danish Giant.]

WHEN: meate & drinke is great plentye, [page 349] At feasts
then lords and Ladyes still wilbe,
& sitt, & solace lythe¹;

4 then itt is time ffor mee to speake
of keene knights & kempes² great,
such carping ffor to kythe,³

I tell of
knights and
warriors

how they haue conquered, for Englands right:
8 with helme vpon head, with halbert⁴ bright,
ffull oft & many a sithe⁵

who have

they⁶ haue burnt by dale and downe,
citye, castle, tower, & towne,

burnt towers
and towns,

12 & made bearnes vnblythe;

made Ladyes ffor to weepe with dreery mood,
when theire ffreinds ought ayled but good,
their hands⁷ to wring and writhe.⁸

and made
women weep
for their
friends.

16 of all cronicles ffarr and neere,
were⁹ any deeds of armes weere,¹⁰
the most I prayse Sir Guy

Above all
heroes

I put Guy of
Warwick,

of warwicke! *that* noble knight

20 oft times ffor Englands right
hath done ffull worthylye;
yett hee kept itt as priuilye
as tho itt had neuer beene hee,

who kept
secret his
noble deeds
for England.

24 without noyse or crye.

& when he came ouer the salt ffome
ffrom Sir Terrey of Gorwaine,¹¹

When he
came back

¹ soft, gentle.—P. listen to.—F.

² *kempa*, a soldier, Champion; *kemp*, to contend. Scot. vid. Gl. ad G.D.—P.

³ A.-S. *cyðan*, to make known, relate.—F.

⁴ hauberk.—P.

⁵ *sithe*, vices (time) Lye; Chaucer.—P.

⁶ The Danes.—P.

⁷ MS. lands.—F. hands.—P.

⁸ The author wrote “wry.”—Dyce.

⁹ where.—P.

¹⁰ There is a tag to the *e*.—F.

¹¹ Sir Thierry of Gurmoise, in the *Affleck Romance* as analysed by Ellis, first Guy's opponent, then the friend rescued by him. See Ellis, p. 204, 214, 218, 223 (ed. Bohn).—F.

from helping
Sir Terrey,

a knight of maine and moode,
28 ffor ffeare lest any one shold him know,
he kept him in silly beggars rowe
where euer hee went or stood ;

he dressed as
a beggar,

and only
enquired
about
Warwick.

Athelstan
was then
besieged in
Winchester

& euer he sperred ¹ priuilicke
32 how they ffared att warwicke,
& how they lined there.
King Athels[t]one, the truth to say,
att the towne of winchester there he lay
36 with one soe royall a ffare.

by the
Danish king,
Auelocke,

the King of Denmarke, Auelocke,²
he into England brought a fflocke
of bearnes as breeme as beare³ ;

whose
Giant

40 & with him a Gyant stiffe & starke,
a Lodlye devill out of Denmarke :
such another you neuer saw yore :

was all
armed in
plate,

hee was rayed richlye with royall plate
44 both legg & arme, you may well wott,⁴
in armor bright to be seene ;
he brought weapon,—who list ffor to read—
more then any cart could lead,⁵
48 to ding men downe by-deene ;

and had
sworn to
subdue all
England.

& swore othes great and grim,
that all England shold hold of him,
or he would kindle their care.

No English
knight dares
fight him.

52 then in England there was neuer a knight
that once with him durst ffight,—
ffull sore⁶ he did them dread,⁷—

Athelstan
prays ;

neither with Auelocke nor Athelstone.
56 then our King, to Christ he made his moane,

¹ i. e. enquired.—P. There are two strokes for the second *i* in *priuilicke*.—F.

² Anlaf, in the Affleck MS. The change here is due, no doubt, to the Romance of Havelok the Dane.—F.

³ boare, q.—P. *Bore* is the regular word.—F.

⁴ wate, weet, q.—P.
⁵ forté pro (lade, i. e.) load, A.-S. hladan, B. læden.—P.

⁶ soe sore.—P.

⁷ dare, q.—P.

- & to his mother bright to be seene.
 then one Night as our *King* lay in a vision,
 there came an Angell downe ffrom heauen
 60 . to lett him vnderstand ¹ :
- he sayd, "rise vp in the morning by prime,²
 & goe to the gates in a good time ;
 an old man shall you ffind there,
 64 both with his scripp and his pike,
 as *that* hee were palmer like,
 lowring ³ vnder his here.⁴
 vpon thy knees, Sir *King*, looke thou kneele him to,
 68 & pray him the battell to doe,
 ffor his loue *that* Marry bore.⁵"
- with *that* the Angell vanished away.
 but more of this Gyant I haue to say.
 72 as I haue heard my Elders tell,
 he was soe ffoule & soe great course,⁶
 That neither might beare him steed nor horsse ; . [page 350]
 men thought he came ffrom hell.
- 76 the[n] bespake a Squier priuilye :
 "where is the *Knight* men call Sir Guy,
 some time ⁷ in this land did dwell?
 or Sir Arrard ⁸ of arden alsoe ?
 80 the one of these might thither goe
 the Gyant ffor to quell."
- then bespake him an Erle in *that* while,
 & sais, "Sir Guy is now in Exile,
 84 no man knowes wh[i]ther or where ;
 he had but one sonne, & he hight Rainborne ;
 a merchant stold him ffrom wallingford towne,
 ouer the seas with him to ffare ;

an angel
comes to him
in a vision,

and tells him
to go early
to the gates,
where he'll
find an old
man like a
palmer.

Him he must
pray to
fight the
giant.

(A squire
says Sir Guy

or Sir
Arrard of
Arden
would fight
him.

"Ah! but
Guy is in
exile.

His son
Rainborne is
stolen ;

¹ him ken aright, q.—P.

² *Prime*, the first houre of the day (in Summer at foure a clocke, in Winter at eight). Cotgrave.—F.

³ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁴ hair, q.—P. here = hair.—F.

⁵ bare, q.—P.

⁶ i. e. Corpse.—P.

⁷ *tine* in the MS.—F.

⁸ Sir Heraud, Guy's trusty companion, then "in a dungeon on the coast of Africa." Ellis, p. 198, 234.—F.

- and his wife,
Felix,
- 88 " the Erle & the Countesse beene both dead,
Dame ffelix is sore adread
of ¹ her Lord, Sir Guye.
- thinks he,
Guy, is
dead.")
- 92 & soe shee thinkes Sir Guy is alsoe,
the flower of knighthood bold."
- Next
morning,
Athelstan
goes to the
gates,
- 96 then Earlye, as soone as itt was day,
our King to the gates tooke his way,
his fforward ² ffor to hold.
- finds an old
man in
palmer's
dress,
- right certaine truth to tell,
he ffound ³ a man in the same apparell
as the Angell before had him told.
- 100 vpon his knees the King kneeled him to,
and prayd him the battell doe,
ffor his loue *that* Iudas sold.
- and prays
him to fight
the giant.
- The Palmer
says
- 104 then answered the Palmer right,
& sayd, "in England you haue many a Knight
the battell *that* may doe.
- he is too
weak.
- I am brused in my body, & am vnyeeld ⁴ ;
alas, I may no wepons welde !
- 108 behold, & take good heede ⁵ ! "
- Athelstan
says
God wills
that he
should fight.
- our King sayd the palmer vntill,
" well I wott itt is gods will
you shold helpe me in my need ⁶ ! "
- "Then I
will,"
answers he.
- 112 "If *that* be soe," the palmer did speake,
"by the might of Christ I shall thee wreake,⁷
if I had armour & sheild."
- Athelstan
- our King of this hee was ffull ffaine,
116 & soe were all his lords certaine.

¹ for, q.—P.² agreement: with the angel?—F.³ MS. faund.—F.⁴ unwielde or unweld, q. Chauc.—P.⁵ Then take good heed thereto, q.—P.⁶ in the field, q.—P.⁷ revenge.—P.

- to a Chamber they cold him Lead ;
 they sought vp Armour bright and ffaire,
 inough ffor any *King* to haue in store,¹
 120 & they best they did him bidd.
- but meete for his body there was none,
 he was soe large of blood and bone,
 the ffersest² *that* euer was ffedd.
 124 the day of battell drew neere hand ;
 but 5 dayes before, as I vnderstand,
 our king was sore affrayd.
- then bespake the palmer priuilye,
 128 “ where is the *Knight* men call Sir Guye ?
 sometimes in this land he dyd dwell³ ;
 once I see him beyond the sea ;
 his Armoure I thinke wold serue mee
 132 in battell stifflye to stand.”
- the *King* did thereto assent ;
 the *Kings* messenger to warwicke went,
 the Countesse soone he ffound.⁴
 136 before her he kneeled him on his knee,
 prayed her of the armor belonged to Sir Guy
 when he was a-liue liuande.⁵
- shee saught vp armoure ffaire to bee seene :
 140 Sir Guyes sword was sharpe & keene,
 himselfe was wonnt to weare.
 to the towne of winchester they did itt bring ;
 full gladd therof then was the *King*,
 144 & many *that* with him there were.
- then thé rayed the palmer anon-right
 with helme vpon head, with halbert⁶ bright ;
- offers him
armour,
- but none
will fit him,
he is so big.
- The day of
battle draws
near.
- The Palmer
suggests
that Guy's
armour will
fit him.
- Athelstan
sends to the
Countess for
it,
- and she
sends it
back, with
Guy's sword.
- They arm
him,

¹ to wear, q.—P.² MS. fferffest.—F.³ he did dwell in this land, q.—P.⁴ fand, q.—P.⁵ alive on ground, q.—P.⁶ hauberk, q.—P.

- they raught him sheild and speare.
- he mounts,
and rides
forth. 148 Then he lope on horsbacke with good entent, [p. 351]
& fforth of the gates then hee went,
his ffoes ffor to ffeare.
- When he
gets to the
field 152 then al be-spread ¹ was the ffeild
with helme vpon head, with shining sheild,²
as breeme ³ as any beare.⁴
- Guy dis-
mounts,
and prays 156 & when the palmer all the armes sawe,
he lighted downe, & list not lunge,
to Christ but he mad his prayers arright⁵:
“ Christ! *that* suffered wounds ⁵,
& raised Lazarus ffrom dath to liffe,⁶
to grant mee speech & sight,—
160 & saued danyell the Lyons ffroe,
& borrowed ⁷ Susanna out of woe,—
to grant him strenght & might,
strength to
free England
from the
Danish yoke. 164 “ *that* I may England out of thraldome bring
& not let vnder ⁸ the danish King
haue litle England att his will.”
- Then he
springs into
the saddle, 168 then without any stirrope verament
into the saddle he sprent,
& sate there sadd and still.
- and Athel-
stan says our King said, “ by gods grace
this riseth ffrom a light liuerues,⁹
and of an Egar will.
- he never
saw any one
do that
except Sir
Guy. 172 I neuer kneww no man *that* soe cold haue done,
but old Sir Guy of warw[i]cke towne,
that curteous knight himselfe.¹⁰ ”

¹ MS. albe spread.—F. all bespread.
—P.

² With Hauberk glitterand bright,
query.—P.

³ MS. breeue.—F.

⁴ boar, qu.—P. *Bore* is the old word;
but the rhyme with *feare* makes the
change necessary. See too l. 39.—F.

⁵ prayers thore.—P.

⁶ from dead on live, q.—P.

⁷ borrow, ab. A.-S. *beorgan*; *servare*,
custodire.—P.

⁸ delend.—P.

⁹ nimbleness. See *liuer*, vol. i. p. 17,
l. 46. Fr. *delivre de sa personne*, an
active nimble wight. Cotgrave.—F.

¹⁰ himsel. Boreal. D.—P.

[The Second Part.]

[How Sir Guy fights and kills the Danish Giant.]

- 176 { The Gyant was the first *that* tooke the place ; The foul
 2^d parte { vglye he was, and ffoule of fface ; Giant comes,
 { the danish men began to smile.
 { he wold neither runne nor leape,
 { but layd all his weapons vpon a heape, stands still,
 { & dryd ¹ himselfe for guile and tries his
 { *that* he might choose of the best, weapons.
 { *that* who-soeuer with them hee hitt,
 { which warr *that* hard while.
- 184 Trumpetts made steeds to stampe & stare ;
 the King of denmarke, he was there,
 the King of England alsoe.
 then the King of Denmarke a booke out breade,²
- 188 & sware theron, as the story sayes,— swears
 behold & take good heed :—
- “ if the Gyant had the warre,³
 of England he wold neuer cleame more,
 192 neither nye nor ffurr.⁴ ”
 the kinge of England was there alsoe ;
 the same othe he sware alsoe,—
 behold and take good heede,⁵—
- 196 “ if the pore palmer had the wore,
 of England he wold neuer claime more,
 while his liffe dayes last wold.”
 & thus their trothes together they strake,
 200 they said their poyntment shold not slake,
 nor exile out off Arr.⁶

King
Avelockethat if the
Giant is
beaten,
he'll never
claim
England
again.
Athelstan
swears that
ifhis Palmer
is beaten
he'll not
claim
England.¹ fortè dress'd.—P. tried.—F.² breide, braide, arose, &c., also pulled
out, drew, Gl. ad Chauc.—P.³ werre for werrs.—P.⁴ i.e. nigh nor far.—P.⁵ corrupt.—P.⁶ mold, q.—P.

The Giant
says that
he'll

then the Gyant loud did crye :
to the *King* of Denmarke ¹ these words says hee,
204 " behold & take good heede !
yonder is an Iland in the sea ;
ffrom me he can-not scape away,
nor passe my hands indeed ;

kill or drown
Guy,

209 " but I shall either slay him with my brand,
or drowne him in yonder salt strand ²;
ffro me he shall not scape away.

and crown
Avelocke
King of
England.

then I will with my owne hand
212 crowne thee king of litle England
ffor euer and ffor aye."

The Giant
and Guy
cross to an
island in
two barges.

that was true, as the *King* of denmarke thought ;
comanded 2 barges fforth to be brought,
216 & either into one was done.
the Gyant was ³ the ffirst *that* ore did passe.
& as soone as hee ⁴ to the Iland come was,
his barge there he thrust him ffrom ;

Guy pushes
his barge off

220 with his ffoote & with his hand
he thrust his barge ffrom the Land,
with the watter he lett itt goe,
he let itt passe ffrom him downe the streame.
224 then att him the Gyant wold ffreane ⁵
why he wold doe soe.

into the
stream,

saying that

then bespake the Palmer anon-right,
" hither wee be come ffor to ffight
228 till the tone of vs be slaine ;
2 botes brought vs hither,
& therefore came not both together,
but one will bring vs home. ⁶

one is
enough to
carry the
victor back.

¹ MS. Demmarke.—F.

² Cp. "then I was ware of a runing
strand." Eger & Grime, vol. i. p. 360,
l. 187.—F.

³ It should be 'Sir Guy was.'—P.

⁴ Guy.—F.

⁵ *frein, fraine*, interrogare, Jun.—P.

⁶ Percy adds (again) ? Home is for
hame.—F.

232 "ffor thy Bote thou hast yonder tyde, [page 352]

ouer in thy bote I trust to ryde ;

& therfore Gyant, beware ! "

trumpetts blew, & bade them goe toote,

236 the one [on] horsbacke, the other on ffoote¹ ;

but Guy to god was darre.²

The
trumpets
sound,

Sir Guy weened well to doo,

he tooke a strong speare & rode h[i]m too,

240 he was in a good intent :

althoe he rode neuer soe ffast,

his strong speare on the Gyant hee brast,

that all to shiners itt went.

and Sir Guy
charges.

He shivers
his spear on
the Giant,

244 & then Sir Guy anon-right

drew out his sword *that* was soe bright,

that many a man beheld,

& on the Gyant he smote³ soe

248 *that* a quarter of his sheild fell him ffroe,

euen vntill the ffeild.

draws his
sword,

and cuts off
part of his
shield.

the Gyant against him made him bowne⁴ ;

horsse & man & all came downe

252 vpon the ground⁵ soe greene.

throughout Sir Guyes steede

the Gyants sword to the ground yeed⁶ ;

such stroakes haue seldome⁷ beene seene.

The Giant
knocks Guy
over,

and cuts his
horse right
through.

256 then Sir Guy started on his feete ffull tyte,⁸

& on the Gyant cold hee smite

as a man *that* had beene woode ;

& vpon the Gyant he smote soe ffast

260 *that* the Gyants strong armour all to-brast ;

there-out sprang the bloode.

Guy cuts

through the
Giant's
armour,
and draws
blood.

¹ There is a mark between the *f* and
o in the MS.—F.

² deare, q.—P.

³ *snote* in the MS.—F.

⁴ ready.—P

⁵ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

⁶ passed.—P.

⁷ seld or seeld, q.—P.

⁸ Light, q.—P.

- The Giant
knocks off
the jewelled
crest of
Guy's helm,
- 264 then the Gyant hitt Sir Guy vpon the helme ;
 aboue on his head the stroake itt ffell ;
 itt was with stones sett,
 itt was with precyous stones made ;
 Sir Guys helmett neere assunder yode ¹ ;
 such stroakes of men beene drade.
- and then
- 268 then the Gyant thirsted sore ;
 some of his blood he had lost thore ² ;
 & this he sayd on hye :
 “ good Sir, & itt be thy will,
asks leave
- 272 giue me leaue to drinke my ffill,
 ffor sweete S^t Charytye ;
 “ and I will doe thee the same deede
 another time, if thou haue neede,
he'll let Guy
do the same.
- 276 I tell the certainlye.”
 “ why, vpon *that* couenant,” Sir Guy can sayine,
Guy gives
him leave,
 “ goe & drinke thy ffill, & come againe,
 and heere Ile abyde thee.”
- the Giant
drinks,
- 280 beside them there the riner ran ;
 the Gyant went & reffresht him then,
 & came ffull soone againe.
- and they
fight till
noon.
- 284 ffrom *that* itt was lowe prime
 till itt was hye noone,
 thé delten strokes with maine.³
- but the sword *that* Sir Guy had lead,
therewith he kept his head,
288 stoode oft in poynt ffor to be slaine.
- Then Guy
thirsts
- then Sir Guy thirsted sore ;
 he had rather haue had drunke there
 then haue had England & almaine ⁴ :

yade.—P.

² So Chaucer R R 1853, pro *tho*, vel
there, metri gratia.—P.³ amaine, q.—P.⁴ Germany.—P.

- 292 "good Sir, iff itt be thy will,
lett me goe now & drinke my ffill,
beffore as I did thee."
- "nay," then sayd the Gyant, "I were to blame
296 vnlesse *that* I knew thy name,
I tell thee certainlye."
- "why then," quoth hee, "Ile neue[r] swicke¹;
my name is Guy of warwicke;
300 what shold I longer layne² to thee?"
the Gyant sayd, "soe might I swinke,³
doest thou thinke Ile let thee drinke?
no! not ffor all Cristentye!
- 304 "Ah ha!" quoth the Gyant, "haue I Sir Guy here?
in all this world is not a⁴ peere.
ffor ought *that* thou can doe or deale,⁵
thy head [I] shall present my Lady the Queene,
308 I tell thee certainlye [bedeene.]⁶"
then Sir Guy towards the riuer came.
- the Gyant was not light, but after him went;
the Gyant Layd after Guy with strokes strong,
312 but Guy was light, & lope againe to the Land⁷;
ffor ere he cold any stroke of Sir Guy woone,⁸
Guy had beene in the riuer⁹ to the chune,¹⁰
& dranke *that* did him gaine.
- 316 & vp he start, & sayd there:
"thou ffoule traitor! I will thee loue noe more¹¹!
ffor thy trechery, traytor, thou shalt abuy¹²!"

and asks the
Giant to let
him drink.

"You may if
you'll tell me
your name."

"Guy of
Warwick."

"Then you
sha'n't
drink."

I'll give
your head
to my
queen."

However,
Guy goes
into the
river,

[page 353]

up to his
chin, and
drinks.

Then he
reproaches
the Giant
for his
treachery,

¹ *swik*, fallere, decipere. Lye. G.D.
102, 38.—P.

² *laine* celare.—P.

³ labor, toil.—P.

⁴ his.—F. ⁵ delend, q.—P.

⁶ Added by Percy.—F.

⁷ The Giant did not lag behind him
long,

But layd after Guy with strokes
strong.

Guy lope on *the* Land againe.—P.

⁸ winne, q.—P.

⁹ Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

¹⁰ chinne.—P.

¹¹ leave no mair, q.—P.

¹² reel, q.—P. Perhaps "kneelee":
compare l. 327.—Dyce.

- these words spake good Sir Guy,
 320 & lifted vp his swordd on hye,
 & saies, "good stroakes thou shalt ffeele."
 and hits him
 a stroke
 then Sir Guy att the Gyant smote
 a dint *that* wonderffull byterlye bote :
 that cuts
 324 he smote assunder Iron & steele ;
 Sir Guys sword through the basnett ¹ ran,
 down to his
 skull.
 & glased ² vpon his braine pan,
 & the Gyant began to kneele.
- The Giant
 knocks Guy
 down.
 328 & then the Gyant att Sir Guy smote
 a dint *that* wonderffull ³bitterlye bote ;
 he smote Sir Guy downe to the ground.
 Sir Guy was neuer soe discomfitted before ;
 332 but through ⁴ the might of him *that* Marye bore,
 releened him againe in *that* stonde.
- Guy thinks
 on Christ,
 he thought on Christ *that* suffered wounds 5,
 & raised Lazarus ffrom d[e]ath to liffe,
 336 & vpon the crosse was wound,
 to giue him grace to quitt *that*.
 & then his sword in his hand he gatt,
 & narr ⁵ the Gyant did hee stand,⁶
- sticks the
 Giant
 through the
 breast-plate,
 340 & att the Gyant there he smote
 a dint *that* wonderffull bitterlye bote ;
 through his brest-plate his sword he stake.⁷
 & as Sir Guy wold haue wrested itt out,
 but breaks
 his sword.
 344 his good sword broke with-on[t] all ⁸ doubt,
 within the hiltes itt brake ;

¹ *Bassnet*, Helmet, or Head-piece
 (French) Gl. ad G. D.—P. A light helmet,
 shaped like a skull-cap. Fairholt.—F.

² glanced or grazed, q.—P.

³ *bu* with one dot for *bi* in the MS.—F.

⁴ delend.—P.

⁵ i. e. nearer.—P.

⁶ stond, q.—P.

⁷ strake, Qu.—P.

⁸ without all, q.—P.

& theratt lough the Danish *King*,
 & Athelstone made much mour[n]ing
 348 to heare how the Gyant spake :

“now thou hast broken thy sword & thy sheeld,
 here is no wepons ffor to weld ;
 therefore yeeld thee to mee swythe,¹
 352 & I will thy arrand soe doo,
 & to Auelocke our *King* Ile speake ffor thee,
 to grant thee land and liffe,
 that thou durst ffor thy Chialrye
 356 be soe bold as ffight with mee
 that am ² soe stiffe and stithe.³”

The Giant
tells him

he had
better yeld
at once, and

Avelocke
will grant
him land
and life.

“nay !” sayd Sir Guy, “by heauen Queene,
 that sight by me shall neuer be seene,
 [forsooth I do thee tell.]
 360 ffor I shall kindle thy *Kings* cares ⁴ :
 through the Might of him *that* Marry bare,
 with stroakes I shall thee fell.”

Guy refuses.

the Gyant laught, & loud gan crye,
 364 “why speakest thou masterfullye ?
 hearke what I shall thee tell :
 thou hast broken thy sword & thy sheeld,
 & thou hast noe weapons thy selfe to weld,
 368 nor ⁵ here is none to sell.”

But, says the
Giant,

you've no
weapons to
fight with.

“no,” sayd Sir Guy, “I know better cheape ;
 yonder lyes a great cart-load on a heape,
 that thou thy-selfe hither did bring.”
 372 “then thé wold laugh me to scorne, my *Lords* manye,
 if of my wepons I shold let thee take anye,
 my selfe downe ffor to dinge.”

“I'll help
myself from
your heap.”

¹ soon, instantly.—P. There is a
stroke between *to* and *mee*.—F.

² *ann* in the MS.—F.

³ Stithe, *rigidus, validus, strenuus*.
Lyc.—P.

⁴ care, q.—P.

⁵ ? MS. now.—F.

- Guy seizes a
Danish axe,
376 then Sir Guy to the weapons went :
a danish ¹ axe in his hand hee hent,
& lightlye about his head he can itt fling.
cuts off the
Giant's
sword-arm,
380 the Gyant vpon the sholder he smote ;
the sword and arme ffell to hys ² ffoote,
this was noe leasinge.
- and then, as
he stoops,
384 then as he wold haue stooped, as I vnde[r]stand,
to haue taken vp his sword in his other hand
to haue wreaked him of *that* wrathe,
Sir Guys axe was sharpe, & share,
his head.
the Gyants head he smote of there,
bremelye ³ in that breath.
- The Danes
388 & then the Danish men gan say
to our Englishmen, " well-away [page 254]
that euer wee came in your griste ⁴ ! "
flee,
they ran & they rode ouer hill & slade ⁵ ;
much haste home-ward they made
392 with sorrow & care enough.
- and take
their king
home,
396 they hyed them ouer the salt ffome
to bring the *King* of denmarke hame
with sorrow and mickle care ;
ffor they haue left behind them slaine
a ffull ffoule Lodlye ⁶ swayne,
both of head and hayre.
- as they
swore to
claim
England no
more.
400 ffor their trothes they had truly plight,
that ' as they were true *King* and Knight,
of England neuer to clayme more.'
& then to the body they sett his head ;
his sword in his hand was lead,⁷
404 ⁸ the strongest *that* euer man bo[re].

¹ See note ² to l. 169, p. 68, vol. i.
—F.

² The *y* is dotted as in old MSS.—F.

³ breme, *ferox*, *atrox*. Lye.—P.

⁴ ? MS. *grisle*.—F.

⁵ A.-S. *slād*, a slade ; plain, open tract

of country. Bosworth.—F.

⁶ filthy.—P.

⁷ laid, q.—P.

⁸ & *stanke* as *did the tike* is crossed
out at the beginning of this line in the
MS.—F.

- the Gyants blood was blacke & red,
his body was like the beaten lead,
& stanke as did the tyke.¹
- 408 then thé Layd the head to the corse,
& the arme againe to the bodye alsoe,
& buryed them both in a dicke.²
- great hauocke our Englishmen made.
- 412 of³ the great cart-loade of weapons *that* were made,⁴
they longhe, & good game they made.⁵
that the axe out of Denmarke was brought,
the Gyants head of to smyte,⁶
- 416 thé thanked christ *that* tyde.
- & then the King beffore the palmer did kneele,
sayes, "thou art blest, I wott itt weele,
of god and our Ladye."
- 420 the palmer, in his hart hee was full sore
when he saw our king kneele him before ;
"stand vp, my lord !" sayd hee,
"ffor well I wott itt was his deede
- 424 *that* ffor vs vpon a crosse did bleede
vpon the mount of Caluarye."
- & then our king after *that*,
in the honor of this battell great,
- 428 this deed hee caused to be done :
gard them to take vp the axe & the sword,
& keepe them well in royall ward,
& bring them to winchester towne,
- 432 & hang them vp on St. Swythens church on hye
that all men⁷ there may see,

The Giant's

corse

is buried.

The English
make fun
over his
weapons.Athelstan
thanks Guy.

Guy

gives the
victory to
Christ.

Athelstan

has the
Giant's
sword and
axe hung
up inSt. Swithin's
Church in
Winchester.

¹ tike, *Ricinus*, [tick,] a dog-louse.
In Shakespear it is used for a little dog.
Johnson.—P.

² Dyke, q.—P.

³ at.—P.

⁴ laid, q.—P.

⁵ & did daryde, q.—P.

⁶ that smote, q.—P.

⁷ *mem* in the MS.—F. There is no
tradition in Winchester of Guy's axe
and sword ever having been in St.
Swithin's church.—Bailey.

thither if they wold ffare.¹
 I tell you the weapons be there & thore
 436 but of this matter He tell you more,
 hastylye and soone.

[The Third Part.]

[How Sir Guy turns Hermit, and sends for his Wife as he dies.]

A procession
of monks,

440

singing
Te Deum,
meets
Athelstan,3^d partewho offers
Guy castles
and towers.

444

Then all religious of the towne,
 they mett the King with ffaire procession;
 & other psalmes amonge,²
 te deum was theire song,
 & other praises there amonge,
 that pleased³ the Lords to pray.
 the profferred the palmer att that tyde,
 castles hye & towers wyde,
 good horsres to assay.

Guy asks
only for his
staff and
pike.

448

"Nay," saies he, "gine me *that* is mine,
 my scripp & my pike & my slauen,⁴
 & lett me wend my way."

ffor all they profferred him there,
 he fforsooke them : wold haue no more⁵

452

but *that* with him he brought.The King
goes with
him and
asks his
name.

& then our King with him forth on his way went;
 to know his name was his entent;

"but all," he sayd, "is ffor nought,

Guy tells

456

without you wilbe sworne vnto me,
 ffor 12 monthes in councell itt shalbe,

¹ gone.—P.² all their Psalms 'gan say, q.—P.³ It pleased, q.—P.⁴ *Slaveine*, a pilgrim's mantle. *Sarabarda*, Anglice a sclavene. Halliwell. Fr. *Esclavine* as *Esclavine* (a long and thicke riding cloake to beare off the raine;

a Pilgrims cloake or mantle; a cloake for a traeller;) or a sea-gowne; or a course high-collared, and short-sleeued gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and vsed most by seamen and Saylors. Cotgrave, A.D. 1611.—F.

⁵ mair, q.—P.

by him *that* all this world has wrought."
 & when our *King* had sworne him too,
 460 "why, my name," he sayes, "is Guy of warwicke, loe!
 & this ffor thee I haue ffought."

him under a
 vow of
 secresy.

"O," said our *King*, "Sir Guy, abyde with mee,
 & halfe of England I will giue thee,
 464 & assunder wee will neuer."

Athelstan
 offers him
 half of
 England
 to stay.

"nay, I thanke you my lord curteous & kind,¹
 I haue a pilgramage great to wend,
 ffrom sinne my soule to couer.²

Guy refuses,
 he must go a
 pilgrimage

468 Sometimes I was one of your Erles wight,³ [page 355]

but now age & trauell hath me dight;
 ffarwell, my Lord, ffor euer!

for to warwicke wend will I,
 472 to speake with fayre ffoelix⁴ my wiffe, before I dye,
 for nothing I had leaner."

to Warwick,
 to see his
 wife.

he had beene in battell stiffe & strong,
 & smitten with wepons *that* were long,
 476 & bidden many a drearye day:
 when the parted, they both did weepe.
 Sir Guy held downe the hye street,⁵
 in⁶ warwicke where he lay.

Guy
 journeys

480 & when he came to warwicke towne,
 his owne countesse to dinner was bowne
 & all masses were sayd.

to Warwick,
 finds his
 Countess at
 dinner,

ffor ffearre lest any man shold him Ken,
 484 he sett him downe among the poore godsmen,
 & held him well pleased.¹

and
 sits down
 among the
 poor
 godsmen,

¹ hend, q.—P.

² pronounced *kiver*; perhaps *seuer*.
 —P.

³ stout, active.—P.

⁴ Felice, in Ellis.—F.

⁵ i.e. the High-way. Qu. the high
 Roman Road.—P.

⁶ to, q.—P.

⁷ well-apaide, q. (eodem fere sensu.)
 —P.

The
Countess
feeds daily
13 palmers.

his owne Ladye euerye day att her gate
13 palmers in cold shee take

488 to dine with her att noone.

Guy goes in
as one,

Sir Guy was leane of cheeke & chin,
& thereffore the porter lett him in,
& 12 after him did goe.¹

and his
Lady gives

492 the Ladye see hee was ill att ease;
shee ffounded² ffast him to please,
[and did him make good cheere;³]

him wine:
he gives it to
his mates.

shee ffett him a pott of her best wine:
496 he dealt⁴ itt about him at that time,
all to his ffellowes there.

He takes
leave of his
Lady.

then after dinner, as saith the booke,
leane of his owne Ladye he tooke
500 before them in the hall.

She bids her
steward

the Ladye called her steward vnto;
shee sayd, "my bidding looke thou doe."
"Madam," hee sayd, "I shall."

tell him to
come to
dinner every
day.

504 "why then, goe to yonder⁵ pore palmer,
& bidd him come euerye day to dinner
before me in this hall;
ffor an honest man⁶ he hath beene
508 when he was younge & kept cleane,
as may be well seene."⁷

The steward
gives Guy
the message.

the steward wold no longer abyde,
but went after the palmer *that* tyde,

¹ gone, q.—P.

² *fond*, *found*, to try, endeavour.
A.S. *fandian*, tentare. Urry, Jun.—P.

³ A Line wanting:

And bade (or did) him make good
cheere." q.—P.

⁴ *him* follows, marked out.—F.

⁵ *yomder* in the MS.—F.

⁶ MS. *me*. A.-S. *mæg* is a relation,
friend, neighbour.—F.

⁷ as may be seene of all, q.—P.

512 & did as the Ladye him bede;¹
 says, "well greetes you my Ladye mild of cheere,
 prayes you euery day to come to dinner,²
 giffe *that* itt be your will."

516 the palmer made answer her steward vnto³;
 say, "I pray to christ grant her *that* meede
that welds both welth and witt!
 a litle ffurther I haue to ffare,
 520 to speake with an hermitt here,
 giff I can with him hitt."

Guy says

he must go
on to an

"an hermitt is dead, I vnderstand,
 & here a hermitage stands vacand,
 524 as [I] doe vnderstand."⁴

empty
hermitage
near.

& there he liued, the truth to say,
 till itt was his ending day,
 & serued christ our King;
 528 he neuer eate other meate
 but herbes and rootes greate,
 & dranke the water of a springe.

He goes,
lives on

then he hyred him a litle page
 532 *that* was but 13 yeeres of age,
 he was both ffayre and ffeate⁵;
 & euery day when the noone bell rang,
 the litle ladd to the towne must gang,
 536 to ffeitch⁶ the Ladyes liuerye.⁷

and his
pagedaily at
noon
fetches the
Countess's
allowance to
him.¹ as y^e Lady did him tell.As the Ladye bade him till or tell.
q.—P.² dinnere, q.—P.³ to her Steward answer made, q.—P.⁴ Half a Stanza or more wanting.
These seem to be the Steward's words.
—P.⁵ MS. may be *feale*.—F. feate, q.—P.
"both ffayre and ffeate was he."—Dyce.⁶ to fet, q.—P.⁷ delivery, allowance of food. Fr. *Livrée*, A deliuerie of a thing thats giuen; and (but lesse properly) the thing so giuen; hence, a Liuerie; Ones cloth, colours, or deuice in colours worn by his servants, or others. *La Livrée des Chanoines*. Their liuerie, or corrodie; their stipend, exhibition, daillie allowance in victualls or money. Cotgrave. —F.

the Ladye was gladd, as I vnderstand ;
 shee gaue itt with her owne handes,¹
 and gladd itt soe shold bee.

At last a
 death-sick-
 ness takes
 Guy ;

540 but there he liued, as sayth the booke,
 till a sicknesse there him tooke,
that needlye² he must dye.

an angel
 comes to
 him

to warn him
 he shall
 die—

one night as Sir Guy lay in vysion,
 544 there came an Angell downe ffrom heauen
 to lett him vnderstand.
 he was as light as any leame,³
 as bright as any sunn beames.
 548 with *that* wakened Sir Guy.⁴

[page 356]

St. Michael,
 from God.

He sayes, " I coniure in the power of Iesus christ⁵
 to tell me wether thou be an euill angell or a good !"
 he sayd, " I hett Michall.
 552 I came ffrom him *that* can both loose and bind
 both mee, and thee, and all mankind,
 both heauen, earth, and hell."

Sir Guy
 sends his
 page

to tell his
 wife to
 come to him.

& then Sir Guy his ring out raught
 556 to the litle ladd, and him taught,
 & bidd he shold " goe snell⁶
 to her *that* hath beene true to mee,
 & pray her to come, my end and see ;
 560 ffor nothing *that* shee dwell.⁷ "

The page
 goes to the
 Countess,

the litle lad made him bowne
 till he came to warwicke towne.

¹ hand.—P.

² so Chaucer, for needs must.—P.

³ *Leame, leme*, a flame, a Light, a blaze.
 Chauc. Urry. Jun.—P. A.-S. *leoma*.
 —F.

⁴ Sir Guy wakende, q.—P.

⁵ Jesus' blood, q. I conjure thee
 by y^e Roode. Qu.—P.

⁶ snell, *celer, pernix, citus, agilis*. A.-S.
snel. Lye.—P.

⁷ dwelle, to stay, tarry. Chauc. *Isl*
dwelia, est cessare, morari. Jun. Lye.
 —P.

the Countesse soone hee ffound ;
 564 before her he kneeled on his knee ;
 saith, " well ¹ greeteth you my Lord, Sir Guy !
 but he is dead neere hand,²

tells her
 that Guy is
 dying,

" & heere he hath sent to you his ringe,—
 568 ffull well you know this tokeninge,—
 & bidds you hye him till."
 a squier wold haue brought her a palffrey,
 but shee tooke a neerer stay ;

and bids her
 come to him.

572 ffor knight ne squier none wold shee haue,
 but ffollow shee did the litle knaue³ ;
 the way was ffayre and drye ;
 ffollow shee did the litle ffoot page
 576 till shee came to the hermitage
 wheras her lord did lye ;

She follows
 the page
 to the
 hermitage,

& then the lady curteous & snell,
 vpon his bed-side downe shee ffell
 580 with many a greenous grone.
 hee looked vpon her with eyes ⁴2,
 he neuer spake more words but these,
 saying, " Madam, lett be thy ffare⁵ ! "

and falls
 down by
 Guy,
 groaning
 grievously.

He tells her
 to be still.

584 a man *that* had seene the sorrow shee had;
 & alsoe the contrition *that* shee made
 ffor her Lord, Sir Guy,
 they wold haue shed many salt teares⁶ :
 588 soe did all *that* with them were,
 both lords eke and Ladyes.

You'd have
 cried to see
 her sorrow.

¹ *greeth* follows, marked out, in the MS.—F.

² *hond*, q.—P.

³ *cnafa*, puer.—P.

⁴ with his eyes, q.—P.

⁵ *mone*.—P.

⁶ many a teare, q.—P.

She says
she and Guy
were
together
only 40
days ;

then shee told them how they had louned long,
& were marryed together when they were younge,
592 & lined together but dayes 40 :
& afterward shee neuer him see,
by no knowledge *that* cold bee,
of 30 winters and three.

their child
was stolen,

596 then shee told them of much more woe :
theire younge child was stolen them froe ;
they had neuer none but one.

and Sir
Arrarde
went to
seek it.

Sir Arrarde of Arden after him went
600 to seeke the child with good intent,
that was true of borne blood.¹

& as shee can ² these tales tell,
in swooning downe shee ffell

604 vpon the ground soe greene ;
& when shee was reuarted againe,

The
Countess
goes to King
Athelstan,

shee wold neuer rest nor rowe ³
till shee came our king vnto,
608 her to wishe and read.
before our king when shee was brought,
the king told her how Sir Guy had fought
& smitten of the Gyants head :

who tells her
how Guy
slew the
giant.

612 "ffast his name I did ffreane,⁴
but he sware me *that* I must leane ⁵
ffor a 12 month and a day."

Athelstan
vows he'll
bury Guy in
Winchester.

the king said, "soe christ me saue !
616 this Erle to winchester I will haue ;

¹ of true blood borne, q.—P.

² i. e. gan.—P. . did.—F.

³ A.-S. *row*, sweet, quiet, repose.—F.

⁴ ask.—P.

⁵ conceal.—P.

his body there I will interre."
 but all *that* about him there cold stand,
 they cold not remoue him with their hands
 620 nor ffarther thence him beare.

But his
 corpes
 cannot be
 moved,

a new purpose there thé tooke ;
 they made a graue, as saith the booke,
 before the hye Altar,
 624 & buryed him in warwicke, the truth to say.
 the ladye lined after him but dayes 40:
 And there was buryed alsoe.¹

and is there-
 fore buried
 in Warwick,
 with his
 wife, who
 soon dies.

[page 357]

& then they ffounded a ffayre abbey,
 628 & monkes ffor them to singe.

.
 thus came the *knight* out of his cares,²
that had beene in land wyde where,
that came to England safe againe.

632 now all you *that* haue heard this litle Iest,³
 I betake your soules to Iesus christ,
⁴ [to save from endless pain,]
 & *that* wee may on doomesday
 come to the blisse *that* shall ffor aye,
 636 with Angells to remaine. ffins.

Bless you,
 all my
 hearers !
 May you go
 to heaven !

¹ *alsoe*, Chauc. idem.—P.

² *care*.—P.

³ Properly Gest.—P.

⁴ a Line wanting.—P.

John : Be¹ Reeve :²

[in 3 Parts.—P.]

THIS piece, now for the first time published, represents Royalty mixing freely and genially with one of its lowest subjects. All the splendours of majesty are for the nonce laid aside, the crown done off, the sceptre laid down; and the King wanders forth as a common man, and fraternizes with common men. Such a descending from its height down to the level of the humblest, was, as we have said in the Introduction to the *King and Miller*, a picture of monarchy highly agreeable to the popular taste—(see p. 147 above). The value of the following piece, however, does not lie so much in the picture of such a fellowship as in the portrayal of a villain's life and circumstances that it gives. The hero of this piece is not the King; it is the villain. The King appears, but as a good-humoured genial presence, who can forget his dignity and enjoy a frolic with the best. All the powers of the poet are devoted to the description and portraiture of the villain. He understands best the life of the villain; his sympathies go with it; his great delight is to depict it.

I incline to believe that the piece was originally written about the middle of the fifteenth century.³ It professes to describe an incident that took place in the days of King Edward. It adds:

Of that name were Kings *three*;
But Edward with the long shanks was he,
A lord of great renown.

¹ *De* is of course *ðe*, i. e. *the*.—H.

² or John the Reeve, i. e. Bailiff, vid. St. 23. See also St. 7, P^t 3. An Old

Song of King Edward Longshanks, not unlike the King and the Millar.—P.

³ Mr. Wright assigns it to the latter part of the fourteenth century.—H.

The poem then was written after the death of Edward III., that is, after 1377 and before the accession of Edward IV., that is, before 1461. Its general character shows that it was written at a period when the position and prospects of the villain were brightening. It was evidently written in the decadence of feudalism, when the darkest ages of villenage were fast passing away. The bare notion of making a villain a knight could scarcely have occurred to any man's mind before the fifteenth century; nor yet the bare notion of a villain's delighting in his position. The lower classes had already felt their strength, and made their strength felt, when John de Reeve was described with so much respect and pride. The great rising of Richard II.'s reign, however abortive, however completely foiled it might have seemed at the time, had produced a lasting effect. In the course of events, kings were presently to assume in earnest that position of leadership which Richard had taken lyingly in Smithfield in 1381. This is a poem of mirth and of hope, not a wild angry satire, not a deep bitter moan. That mighty exodus which the fifteenth century witnessed is being accomplished. The house of bondage is being left. The land of freedom is coming into sight.

The knight had had poems sung and written in his honour for many a long year. A whole literature had celebrated him; he is the one star and glory of the old romances. The yeoman, too, had had his praises sung. His services at Crécy and Poitiers had given him an importance and a celebrity that could not be forgotten. He had become a name. And now, at last, the villain had raised himself so far out of the depths of his abasement, that he too was found worthy of poetic celebration.

John de Reeve, one of the King's bondmen, is represented here as extremely well-to-do and comfortable in his circumstances, of a highly independent spirit, with a supreme contempt

deth that takith the cherl, such death takith the lord. Wherfor I rede do right so with thi cherl as thou woldist thi lord dide with the, if thou were in his plyt. Every sinful man is a cherl as to synne. I rede the certes, thou lord, that thou werke in such a wise with thy cherles that they rather love the than drede the." Such words as these said more perhaps than their utterer intended. Certainly, they enable us to understand how the position of the villain grew to be much more tolerable than its expressed conditions would have led us to expect.

Moreover, the villain's hardships must have been greatly alleviated by that resolute independence which forms so prominent a feature in the native English character. The Englishman would prove but a stiff-necked, obstinate, troublesome slave—his self-willedness would go far to protect him from the worst excesses of the hardest master—his surliness would often serve him for a shield.

This ballad gives us a view of both the private and public life of the churl. We see him as he goes abroad, and we see him in the security of his domestic comfort. He makes no secret of the cause of those fears which make him so chary of his hospitality, which induce him to cut such a sorry figure when out of doors. See v. 103 *et seq.*, v. 199 *et seq.* &c. His personal appearance is described with great care in vv. 52–57, and again in vv. 593–650. He offers his guests the poorest food and liquor at first. (Compare the account of the poor widow's "scnder meel" in the *Nonne Prest his Tale*.) No doubt his fears were well grounded. "Thurgh his cursed synne of avarice," says the Parson whom we have already quoted, "comen these harde lordschipes, thurgh whiche men ben destreyned by talliaiges, custumes, and cariages more than here duete of resoun is; and elles take thay of here bondemen amercimentes, whiche mighte more resonably ben callid extorciouns than mercymendis. Of whiche mersymendis and raunsonyng of bondemen, some lordes stywardes seyn that it

is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it nys his lordes, as thay sayn. But certes thise lordeshipes doon wrong that bireven here bondemen thinges that thay never gave hem." When the abolition of slavery was proposed in the first Parliament that met after Wat Tyler's insurrection, "with one accord," writes Knight (in his *Popular History of England*), "the interested lords of the soil replied that they never would consent to be deprived of the services of their bondmen. But they complained of grievances less inherent in the structure of society—of purveyance; of the rapacity of law officers; of maintainers of suits, who violated right and law as if they were kings in the country; of excessive and useless taxation." "I have no doubt," says Eden, "that the tax-gatherers were extremely partial to the rich and oppressive to the poor; for notwithstanding the above instance of their scrupulous attention to levy the utmost farthing on petty tradesmen [certain instances he has quoted from the valuation of movable property made at Colchester in 1296, see *Rot. Parl.* i. 228], we find that the master and brethren of an hospital, besides their cattle and corn, only accounted for one household utensil, a brass pot, and an Abbot and a Prior paid only for their corn and their live stock. The Rector of St. Peter's seems to have been equally fortunate."

But, on whatever account John de Reeve may make whatever pretence of direful penury, he is in fact a man of wealth. He may say with Horace's miser, "At mihi plaudo ipse domi." He says:

"I go girt in a russet gown,
My hood is of homemade browne,
I wear neither burnet nor green,
And yet I trow I have in store
A thousand pounds and some deal more,
For all ye are prouder and fine.

Therefore I say, as mote I thee,
A bondman it is good to be,
And come of carles kin;

For and I be in tavern set,
To drink as good wine I will not let
As London Edward or his Queen."

The Earl said: "By godes might,
John, thou art a comely knight
And sturdy in every fray."
"A knight!" quoth John, "do away for shame!
I am the King's bondman:
Such waste words do away.

"I know you not in your estate;
I am misnurtured, well I wot;
I will not thereto say nay.
But if any such do me wrong
I will fight with him hand to hand
When I am clad in mine array."

We must now commend this most interesting ballad to our readers.¹

¹ The Editors have received the following letter from Archdeacon Hale, whom they here beg to thank:

Charterhouse, Dec. 18, 1867.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for the opportunity of reading the interesting ballad of "John de Reeve." That he designates himself as the King's bondman, seems to me to imply that he was of villain rank. I think it probable that the king's bondmen, *nativi* and villains, were proud of their position, as being attached to royalty, and as having the privilege of tenants in ancient demesne, of not being impleaded or distrained except in the king's courts. It would seem from the Act of Richard the Second, of which mention is made in the preface, p. 552, that they made use of this privilege to withdraw their services from the lords of manors in which they were tenants, and that they were in reality leaders of that resistance to the rights of the lords which produced the disturbances of Tyler and Cade. Except *tailage ad voluntatem domini*, none of the services due from the various classes of villains appear to me cruel or unjust,

prædial service being the rent paid for the possession of land by the villain class. I am inclined to think that as trade increased in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the tradesmen became possessors of villain land, and that as those lands were accumulated in fewer hands, the *prædial* service became more difficult to be rendered, as well as more unsuitable to the personal position of the tenant, who might himself be a freeholder, *liber tenens*, and yet possess villain land. John de Reeve had become rich; his name implies that he had come from a family who held office, possibly in a royal manor; the house in which he lived having a hall and a dais, indicates the superior character of his tenement. I may also remark that his abode was in the south-west country, and that, to the best of my recollection, royal manors, and consequently tenants in ancient demesnes, abound in Wiltshire and Somerset. The description of his house would lead to the idea that he dwelt in the hall of the demesne. He was of the same freeledge (p. 564) as his two neighbours; but it was afterwards (p. 593), that they were made

[The First Part.]

[How John at first avoids the King, and then takes him home.]

GOD : through thy might and thy mercy,
 all *that* loneth game and glee,
 their soules to heauen bringe !
 4 best is mirth of all solace ;
 therefore I hope itt betokens grace,
 of mirth who hath likinge.

as I heard tell this other yeere,
 8 a clarke came out of Lancashire :
 a rolle¹ he had reading,
 a bourde² written therein he ffound,³
that some time fell in England,⁴
 12 in Edwards dayes our King.

by East, west, north, and Southe,
 all this realme well run⁵ hee cowthe,⁶
 castle, tower, and towne. •

God bless all
who love
merriment!A Lanca-
shire clerk
found

this story

of Edward

freemen. I shall be very glad if what I have written should seem to throw light upon the condition of John de Reeve.

And I remain,

Yours very faithfully,
 W. H. HALE.

Mr. Toulmin Smith, in a communication made to the Editors, is of opinion that the Reeve "was the King's collector of local dues—in other words the Farmer of the taxes. He was in bond to the King (as all collectors still are) to remit truly, and hence, and not as a vassal, his bondsman. The collector would only be afraid of the King because he did not

want it known what a capital bargain he had made, lest the price paid by him for his office should be raised." But there is nothing whatever in the ballad to justify this interpretation of the Reeve's fear. Nor are we prepared to acquiesce in the confusion of the terms "bondman" and "bondsman."—H.

¹ rolle.—P. Qu. MS. rolde.—F.

² i. e. Jest. Junius.—P.

³ fonde.—P.

⁴ Englonde, qu.—P.

⁵ i. e. run over.—P.

⁶ couthe, could. So, 'he ne couth,' He could not. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

Longshanks. 16 of *that* name were Kings 3 ;
but Edward with the long shankes was hee,
a Lord of great renowne.

One day, out
hawking, the
King loses
all his 20 as the King rode a hunting vpon a day,
3 ffawcons ¹ fflew away ;
he ffollowed wonderous ffast.
thé rode vpon their horssees *that* tyde,
they rode forth on euery side,
24 the country they out cast ;

followers from morning vntill eueninge late,
many menn abroad they gate
wandring all alone ;
28 the night came att the last ;
there was no man *that* wist
what way the King was gone,

except a
Bishop and
an Earl. 32 saue a Bishopp & an Erle ffree
that was allwayes the king ffull nye,
& thus then gan they say :

The three
lose their
way,

“ itt is a ffolly, by St. Iohn,
ffor vs thus to ryde alone
36 soe many a wilsome ² way ;

“ a King and an Erle to ryde in hast,
a bishopp ffrom his coste ³ to be cast,
ffor hunting sikerlye. ⁴

and the
weather is
very bad.

40 the whether happned ⁵ wonderous ill,
all night wee may ryde vnskill, ⁶
nott wotting where wee bee.”

¹ 3 [of his] fawc. Qu.—P.
² *wilsome, wilsum.* Desert, solitary,
wandering. i. e. Wild : (Scotch) Gloss. to
Ramsay's Evergreen, q. d. *wildsome*. Gloss.
to G. D.—P.

³ province, district.—F.
⁴ surely, certainly: *sicker, sur, cer*
tain. Johnsⁿ—P.
⁵ happneth, query.—P.
⁶ i. e. unskill'd.—P.

- then the King began to say,
 44 "good Sir Bishopp, I you pray
 some comfort, if you may."
 as they stode talking ¹ all about,
 they were ware of a carle ² stout:
 48 "good deene, ffellow!" can ³ they say.

They see
a man

- then the Erle was well apayd ⁴:
 "you be welcome, good ffellow!" hee sayd,
 "of ffellowshipp wee pray thee!"
 52 the carle ffull hye on horsse sate, ⁵
 his leggs were short and broad, ⁶
 his stirropps were of tree ⁷;

on horseback

- a payre of shooes were ⁸ stiffe & store, ⁹
 56 on his heele a rustye spurre,
 thus fforwards rydeth hee.
 the Bishopp rode after on his palfrey:
 "abyde, good ffellow, I thee pray,
 60 and take vs home with thee!"

riding away
from them.

The Bishop
asks him to
stop,

- The carle answered him *that* tyde, [page 358]
 "ffrom me thou gett oft noe other guide,
 I sweare by sweete St. Iohn ¹⁰!"
 64 then said the Erle ware and wise,
 "thou canst litle of gentrise ¹¹!"
 say not soe ffor shame!"

but the man
won't,

¹ *forté* were stalking.—P.

² Carle (*ceorl.*) Vir tenuioris atque obscuræ sortis. idem ac *churl* &c. Jun.—P. The shape of the initial *c* in the MS. begins to change here frequently. It is made like an *l* instead of a foreigner's *c*, accented. It might be printed *C*, but that the old form of the *C* is retained, as in *Curteouslye*, l. 121.—F.

³ can, delend.—P. can is did.—F.

⁴ glad. *lætus*. Jun.—P.

⁵ The rhyme requires *rode*.—Dyce.

⁶ [some deal] *brade* or *braid*—Lancashire Dialect.—P

⁷ i.e. wood.—P. *treens*, wooden, p. 181, l. 1.—F.

⁸ *Forté* The shoes he ware were &c.—P.

⁹ *stour*, *sture*, great, thick, ingens crassus, Jun., stiff, strong, robust. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

¹⁰ Jame, see st. 22^d [l. 132]—P.

¹¹ *Genterice* is still in use in Scotland, for gentility, honourable birth. See Gloss. to Ramsay's *Evergreen*.—P.

- the carle answered the Erle vnto,
 68 “with gentlenesse ¹ I haue nothing to doe,
 I tell thee by my ffay.”
 the weather was cold & euen roughe ²;
 the King and the Erle sate and longhe,
 72 the Bishopp did him soe pray.
- The King
and Earl
 the King said, “soe mote I thee ³!
 hee is a carle, whosoener hee be!
 I reade ⁴ wee ryde him neere.”
 76 the sayd ⁵ with words hend,⁶
 beg the man
to stop,
 “ryd saftlye, gentle ffreind,
 & bring vs to some harbor.”
- but he still
rides on.
 80 then to tarry the carle was lothe,
 but rode forth as he was wrothe,
 I tell you sickerlye.
 The King
tells them
 the king sayd, “by mary bright,
 I troe ⁷ wee shall ryde all this night
 84 in wast vnskillffullye ⁸;
- to pull the
man down.
 “I ffeare wee shall come to no towne;
 ryde to the carle and pull him downe
 hastilye without delay.”
- The Bishop
asks him to
stop.
 88 the Bishopp said soone on hye,
 “abyde, good ffellow, & take vs with thee!
 ffor my loue, I thee pray.”

¹ gentrise, qu.—P.² evening rough.—P. pronounced *row*.þe Amyral bende ys browes *rowe*,
& clepede is consaile.Kyng Sortybrant & opre ynowe
ther come wyþ-oute fayle.*Sir Ferumbras*, MS. Ashmole 33, fol. 26.Thow a Sarsens hed ye bere,
Row, and full of lowsy here.*Skelton, Poems against Garnesche*, l. 124.

Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 123.—F.

³ *thee*, i. e. thrive. Lye.—P.⁴ i. e. counsel: *reads* is counsel, con-
silium. Junius.—P.⁵ sayd [to him].—P.⁶ i. e. kind, *hend*, *hende*, i. e. feat, fine,
gentle, *forté*, q. d. handy or handsome.
Skinner, ab Isl. henta, i. e. decere. Lye.
MS.—P.⁷ *trow*, confido, opinor. Lye.—P.⁸ without reason. O. N. *skil*, reason.
—F.

the Erle said, "by god in heauen !
 92 oft men meete att vnsett steuen ¹ ;
 to quite thee well wee may."

The Earl
 says he'll
 pay him out
 some day.

the carle sayd, "by St. Iohn
 I am ² affraye of you eche one,
 96 I tell you by my ffay !"

The man
 explains
 that he is
 afraid of
 them.

the carle sayd, "by Marye bright,
 I am a frayd of you this night !
 I see you rowne ³ and reason,⁴
 100 I know ⁵ you not & itt were day,
 I troe you thinke more then you say,
 I am affrayd of treason.

"the night is merke,⁶ I may not see
 104 what kind of men *that* you bee.
 but & you will doe one thinge,
 swere to doe me not ⁷ desease,⁸
 then wold I ffaine you please,
 108 if I cold, with any thinge."

If they'll
 swear not to
 hurt him,

he'll help
 them.

then sayd the Erle with words ffree,
 "I pray you, ffellow, come hither to mee,
 & to some towne vs bringe ;
 112 & after, if wee may thee kenn,
 amonge Lords and gentlemen
 wee shall requite ⁹ thy dealinge."

The Earl
 says, if he
 will, they'll

reward him
 among
 Lords.

"of lords," sayes hee, "speake no more ¹⁰ !
 116 with them I haue nothing to doe,
 nor neuer thinke to haue ;

The man
 says he'll

¹ i. e. unexpectedly: at a time un-
 appointed. *Steven*, tempus statutum.
 Jun.—P. See p. 386, note ², above.—F.

² MS. ann.—F.

³ *rowne*, i. e. whisper.—P.

⁴ t. i. talk, as in Shakspeare, &c.—Dyce.

⁵ *forté* knew.—P.

⁶ i. e. dark.—P.

⁷ no disease.—P.

⁸ prejudice, to make uneasy. see
 Johnson.—P.

⁹ *forté*, quite.—P.

¹⁰ *moe*.—P. Compare
 Aqueyntanse of lordschip wyll y noght,
 For, furste or laste, dere hit woll be
 bowght.—Proverbs from MS. li. iii.,
 back of last leaf. Camb. Univ. Lib., in
Reliq. Antiq., vol. i. p. 205.—F.

never crouch
to Lords. 120 ffor I had rather be brought in bale,
my hood or *that* ¹ I wold vayle, ²
on them to crouch or craue. ³ ”

The King
asks him
who he is. the King sayd Curteouslye,
“ what manner of man aree yee
att home in your dwellinge ? ”

The King's
bondman, 124 “ a husbandman, fforssooth I am,
& the Kings bondman ⁴;
thereof I haue good Likinge.”

tho' he never
spoke to him. 128 “ Sir, when spake you with our King ? ”
“ in ffaith, neuer, in all my liuing !
he knoweth not my name ;
& I haue my Capull ⁵ & my crofft ⁶ ;
if I speake not with the King oft,
132 I care not, by St. Iame ! ”

¹ or that, i. e. before that.—P.

² vail, to let fall ; to suffer, to descend, in token of respect. Fr. *avaller le bonet*. Johnson.—P.

³ Was John, like Chaucer's Reeve, ‘ a sklendre colericke man ’ ? Among the marks of persons of ‘ Chollericke complexion ’ are : ‘ The sixth is, they be stout stomacked, that is, they can suffer no injuries, by reason of the heate in them. And therefore Avicen sayth, That to take every thing impatiently signifieth heate. The seauenth is, they be liberall to those that honour them,’—as John says in lines 169, 243, he'll give the wanderers all they want, so that they be thankful :—‘ The fourteenth is, he is wily,’—cp. the first bad supper, below ;—‘ The eleuenth is, he is soone angry, through his hote nature’—as the King's porter experiences, l. 731 ;—‘ The thirteenth is, he is bold, for boldnesse commeth of great heat, specially about the heart,’—cp. l. 304 ;—John's cowardice at first, l. 97, was but prudence, the better part of valour. Also, he must have had a beard. ‘ The ninth is, a Cholericke person is hayry, by reason of

the heate that openeth the pores, and moueth the matter of hayres to the skinne. And therefore it is a common saying, *The Cholericke man is as hayrie as a Goat*.’ On the other hand John must have had a cross of ‘ the sanguine person ’ in him, for ‘ Secondly, the Sanguine person is merry and jocond, that is to say, with merry words he moueth other to laugh, or else he is glad through benignity of the sanguine humour, pro-uoking a man to gladnesse and jocondity, through cleare and perfect spirits ingendred of bloud. Thirdly, he gladly heareth fables and merry sports, for the same cause. . Fifthly, he gladly drinketh good Wine. Sixthly, he delighteth to feede on good meate, by reason that the sanguine person desireth the most like to his complexion, that is, good Wines and good meates.’ *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, ed. 1634, p. 169–71.—F.

⁴ i. e. Vassall.—P.

⁵ capull, i. e. *keyfil*, Welch for a Horse. Lye.—P.

⁶ Croft est agellus prope domum rusticum. Lye.—P.

- “ what is thy name, fellow, by thy leane ? ”
 “ marry,” quoth hee, “ Iohn de Reeue ¹ ;
 I care not who itt heare ;
 136 ffor if you come into my inne,²
 with beeffe & bread you shall beginn
 soone att your supper ³ ; [page 359]
- “ salt Bacon of a yeere old,
 140 ale *that* is both sower & cold,⁴—
 I vse neither braggatt ⁵ nor beere, —
 I lett you witt withouten lett,
 I dare eate noe other meate,
 144 I sell my wheate ech yeere.”
- “ why doe you, Iohn, sell your wheate ? ”
 “ ffor [I] dare ⁶ not eate *that* I gett.
 therof I am ffull wrothe ;
 148 ffor I lone a draught of good drinke as well
 as any man *that* doth itt sell,
 & alsoe a good wheat loffe.
- “ ffor he *that* ffirst ⁷ starueth Iohn de reeue,
 152 I pray to god hee may neuer well ⁸ cheene,⁹
 neither on water nor land,
 whether itt be ¹⁰ Sherriffe or King
that makes such statuinge,¹¹
 156 I outcept ¹² neuer a one !

His name is
John de
Reeve;

he can feed
them

with stale
bacon and
sour ale :

he brews no
beer, for

he sells his
wheat,

he dare not
keep it,

though he
likes
good drink
and bread.

May all who
starve him
come to
grief!

¹ Query, John the Reeve, i. e. Bailiff Jun. See St. 7, Pt. 3.—P.

² *inne*, Sax. est cubiculum, caverna, diversorium domus. Inne, a house, habitation.—P.

³ *suppere*.—P.

⁴ *Nam sit acetosa cervisia, sed bene clara . . .* This text declareth five things, by which one may know good Ale and Beere. The first is, that it be not sower, for that hurteth the stomacke. A sower thing (as Avicen saith in many places) hurteth the sinewes. And the stomacke is a member full of sinewes, especially

about the brim or mouth. *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, ed. 1634, p. 59.—F.

⁵ Chauc. *Brakit*, Camb. Br. *bragod*. A sweet drink made of honey & spices, used in Wales, &c. Urry's Gloss.—P.

⁶ I dare, Qu.—P.

⁷ first, *delend*, Qu.—P.

⁸ well, *delend*, Qu.—P.

⁹ thrive, qu.—P. Fr. *chevir*, to bring a business to a head, get well through it; from *chcf*.—F.

¹⁰ MS. ber.—F.

¹¹ statuing.—P.

¹² *forté* except.—P. An odd hybrid. *Outtake* is the older word.—F.

- “ ffor and the Kings penny were Layd by mine,
I durst as well as hee drinke the ¹ wine
till all my good ² were gone.
- He asks
where they
live. 160 but sithence *that* wee are mett ³ soe meete,
tell mee where is your recreate,⁴
you seeme good laddes eche one.”
- The Earl
says,
In the
King's
house. 164 the Erle answered with words ffaire,
“ in the kings house is our repayre,⁵
if ⁶ wee bee out of the way.”
- John pro-
mises to
lodge them if 168 “ this night,” quoth Iohn, “ you shall not spill ;
such harbour I shall bring you till ;
I hett ⁷ itt you to-day.
- they are
thankful, “ soe *that* yee take itt thankefullye
in gods name & St. Iollye,
I aske noe other pay ;
- but if they're
saucy he'll
keep'em out, 172 & if you be sturdy & stout,
I shall garr ⁸ you to ⁹ stand without,
ffor ought *that* you can say.
- with the
help of his
two neigh-
bours, 176 “ for I haue 2 neighbors won ¹⁰ by mee
of the same ffreededge ¹¹ *that* am I,
of old band-shipp ¹² are wee :
- owned by
the Bishop of
Durham
and the Earl
of Glo'ster, 180 the Bishopp of Durham this towne ¹³ oweth,
the Erle of Gloster—who-soe him knoweth—
Lord of the other is hee.

¹ the, delend.—P.² goods, qu.—P.³ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.⁴ ? MS. retreats, home.—F.⁵ *repair*, resort, abode, the act of be-
taking oneself anywhither. Johnson.—P.⁶ ? but.—F.⁷ i. e. I promise, assure.—P.⁸ cause.—F.⁹ To, delend. Qu.—P.¹⁰ i. e. dwell.—P.¹¹ *frelege*, freedom, power, privilege: a
quo forté corrupt. It is yet used inSheffield. Ray. Gloss. ad G. Doug. who
has render'd *Cui tanta Deo permissa
potestas*, Quhat God has to him grantit,
sic *frelege*, St. 9, v. 97.—P. A.-Sax.
freólac is A free offering, a sacrifice: but
-*lac* and -*ledge* have the meaning of state,
condition.—F.¹² à *band*, Vinculum, retinaculum, liga-
men, nexus; A.S. *banda*.—P.¹³ Perhaps Tone, viz. the one of his
Companions was vassal to the Bishop,
vid. p. 66, V. 251 [of MS.; vol. i. p. 159,
l. 466 of text].—P.

it might get
to some
officials'
ears, and
injure him.

“ffor itt might turne me to great greeffe¹;
such proud ladds *that* beare office
wold danger a pore man aye;
208 & or I wold pray thee of mercy longe,
yett weere I better² to lett thee gange
in twentye twiine devills way.³”

thus thé rode to the towne :

John takes
the King,
Bishop, and
Earl to his
hall.

212 Iohn de Reeue lighted downe
beside a comlye hall.⁴
4 men belive⁵ came wight⁶;
they hasted them ffull swyft
216 when they heard Iohn call;
thé served him honestly and able,
And [led⁷] his horsse to the stable,
& lett noe terme misfall.

[page 360]

His wife
welcomes
them.

220 some went to warne their dame
that Iohn had brought guests home.⁸
shee came to welcome them tyte⁹
in a side¹⁰ kirtle of greene,¹¹
224 her head was dight all by-deene,¹²
the wiffe was of noe pryde;

Her hair is
white.

her kerchers were all of silke,
her hayre as white as any milke,
228 loue-some of hue¹³ and hyde;

¹ Two letters are marked out after the *g*.—F.

² Yt were better.—P.

³ ‘twenty devil way’ is the ordinary phrase.—F.

⁴ Cp. Chaucer’s description of the Reeve’s ‘wonyng fair upon an heth.’ *Prol. Cant. T.* l. 609.—F.

⁵ *belive*, instantly. Lye.—P.

⁶ *wight*, swift, nimble. Johnson; also stout, valiant, clever, active. Gloss? ad G.D.—P.

⁷ And [led] his &c.—P.

⁸ I would read thus (St. 38)

To welcome *them* that tyde

Shee came in a side Kirtle &c.—P.

⁹ brôt [3] guests hame. Qu.—P.

¹⁰ all. or, that tyde.—P. *tyte*, quickly.—F.

¹¹ i. e. long.—P. A.-S. *sid*, wide.—F.

¹² *bedene*, Scotch, is, immediately. Gloss? to Ramsays Evergreen; a Germ. *bedienen* præstare officium. Gloss. ad G.D.—P. Dutch *by dien*, by this.—F.

¹³ ? MS. *huid*.—F. hue, Qu. See Eggar & Grime, pa.—P.

shee was thicke, & some deal broad,
of comlye ffashyon was shee made,
both belly, backe, and side.

She is
comely.

232 then Iohn called his men all,
sayes, "build me a ffire in the hall,
& gine their Capulls meate;
lay before them corne and hây;
236 ffor my lone rubb of the clay,
ffor they beene weary and wett;

John orders
a fire for his
guests, and
food for
their horses.

"lay vnder them straw to the knee,
ffor courtyes ¹ comonly wold be Iollye,
240 and haue but litle to spend."

then hee said, "by St. Iohn,
you are welcome euery one,
if you take itt thankefullye!
244 curtesye I learned neu[e]r none,
but after mee, ffellowes, I read you gone."
till a chamber they went all 3;

John bids
them
welcome,

a charcole ² ffire was burning bright,
248 candles on chandlours ³ light,
Eche ffreake ⁴ might other see.
"where are your sords ⁵?" quoth Iohn de
Reeue.
the Erle said, "Sir, by your leaue,
252 wee weare none, pardye."

and shows
them into a
room
with a fire
and candles.

¹ courtyers.—P.

² Charcoal fires were used to avoid the smoke from wood or coal getting into men's eyes, as there were no chimneys. See *Ladye Bessye*, vol. iii.,

and cp. *Kinge and Miller*, p. 150, l. 40, above.—F.

³ chandlours. Fr. *chandelier*, a Candlestick.—P.

⁴ freke, man. Jun.—P.

⁵ swords.—P.

John asks
the Earl
who the
long-legged
fellow is.

then Iohn rowned ¹ with the Erle soe ffree :

" what long ffellow is yonder," quoth hee,

" *that* is ² soe long of lim and lyre ³ ? "

256 the Erle answered with words small,

" The
Queen's head
Falconer."

" yonder is Peeres pay-ffor-all,
the Queenes Cheefe ffawconer. ⁴ "

" ah, ah ! " quoth Iohn, " ffor gods good,

" If I had
his gay hood,

260 where gott hee *that* gay hood,

glitering as gold itt were ?

& I were as proud as hee is like,

I'd keep no
man's
hawks.

there is no man in England ryke ⁵

264 shold garr me keepe his gleads ⁶ one yeere.

But who's
that
next the
Falconer ? "

" I pray you, sir, ffor gods werke,

who is yond in yonder serke ⁷

that rydeth ⁸ Peeres soe nye ? "

268 the Erle answered him againe,

" That's
a poor
Chaplain,

" yonder is a pore chaplaine,

long aduanced or hee bee ;

and I am a
Sumpter-
man."

" & I my selfe am a sumpter man, ⁹

272 other craft keepe I none,

I say you withouten Misse."

" Gay
fellows, and
penniless
too, I
suppose ! "

" you are ffresh ffellowes in your appay, ¹⁰

Iolly Ietters ¹¹ in your array,

276 proud ladds, & I trow penyles."

¹ whispered.—F.

² that is, delend.—P.

³ lim, i. e. limb : lyre, i. e. flesh, quicquid carnosum & nervosum in homine. Lye. Also Lire, is complexion or air of the face. Gloss. ad G. D.—P. " Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes her lyre." Lyndesay's *Hist. of Squyer Meldrum*.—F.

⁴ fawconere.—P.

⁵ ryke, A.-Sax. *rice* regnum, imperium.—P.

⁶ gleads, i. e. Kites.—P.

⁷ serke, Indusium, a shirt or such garment. Jun.—P.

⁸ ? standeth.—F.

⁹ *forté* mon.—P.

¹⁰ ? content, self-satisfaction.—F.

¹¹ To *jet*, inter alia, signifies to strut, to agitate the body by a proud gait. So the Turkey-Cock is said to *jett*, when he bridles &c. See Johnson, from Shakesp. 12th Night. *Jettters* then are strutters &c. See pag. 237 [of MS. ; p. 155, l. 178 of text, above].—P.

the King said, "soe mote I thee,
there is not a penny amongst ¹ vs 3
to buy vs bread and fflesh."

"We haven't
a penny to
pay for our
food," says
the King.

280 "ah, ha!" quoth Iohn, "there is ² small charge;
280* ffor courtyes ³ comonlye are att large,
if they goe neuer soe ffresh.

"Ah,
courtiers
generally
live on other
people;

"I goe girt in a russett gowne,
my hood is of homemade browne,
284 I weare neither burnett ⁴ nor greene,
& yett I troe I haue in store
a 1000^u, and some deale more,
ffor all yee are prouder and ffine;

but though
I wear
russet,

I've 1000l. in
store.

288 "therfore I say, as mote I thee,⁵
a bondman itt is good ⁶ [to] bee,⁷
& come of carles kinne;
ffor and I bee in tauerne ⁸ sett,
292 to drinke as good wine I will not Lett,
as London ⁹ Edward or his Queene."

It's well to
be a bond-
man,

for I drink
as good wine
as the King."

the Erle sayd, "by gods might,
Iohn, thou art a comly knight,
296 and sturdy in euerye ffray."

"You're a
comely
knight,
John."

"a knight!" quoth Iohn, "doe away, ffor shame!
I am the King's bondman.

"Knight!
nonsense!

Such wast words doe away!

[page 361]

300 "I know you not in *your* estate;
I am misnurtured, well I wott ¹⁰;
I will not therto say nay.

¹ *annongst* in the MS.—F.

² *fortè* that is.—P.

³ *courtyers*.—P.

⁴ *burnet*, a kind of colour, whether that of the Pimpernel, which is called Burnet, or a dark brown (French *brunette*) stuff worn by Persons of quality. Gloss? ad G. Doug.—P.

⁵ St. 49, as mote I thee. Thee,—to thrive. Vid. Jun. & Lye.—P.

⁶ *fortè* "as good."—P.

⁷ bee, or to bee. Qu.—P.

⁸ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁹ *fortè* delend.—P.

¹⁰ *fortè wate*; G. Doug: *wete, west*. Chauc.—P.

- But if any
one
wrongs me
I'll fight
him."
- 304 but if any such doe me wrong,¹
I will ffight with him hand to hand,²
when I am cladd in mine³ array."
- "Have you
travelled
beyond sea,
John?"
"Not I!"
- 308 the Bishopp sayd, "you seeme sturdye:
tranelled you neuer beyond the sea?"
Thon sayd sharplye "nay!
I know none such strange guise,
but att home on my⁴ owne wise
I dare hold the hye way;
- and have got
into trouble
by it."
- 312 "& that hath done Iohn Reeue scath,
ffor I haue made such as you wrath
with choppes and chances⁵ yare."
"Iohn de Reeue,⁶" sayd our King,
316 "hast thou any armouringe,
or any weapon to weare?"
- "None but
a two-
pronged
pitchfork,
a rusty
sword,
and a broad
knife,
- 320 "I vow, Sir, to god," sayd Iohn thoe,⁷
"but a pikefforke with graines 2—
my ffather vsed neuer other⁸ speare:—
a rusty sword *that* well will byte,
& a handfull, a thyttille⁹ syde
*that*¹⁰ sharplye will stare,¹¹
324 "an acton¹² & a habargyon a ffoote side;
& yett peraduenture I durst abyde¹³
as well as thou, Peeres, ffor all thy painted geere."
- tho' perhaps
I can fight
as well as
you.

¹ *fortè wrang*. Dialect. boreal.—P.² *fortè* hond to hond.—P.³ ? *mime* in the MS.—F.⁴ *fortè* in my.—P.⁵ Changes, Qu. *yare*, ready. dextrous, ready.—P.⁶ John the Reeve.—P.⁷ thoe, i.e. then.—P.⁸ had no other. Qu.—P.⁹ *thuitcl*, a knife. Halliwell. A.-Sax. *þwitan*, to cut off.—F. *thytill*, some weapon, perhaps a Dagger, so named from its being worn upon the thigh, *thigh-till*. *syde* is long; perhaps the verse should be read "And a thytill a handfullsyde," i.e. a handful long: so a foot side, is a foot long. Vid. Stan. 26, P^a 3^d.—P. *Syde* is also broad, wide.—F.¹⁰ will full sharplye share.—P.¹¹ share.—P.¹² Acton, Fr[ench] *Hocqueton*, *sagum militare*: a kind of armour made of Taffity or leather, quilted thick, and stuck full of thread, fringe, &c. reaching from the neck to the knee, worn under the Habergeon, to save the body from Bruises &c. Skene's exposition of difficult words contain'd in the 4 buiks of Regiam Magestatem, 1641 Q^{uo}—ubi plura.—P.¹³ stand a charge, fight; last out.—F.

quoth Iohn, "I reede wee goe to the hall,
 328 wee 3 ffellowes ; & peeres pay=for=all
 the proudest before shall fare."

But let's go
 to supper."

thither they raked¹ anon-wright² :
 a charcole ffyer burning bright
 332 with manye a strang³ brand.
 the hall was large & some deale wyde,
 there bords were⁴ couered on euerye syde,
 there mirth was comanded.⁵

They go to
 the Hall,
 which has a
 fire in it,

and tables
 laid.

336 then the good wiffe sayd with a seemlye cheere,
 "your supper is readye there."
 "yett watter,⁶" quoth Iohn, "letts see."
 by then came Iohn's neighbors 2,
 340 hobkin⁷ long and hob alsoe :
 the ffirst ffitt here ffind wee.

John's
 neighbours,
 Hobkin and
 Hodgkin,
 come in.

¹ went.—F.

² right.—P.

³ strong.—P.

⁴ *werer* in the MS.—F.

⁵ *forté*, at command.—P.

⁶ This was for washing hands. See

Babees Book, p. 5, l. 129, &c.

Whenne that ye se youre lorde to mete
 shalle goo,

Be redy to fecche him *water* sone.—F.

⁷ Hodgkin, vid. *infra*.—P.

[The Second Part.]

[How John feasts the King, and dances with him.]

John
arranges his
guests :the King at
top, the

344

Bishop next
his wife,2^d parte.the Earl
near the
King,

348

Iohn sayd, "for want of a marshall, I will take
the wand :¹Peeres ffauconer before shall gange ;
begin the dish² shall hee.goe to the bench, thou proud chaplaine,
my wiffe shall sitt thee againe ;
thy meate-fellow³ shall shee bee."he sett the Erle against the King ;
they were ffaine att his bidding.thus Iohn marshalled his meanye.⁴his prettiest
daughter
next the
King,
the other by
the Earl ;

352

Then Iohn sperred⁵ where his daughters were :"the ffairer shall sitt by the ffawconere ;
he is the best ffarrand⁶ man :

the other shall the Sompter man haue."

the Erle sayd, "soe god me saue !

356

of curtesye, Iohn, thou can.⁷"and says
that if"If my selfe," quoth Iohn, "be bound,⁸
yett my daughters beene well ffarrand,
I tell you sickerlye.the King
married one,

360

Peeres, & thou had wedded Iohn daughter reene,
there were no man *that* durst thee greene
neither ffor gold nor ffee.

¹ John said as marshal I'll take the wand &c.—P. Compare *The Boke of Curtasye*, Sloane MS. 1486, ed. Halliwell, Percy Soc., ed. Furnivall in *Babees Book* &c. E. E. Text Soc. 1868, Fowre men þer ben þat 3erdis schalle bere, Porter, marshalle, stuarde, vsphere ; The porter schalle haue þe lengest wande, The marshalle a schorter schalle haue in hande.

l. 352-6; *Babees Book*, &c. p. 309. In halle, marshalle alle men schalle sett

After here degre, with-outen lett.

l. 403-4.—F.

² deese, dais.—F.

³ i.e. Mess-mate.—P.

⁴ familia, multitudo. Lye.—P.

⁵ i.e. enquired.—P.

⁶ *farand*, perhaps the same as *far-rantly*, a word in Staffordshire signifying sufficient, handsome, proper &c. T.P. *farand*, *farrant*, beseeming, becoming, courteous, handsome. Gloss. to G. Doug.—P.

⁷ knowest.—F.

⁸ bende, or bande.—P.

"Sompter man, & thou the other had,¹
 364 in good ffaith then thou were made
 ffor euer in this cuntrye;
 then, Peeres,² thou might³ beare the prize.
 yett I wold this chaplaine had a benefize,
 368 as mote I⁴ thariue⁵ or three⁶!

and the Earl
the other,
they'd be
made men.

"in this towne a kirke there is;
 & I were king, itt shold be his,
 he shold haue itt of mee;
 372 yett will I helpe as well as I may."
 the King, the Erle, the Bishopp, can say,
 "Iohn, & wee line wee shall quitte thee."

if he, John,
were king,
he'd give
him their
parish
church.

They all 3
promise to
reward him.

when his daughters were come to dease,⁷
 376 "sitt ffarther," quoth Iohn withouten Leaze,⁸
 "ffor there shalbe no more."⁹ [page 362]
 these strange ffellowes I doe not ken;
 peraduenture they may be some¹⁰ gentlemen;
 380 therfore I and my neighbors towe,

"att side end bord wee¹¹ will bee,
 out of the gentles companye¹²:
 thinke yee not best soe?
 384 ffor itt was neuer the Law of England¹³
 to sett gentles blood with bound¹⁴;
 therfore to supper will wee goe.¹⁵"

John and his
two neigh-
bours sit at
a side table.

¹ yee—had, Qu.—P.

² Tho' Peeres, &c.—P.

³ mought, mote.—P.

⁴ so mote I.—P.

⁵ Qu. MS. There is one stroke too few for *thariue*. "Thrive or thee" is the phrase intended.—F.

⁶ all three, Qu.—P.

⁷ *Deis*, erat altior & eminentior mensa in aula. The high table. See Jun. *Deis*, desk, bench, seat, table. Per metonym. adj., a feast, banquet, or entertainment Et per al. meton. to set at deis with one

(Lat. *hospitium*) is taken for friendship, alliance, or [cov]enant. . . .—P.

⁸ *Lese*, Lying, falsehood, treachery. Urry, Gloss. to Chaucer.—P.

⁹ moe.—P.

¹⁰ some *delend*.—P.

¹¹ At side bcrd end wee &c. Vid. St. 15. At siden borde we &c. So withouten for without. Shenstone.—P.

¹² Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

¹³ Englonde.—P.

¹⁴ bonde.—P.

¹⁵ wee'll go.—P.

The supper
is bean
bread,
salt bacon,
broth,
lean beef,
sour ale.

by then came in beane bread,¹
388 salt Bacon rusted and redd,
 & brewice² in a blacke dish,
leane salt beefe of a yeere old,
ale *that* was both sower & cold:
392 this was the ffirst service:

The King
doesn't like
it.

John says

eche one had of that ylke³ a messe.
the king sayd, "soe haue I blisse,
such service nerest⁴ I see."
396 quoth Iohn, "thou gettest noe other of mee
att this time but this."⁵

"yes, good fellow," the King gan say,
"take this service here⁶ away,
400 & better bread vs bringe;
& gett vs some better drinke;
we shall thee requite, as wee thinke,
without any letting."

he'll give
him no
better,
unless they
all swear

404 quoth Iohn, "beshrew the morsell of bread
this night *that* shall come in your head
but thou sweare me one thinge!
swere to me by booke and bell

not to tell
the King.

408 *that* thou shalt neuer Iohn Reeue bettell
vnto Edward our kinge."

The King
vows he'll
never tell
him,

quoth the king, "to thee my truth I plight,
he shall nott witt our service⁷
412 no more then he doth nowe,
neuer while wee 3 line in land."
"therto," quoth Iohn, "hold vp thy hand,
& then I will thee troe."

¹ Compare the loaves of beans and bran baked for his children by the Ploughman. *Vision*, p. 89, l. 270 ed. Skeat.—F.

² Brewice, i.e. Broth, Pottage. Jun.—P. The *ice* stands over *ish* marked out.—F.

³ ilk, *ipse* that ilk, *idem* that same. Lye.—P.

⁴ never, or ne'er.—P.

⁵ Forté other [Meate or other Service] Quth John, at this Time, but this Thou gettest none of me.—P.

⁶ MS. herer.—F.

⁷ our service witt. Qu.—P.

- 416 "loe," quoth the king, "my hand is heere!"
 "soe is mine!" quoth the Erle with a merry cheere, and so say
the Earl
 "thereto I giue god a vowe."
 "haue heere my hand!" the Bishopp sayd. and Bishop.
- 420 "marry," quoth Iohn, "thou may hold thee well
 apayd,
 ffor itt is ffor thy power.¹
- "take this away, thou hobkin² long,
 & let vs sitt out of the throng
 424 att a side bords end;
 these strange fellows thinke vncouthlye
 this night att'our³ Cookerye,
 such as god hath vs sent.⁴"
- 428 by them⁵ came in the payment bread,
 wine *that* was both white and redd
 in siluer cupp[e]s cleare. and then has
in the good:
spiced bread,
and good
wine.
 "a ha!" quoth Iohn,⁶ "our supper begins with
 drinke!
- 432 tasste itt, ladds! & looke how⁷ yee thinke,⁸
 ffor my loue, and make good cheere!
 "of meate & drinke you shall haue good ffare;
 & as ffor good wine, wee will not spare,
 436 I goe⁹ you to vnderstand.¹⁰
 ffor euerye yeere, I tell thee thoe,¹¹
 I will haue a tunn or towe
 of the best *that* may be ffound.¹² and the best
that can be
got.
- 440 "ye shall see 3 Churles heere
 drinke the wine with a merry cheere;
 I pray you doe you soe;

¹ Forté,
 Quth John yee may be well ap^d
 For it is in my power now.—P.
Power is for *Proue*, profit, advantage;
 Fr. *prou*.—F.
² Hodgkin, vid. *Infra*.—P.
³ of our &c.—P.
⁴ God doth us send.—P.

⁵ ? MS. then.—F.
⁶ Quoth John, &c. (a ha *delend*).—P.
⁷ *Forté* tell how &c.—P.
⁸ Qu. slink, perhaps thinke.—P.
⁹ Qu. give.—P.
¹⁰ understonde.—P.
¹¹ thee now or true.—P.
¹² fonde.—P.

- They'll all
sup, and
then dance. 444 & when our supper is all doone,
you and wee will dance soone;
letts see who best can doe."
- The Earl
says the
King
can drink no
better wine. 448 the Erle sayd, "by Marry bright,
wheresoeuer the King lyeth this night,
he drinketh no better wine
then thou selfe¹ does att this tyde."
"infaith," quoth Iohn, "soe had leener² I did
then lue ay in woe & payne.³
- 452 "If I be come of Carles kinne,
part of the good *that* I may winne, [page 3₆₃]
some therof shall be mine.
he *that* neuer spendeth but alway spareth,
456 comonlye oft⁴ the worsse he ffareth;
others will broake⁵ itt ffine.⁶"
- Next come
the boar's
head, 460 by then came in red wine & ale,
the bores head⁷ into the hall,
then sheild⁸ with sauces seere⁹;
capons, Capons both baked & rosted,¹⁰
venison, woodcockes, venison, without bost,
& dish meeate¹¹ dight ffull deere.
- swans, 464 swannes they had piping hott,
curlews, Coneys, curleys,¹² well I wott,
herons, &c. the crane, the hearne¹³ in ffere,¹⁴

¹ thyself.—P.² i. e. rather: I leever, *legend*.—P.³ pine or pyne. Chauc. *idem*.—P.⁴ oft, *delend*.—P.⁵ to brouke, broke, to brook, bear;
To use, enjoy. Urry in Chauc.—P.⁶ fine for finely.—P.⁷ See the Carol, *The boris hede furst*,
in Mrs. Ormsby Gore's Porkington MS.
No. 10. The carol is printed in *Reliq.*
Antiq. vol. ii., *Babees Book* &c. p. 397.—F.⁸ The sword of Bacon is call'd the
Shield: and the horny Part of brawn in
some places.—P.⁹ *secre*, *sere*, several; many; contract.from *sever*, or *several*. Gloss. ad G. D.
—P.¹⁰ roste.—P.¹¹ sweet dishes, &c. Russell says in
his *Boke of Nurture*, l. 513–14,
Some maner cury of Cookes craft sotelly
y haue espied,how beire dischmetes ar dressid with
hony not claryfied.—F.¹² curlews.—P.¹³ heron. See Russell, in *Babees Book*,
p. 143–4. Compare this feast with Rus-
sell's *Fest for a Franklen*, B.B. p. 172–3.
—F.¹⁴ i. e. together, along.—P.

- pigeons, partrid[g]es, with spicerye,
 468 Elkes,¹ fflomes,² with ffroterye.³ partridges,
 tarts &c.
- Iohn bade them make good cheere.
- the Erle sayd, "soe mote I thee,
 Iohn, you serue vs royallye !
 472 if yee had dwelled att London,⁴ The Earl
 says it's
 a royal
 feast ;
- if king Edward where here,⁵
 he might be a-payd ⁶ with this supper,⁷
 such ffreindshipp wee haue ffound."⁷ the King
 might be
 pleased with
 it.
- 476 "Nay," sayd Iohn, "by gods grace,
 & Edward wher in ⁸ this place,
 hee shold not touch this tonne.
 hee wold be wrath with Iohn, I hope ;
 480 thereffore I beshrew ⁹ the soue ¹⁰
 that shall come in his mouth ¹¹ ! " "If he were
 here, he
 shouldn't
 have a
 scrap," says
 John.
- theratt the King laughed & made good cheere.
 the Bishopp sayd, "wee fare well heere ! "
 484 the Erle sayd as him thought.
 they spake lattine amongst them there ¹² :
 "infayth," quoth Iohn, "and yee greene mee,
 ffull deere itt shalbe bought. They talk
 Latin
 together.
 John tells
 them to
- 488 "speake English euerye-eche one,¹³
 or else sitt still, in the devills name !
 such talke loue I naught.¹⁴ talk English,
- Lattine spoken amongst Lewd ¹⁵ men,
 492 therin noe reason ffind I can ;
 ffor ffalshood itt is wrought.

¹ 'Elk, a wild swan. Northern.' Halliwell. ? *yelk*, some dish of eggs.—F.

² ? *flauns*, a kind of cheesecake.—F.

³ *fruterye*, fruit collectively taken, *fruiterie* Fr. Johnson.—P. Fritters, I have no doubt. See them in Russell's *Boke of Nurture* (p. 168–70 *Babes Book*) and many other Bills of Fare.—F.

⁴ *Forté* As ye at London won'd.—P.

⁵ Edward's self were heere.—P.

⁶ to appay, to satisfy, to content, hence

'well appaid' is pleased. 'ill appayd' is uneasy (Fr. *appayer*). Johns.—P.

⁷ *suppere*.—P.

⁸ MS. *wherin*.—F. *were in*.—P.

⁹ *beshrew*, *verbum male precantis*. Jun.—P. ¹⁰ *sup*, *soupe*.—P.

¹¹ That in his Mouth sholde come.—P.

¹² perhaps "three."—P.

¹³ *everiche* one.—P.

¹⁴ not, or hold I naught.—P.

¹⁵ Lewd, i.e. Laymen. Johnson.—P.

he doesn't
like whisper-
ing,

"row[n]ing,¹ I loue itt² neither young nor old ;
therefore yee ought not to bee to bold,

496 neither att Meate nor meale.

it's traitors'
work

hee was ffalse *that* rowning began ;
theerfore I say to you certaine
I loue itt neuer a deale:

and not to
be tolerated
by any
courteous
host.

500 "that man can [nought] of curtesye
that lets att his meate rowning bee,³
I say, soe haue I seile.⁴"

The Earl
promises to
leave off.

the Erle sayd right againe,
504 "att your bidding wee will be baine,⁵
wee thinke you say right weele."

Then sweets
come in,

by this came vp ffrom the kitchin
sirrupps⁶ on plates⁷ good and ffine,
508 wrought in a ffayre array.

and John
proposes
that they
shall be
merry

"Sirrah,⁸" sayth Iohn, "sithe wee are mett,
& as good ffellowes together sett,
lett vs be blythe to-day.

and he and
his mates
shall

512 "Hodgkin long, & hob of the Lath,⁹
you are counted good ffellowes both,¹⁰
now is no time to thrine¹¹ ;

¹ rowning, they are used promiscuously in Chaucer.—P.

² *in*, qu.; or loved neither.—P.

³ John is right here. Whispering is strictly forbidden by the old Books of Courtesy, &c.

"Loke þou rownde not in no mannys ere."
Babes Book, p. 20, l. 54.

Looke that ye be in rihte stable sylence,
Withe-oute lowde laughtere or langelynge,
Rovnyng, Iapyng or other Insolence.
ib. p. 253, l. 93-5.

Bekenyng, fynguryng, non þou vse,
And pryue rownyng loke thou refuse.
Boke of Curtasye, l. 250, Bab. Book, p. 306.

⁴ *seil*, Scotch, i.e. prosperity, happiness. Gloss? to Ramsay's Ever-green.
à Teut. *selig*. &c., beatus, felix. Gloss.

ad G. D.—P.

⁵ so *bane* in G. Doug. is ready. Æ. 3, v. 96, Antiquam exquirite matrem: 'to seik zour auld moder make ze bane.' perhaps for *bowne*, metri gratia. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

⁶ Compare Russell, l. 509, (in *Babes Book* &c.) speaking of cooks: Some with Sireppis (Sawces), Sewes and soppes.—F.

⁷ *fortè* platters.—P.

⁸ *Fortè* Sirs.—P. Sirrahs.—Dyce.

⁹ Lathe.—P. ¹⁰ baith.—P.

¹¹ The German *thränen*, to run over, weep, is the only word I can suggest for this, though it could hardly become *thrine*. A.-S. *þringan* is to throng, crowd, press. *Trine*, to hang. Halliwell.—F.

- this wine is new come out of ffrance ;
 516 be god ! me list well to dance, dance.
 therefore take my hand in thine ;
- “ffor wee will ffor our guests sake
 hop and dance, & Renell make.”
 520 the truth ffor to know,
 vp he rose, & dranke the wine : John stands
up
 “wee must haue powder of ginger therein,”
 Iohn sayd, as I troe.
- 524 Iohn bade them stand vp all about,
 “& yee shall see the carles stout
 dance about the bowle.
 Hob of the lathe ¹ & Hodgkin long,
 528 in ffayth you dance your mesures wrong ! with Hob
and
Hodgkin,
and they
dance
 methinkes *that* I shold know.
- “yee dance neither Gallyard ² nor hawe,³
 Trace ⁴ nor true mesure, as I trowe,⁵ [page 864]
 532 but hopp as yee were woode.”
 when they began of ffoote to ffayle,
 thé tumbled top ouer taylor,
 & Master and Master they yode. till they
tumble
down.
- 536 fforth they stepped on stones store ⁶ ;
 Hob of the lathe lay on the fflore,
 his brow brast out of blood.
 “ah, ha !” Quoth Iohn, “thou makes good game !
 540 had thou not ffalled, wee had not laught ; John laughs
at Hob,
 thou gladds vs all, by the rood.”

¹ *lathe* est horreum ; a Corn-house, a Grange. Jun.—P.

² A quick and lively dance introduced into this country about 1541. Halliwell.—F.

³ *Hay*, Qu. Dance the Hay.—P. A round country dance. Halliwell.—F.

⁴ *Trasinge*, ap^d G. Douglas, is explain'd in y^e Gloss., ‘stepping, walking softly,’ from the Fr. *trace*, a step ; but it

is join'd with dancing in y^e following Passage :

The harpis & gythornis playis attanis,
 Upstert Troyanis, & syne Italianis
 And gan do doubil brangillis & gambettis
 Dansis & roundis *trasing* mony gatis.
 —P.

⁵ *Fortè*, as I say.—P.

⁶ *store*, *stour*, *sture*, ingens, crassus. Lye.—P.

and pulls
him up.

Iohn hent¹ vp hobb² by the hand,³
sayes, "methinkes wee dance our measures wronge,

544 by him *that* sitteth in throne."

They begin
to play at
kicks,

then they began to kicke & wince,⁴
Iohn hitt the king ouer the shinnes
with a payre of new clowted shoone.

and the
King has a
merry night.

548 sith King Edward was mad a knight,
had he neuer soe merry a night
as he had with Iohn de Reeue.⁵

to bed the busked them anon,

552 their liueryes⁶ were serued them vp soone
with a merry cheere;

Next
morning

& thus⁷ they slept till morning att prime⁸
in ffull good sheetes of Line.

they hear
Mass,
breakfast,

556 a masse⁹ he garred them to haue,
& after they dight them to dine
with boyled capons good & ffine.

the Duke sayd,¹⁰ "soe god me saue,

promise
John a
reward,

560 if euer wee come to our abone,¹¹
we shall thee quitt our Barrison¹²;
thou shalt not need itt¹³ to crane."

¹ i.e. held. Lye.—P.

² The first *b* is made over a *p* in the MS.—F.

³ hond or wrang.—P.

⁴ *Winche*, to kick. Halliwell.—F.

⁵ the Reeve, or John Reeve there.—P.

⁶ Allowances of meat and drink &c. 'Lyueray he hase of mete and drynke.' *Boke of Curtasye*, l. 371, *Babees Book*, p. 310. Bouge of Court it is called in *Household Ordinances*, t. Edw. IV.—F.

⁷ there.—P.

⁸ prime sic legerit. Lye. D. *fortè* morn^g prime, or morn at prime.—P.

⁹ perhaps *Mess*.—P. Mass was heard by all in the morning.—F.

¹⁰ The Erle said.—P.

¹¹ *Fortasse* Wone.—P. *Abofe* is abode, dwelling (Halliwell); *abone*, above.—F.

¹² Warrison [gift, reward] see P: 3rd St. 40.—P.

¹³ *it* delend.—P.

[The Third Part.]

[How the King invites John to court, and rewards him.]

- the king tooke leaue att man & mayde ¹ ;
 564 Iohn sett him in the rode way ;
 to windsor can hee ² ryde.
- 568 { Then all the court was ffull faine
 that the king was comen againe,
 & thanked chr[i]st *that* tyde.
- 3^d parte { the Ierfawcons were taken againe
 in the fforrest of windsor without laine,³
 the Lords did soe provyde,
 572 they thanked god & S^t Iollye.
 to tell the Queene of their harbor ⁴
 the lords had ffull great pryde.
- 576 The Queene sayd, " Sir, by your leaue,
 I pray you send ffor *that* Noble Reeue,
 that I may see him with sight."
 the Messenger was made to wend,
 & bidd Iohn Reeue goe to the King
 580 hastilye with all his might.
- 584 Iohn waxed vnfaine ⁵ in bone & blood,
 saith, " dame, to me this is noe good,
 my truth to you I plight."
 " you must come in your best array."
 " what too," sayd Iohn, " Sir, I thee pray ? "
 " thou must be made a Knight."

and take
their leave.King
Edward is
welcomed at
Windsor.They tell the
Queen about
John de
Reeve,and she asks
the King to
send for him.A messenger
tells John to
come to the
King.He is put
out at first,¹ may.—Dyce.² gan he &c.—P. *Can* means did.—F.³ MS. laime.—F. Vid. Stanz. 45.—P.⁴ *fortè* harborye, or harberye.—P. .
lodging.—F.⁵ displeased, literally 'unglad.'—P.

thinks his
late guests

588 "a knight," sayd Iohn, "by Marry myld,
I know right well I am beguiled
with the guests I harbord late.

have got him
into a
scrape;
"but never
mind,

to debate they will me bring;
yett cast ¹ I mee ffor nothings
592 noe sorrow ffor to take;

wife, fetch
my armour,

"Allice, ffeitch mee downe my side Acton,
my round pallett ² to my crowne,
is made of Millayne ³ plate,

pitchfork,
and sword."

596 a pitch-fforke and a sword.⁴ "
shee sayd shee was affrayd ⁵
this deede wold make debate.

Allice ffeitched downe his Acton syde;
600 hee tooke itt ffor no litle pryde,
yett must hee itt weare.

The
scabbard
is torn.

the Scaberd was rent withouten doubt,
a large handfull the bleade ⁶ hanged out:

604 Iohn the REEUE sayd there,

John calls
for leather
and a nail to
mend it,

"gett lether & a nayle," Iohn can say,
"lett me sow itt ⁷ a chape to-day,
Lest men scorne my geere.

[page 365]

608 Now," sayd Iohn, "will I see
[w]hether ⁸ itt will out lightlye
or ⁹ I meane itt to weare."

and tries to
pull the
blade out.

Iohn pulled ffast att the blade:
612 (I wold hee had kist my arse *that* itt made!)
he cold not gett itt out.

¹ to cast, to calculate, to reckon, compute. Item, to contrive, to turn the thoughts. Johnson.—P.

² Pallat, in G. Doug^s is used for *caput*. Scot. bor. *pallet* or *pallat* is the crown of the Head or Skull. Gloss. ad G. Doug^s. Hence it should signify here an Helmet or Skull-cap.—P.

³ See note ², vol. i. p. 68.—F.

⁴ *forte* sweard.—P.

⁵ *affear'd*.—P.

⁶ blade.—P.

⁷ *Fortè* sow in. in, qy.—P. *Chape*, the hook of a scabbard; the metal part at the top. Halliwell.—F.

⁸ whether.—P.

⁹ or, i. e. before.—P.

- Allice held, & Iohn draughe,¹
 either att other ffast longhe,²
 616 I doe yee out of doubt.

 Iohn pulled att the scaberd soe hard,
 againe a post he ran backward
 & gaue his head a rowte.³
 620 his wiffe did laughe when he did ffall,
 & soe did his ⁴ meanye all
that were there neere about.

 Iohn sent after his neighbors both,⁵
 624 Hodgkine long & hobb of the lath.⁶
 they were beene⁷ att his biddinge.
 3 pottles of wine⁸ in a dishe
 they supped itt⁹ all off, as I wis,
 628 all there att their partinge.

 Iohn sayd, “ & I had my buckler,¹⁰
 theres nothing *that* shold me dare,
 I tell you all in fferre.¹¹
 632 ffeitch me downe,” quoth he, “ my gloues ;
 they came but ¹² on my ¹³ hands but once
 this 22 ¹⁴ yeere.

 “ ffeitch mee my Capull,” sayd hee there.
 636 his saddle was of a new manner,¹⁵
 his stirroppe were of a tree.¹⁶
 “ dame,” he sayd, “ ffeitch me wine ;
 I will drinke to thee ¹⁷ once againe,
 640 I troe I shall neuer thee see.
- His wife holds, he pulls,

 and he falls back against a post.

 His wife and men laugh at him.

 He sends for Hodgkin and Hob,

 to drink and take leave of him.

 Then he calls for his

 gloves,

 his horse,

 and more wine.

¹ drowghe, Chaucer, i.e. drew.—P.
² lough, or lowghe, i.e. laughed.
 Chaucer.—P.

³ Great or violent stir. Devon.
 Hall.—F.

⁴ *his* in the MS.—F.

⁵ baith.—P.

⁶ Lathe.—P.

⁷ Qu. bowne, bane, bayno, Vid. Pt. 2.
 St. 29 [t.i. 28 of MS., l. 504 above].—P.

⁸ MS. wime.—F.

⁹ itt, delend, censeo.—P.

¹⁰ bucklere.—P.

¹¹ in fere, together, intire, wholly.
 Gloss. ad G.D.—P.

¹² delend. Qu.—P.

¹³ came upon my.—P.

¹⁴ two & twenty.—P.

¹⁵ mannere.—P.

¹⁶ of tree.—P. wood.—F.

¹⁷ An upright stroke, which may be for
 1, stands between *thee* and *once*.—F.

He,
Hodgkin,
and Hob

“Hodgkin long, & hob of the lathe,
tarry & drinke with me bothe,¹
ffor my cares are ffast commannde.²”

drink five
gallons ;

644 they dranke 5 gallons verament :
“ffarwell ffellowes all present,
ffor I am readye to gange !”

and
Hodgkin
heaves him
on to his
mare.

648 Iohn was soe combred in his geere
hee cold not gett vpon his mare
till hodgekinn heane vp³ behind.

When he
gets to
Windsor
Castle, the
porter won't
let him in,

“Now ffarwell, Sir, by the roode !”
to neither *Knight* nor Barron good
652 his hatt he wold not vayle
till⁴ he came to the *Kings* gate :
the Porter wold not lett him in theratt,
nor come within the walle,

656 till a *Knight* came walking out.
they sayd, “yonder standeth a carle stout
in a rusticall arraye.”
on him they all wondred wright,⁵
660 & said he was an vnseemelye wight,
& thus to him they⁶ gan say :

and the
servants
chaff him.

“hayle, ffellow ! where wast thou borne?
thee beseemeth ffull well to weare a horne !
664 where had thou *that* ffaire geere?
I troe a man might seeke ffull long,
one like to thee ar *that* hee ffound,⁷
tho he sought all this yeere.”

¹ bathe or baith.—P.

² i. e. are coming fast. *comand*, idem
ac coming.—P.

³ hove up.—P.

⁴ when. Qu.—P.

⁵ right.—P.

⁶ they *delend*.—P.

⁷ fonde.—P. ? ffong, got hold of.—
Dyce.

- 668 Iohn bade them kisse the devills arse¹: John says
 “ffor you my geare is much the worsse²!
 you will itt not amend,
 by my ffaith, *that* can I lead!
- 672 vpon³ the head I shall you shread he'll crack
 but if you hence wende! their crowns
 if they don't
 go.
- “the devill him speede vpon his crowne
 ● *that* causeth⁴ me to come to this towne,
 676 whether he weare Iacke or Iill!
 what shold such men as I doe heere
 att the kings Manner⁵?
 I might haue beene att home still.”
- 680 as Iohn stode fflyting⁶ ffast, Then John
 he saw one of his guests come at the last; sees his
 to him he spake ffull bold, guest,
 to him he ffast ffull rode,⁷ the Earl,
- 684 he vayled neither hatt nor hood;
 sayth, “thou hast me betold! [page 366] and
 reproaches
 him with
 having
 told of him.
- “full well I wott by this light
that thou hast disdainde mee right;
 688 ffor wrat[h] I waxe neere wood!”
 The Erle sayd, “by Marry bright,
 Iohn, thou made vs a merry night;
 thou shalt haue nothing but good.”
- 692 the Erle tooke leaue att Iohn Reue,
 sayd, “thou shalt come in without greefe;
 I pray thee tarry a while.”

¹ Erse, Chauc.—P.² werse, Chauc.—P.³ MS. vpan or vpom.—F.⁴ *Forté* caused.—P.⁵ Mannere.—P. Dwelling, mansion.
—F.⁶ To flyte, i.e. to chide, is still in use
 in Scotland. Gloss? to Ramsay's Ever-
 green. *flyt*, to scold, chide. A.-S. *flitan*,
 contendere, rixari. Gloss. ad G. Doug.
 —P.⁷ full faste rode.—P.

and goes to
tell the King
that John is
at the gate.

- the Erle into the hall went,
696 & told the *King* verament
that ¹ Iohn Reeue was att the gate ;
“to no man list hee lout.
a rusty sword gird ² him about,
700 & a long ffawchyon, I wott. ³”

King
Edward
orders John
to be brought
in to table.

- the *King* said, “goe wee to meate,
& bringe him when ⁴ wee are sett ;
our dame shall haue a play.”

The Earl
describes
John's

- 704 “he hath 10 arrowes in a thonge,
some are short & some are long,
the sooth as I shold say ;

armour,

- “a rusty sallett ⁵ vpon his crowne,
708 his hood were made home browne ⁶ ;
there may nothing him dare ;

his knife,

- a thytill hee hath ffast in his hand
that hangeth in a peake band, ⁷
712 & sharplye itt will share.

gloves,

- “he hath a pouch hanging ffull wyde,
a rusty Buckeler on the other syde,
his mittons ⁸ are of blacke clothe.
716 who-soe to him sayth ought but good,
⁹ [I swear it to you by the rood,]
and temper. ffull soone hee wilbe wrothe.”

John tells
the porter to
let him in.

- then Iohn sayd, “Porter, lett mee in !
720 some of my goods thou shalt win ;
I loue not ffor to pray.”

¹ That *delend*.—P.

² girdeth.—P.

³ weet. Item. wate, wat, i.e. know, knew, wot. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

⁴ him in, when.—P.

⁵ Aliter *salad*, a Gallic. *Salade*, a Head-piece. *Celada*, or *Zelada*, Spanish. Lye. vid. St. 6, P^t. 3^d [l. 594 above].—P.

⁶ of homespun brown : or rather, was of homemade brow[n]. See P^t. 1, St. 48 [l. 284 above].—P.

⁷ See the Picture of Chaucer.—P.

⁸ Cp. Twey mitteynes as meter. *Piers Plowman's Crede*.—F.

⁹ A line wanting.—P.

the Porter sayd, "stand abacke !
 & thou come neere I shall thee rappe,
 724 thou carle, by my ffay ! "

The porter
 says he'll
 give him
 a rap.

Iohn tooke his fforke¹ in his hand,
 he bare his fforke on an End,
 he thought to make a ffray ;
 728 his Capull was wight,² & corne ffedd ;
 vpon the Porter hee him spedd,
 and him had welnye slaine.³

On which
 John
 charges him
 with his
 pitchfork,

he hitt the Porter vpon the crowne,
 732 with *that* stroke hee ffell downe,
 fforsooth as I you tell ;
 & then hee rode into the hall,
 & all the doggs both great & small⁴
 736 on Iohn ffast can thé yell.⁵

nearly
 kills him,

and then
 rides into the
 King's hall,

Iohn layd about as hee were wood,
 & 4 hee killed as hee stood ;
 the rest will now be ware.

killing four
 of his dogs
 on the way.

740 then came fforth a squier hend,
 & sayd, " Iohn, I am thy ffreind,
 I pray you light downe heere."

One squire
 asks him to
 dismount ;

another sayd, " giue me thy fforke,"
 744 & Iohn sayd, " nay, by S^t William of Yorke,⁶
 ffirst I will cracke thy crowne ! "

another, to
 give up his
 fork ;

¹ forke. Perhaps *stocke*, which is used by Gawain Doug'as for a dagger, rapier, *Æn.* 7, 669, "*veruque sabello*" being render'd "with *stokkis sabellyne*." ab Ital. *stoico*, ensis longior. Gloss. ad G. D. *Stock*, caudex, Truncus. Jun. It signifies also the handle of anything. Johnson. A staff or long Pole.—P. John's tool is of course his two-grained pitchfork that he describes in line 319, and asks for in line 596 above.—F.

² Vid. Pt. 1, St. 36.—P.

³ did well-nye slay.—P.

⁴ Dogs had possession of the whole of the houses in Early English days. See the directions for turning them out of the lord's bedroom in Russell, the Sloane MS. Boke of Curtasye, &c. in *Babees Book*, p. 182, l. 969 ; p. 283, l. 98, p. 69.—F.

⁵ gan to yell.—P.

⁶ ? what saint.—F.

a third, his
sword

another sayd, "lay downe thy sword¹;
sett vp thy horsse; be not affeard;
748 thy bow, good Iohn, lay downe;

and helmet.

"I shall hold your stirroppe;
doe of your pallett & your hoode
ere thé ffall, as I troe.

He must be
very stupid
not to see in
whose pre-
sence he is.

752 yee see not who sitteth att the meate;
yee are a wonderous silly ffreake,
& alsoe passing sloe²!"

"What the
devil's that
to you?"
says John.
"I shall
wear my
sword."

756 "what devill," sayd Iohn, "is *that* ffor thee³?
itt is my owne, soe mote I thee!
thorfore I will itt weare."

The Queen
asks who he
can be.

the Queene beheld him in hast:
"my lord,⁴" shee sayd, "ffor gods ffast,
760 who is yonder *that* doth ryde?
such a ffellow saw I neuer yore⁵!
shee saith, "hee hath the quaintest geere,
he is but simple of pryde."

[page 357]

John rides
on,

764 right soe came Iohn as hee were wood;
he vayled neither hatt nor hood,
he was a ffaley⁶ ffreake;

with his
pitchfork
at the
charge,

he tooke his fforke as hee wold Iust;
768 vp to the dease⁷ ffast he itt thrust.
the Queene ffor ffear did speake,

and
frightens the
Queen.

& sayd, "lords, beware, ffor gods grace!
ffor hee⁸ will ffrowte⁹ some in the fface
772 if yee take not good heede!"

¹ swerde.—P.

² slow.—P.

³ y^e deuill . . is that to thee.—P.

⁴ my Lords. Qu.—P.

⁵ yore, jamdudum, jam olim. Jun.
perhaps here.—P.

⁶ perhaps *stately*.—P. ? *Ferley*, won-
derful.—F.

⁷ Dease, or Deis. See P: 2^d St. 6.
—P.

⁸ MS. thee.—F.

⁹ Perhaps from Fr. *froter*, in the sense
of to bang or beat (*battre, frapper*), or in
its original sense to rub. To *frote* is in
use in this sense in Shropshire.—T. P.

thé laughed without doubt,
 & soe did all *that* were about,
 to see Iohn on his steede.

The rest
 laugh.

776 then sayd Iohn to our Queene,
 "thou mayst be proud, dame, as I weene,
 to haue such a ffawconer¹!
 ffor he is a well ffarrand man,
 780 & much good manner² hee can,
 I tell you sooth in ffere.
 3 [.]
 "but, lord," hee sayd, "my good, its thine;
 my body alsoe, ffor to pine,
 784 ffor thou art king with crowne.
 but, lord, thy word is honorable,
 both stedffast, sure, and stable,
 & alsoe⁴ great of renowne!

John tells
 the Queen
 she may be
 proud of her
 falconer.

He's a fine-
 looking
 man.

[Then
 finding that
 it's King
 Edward I.,]
 to whom his
 goods and
 body belong,

788 "therefore haue mind⁵ what thou me hight
 when thou with me [harbord⁶] a night,
 a warryson⁷ *that* I shold haue."
 Iohn spoke to him with sturdye mood,
 792 hee vayled neither hatt nor hood,
 but stood with him checkmate.⁸

he reminds
 him of the
 pledge he
 made the
 night he
 lodged with
 him.

the King sayd, "fellow mine,
 ffor thy capons hott, & good red wine,
 796 much thankes I doe gine thee."
 the Queene sayd, "by Mary bright,
 award him as his⁹ right;
 well aduanced lett him bee!"

Edward
 thanks him
 for his
 capons and
 wine,

¹ fawconere.—P.

² manners.—P.

³ Some lines wanting here, containing the discovery of the King's rank. Some lines seem wanting here.—P.

⁴ also *delend*.—P.

⁵ *nind* in the MS.—F.

⁶ me [passedst] a.—P.

⁷ *warison*, reward. Scottish. See

Gloss? to Ramsay's Ever-green.—P.

⁸ Qu. Cheek-mate: *mate* is companion, *Socius*, *sodalis*, q.d. cheek by Jole This passage may also be explain'd from the Term in chess; checkmate being when the king is hem'd in by some inferiour Piece; so that he cannot stir.—T. P.

⁹ *fortè as is*, or *as it is*.—P.

- 800 the King sayd vntill him then,
 makes him a gentleman,
 gives him his house and 100*l.* a year.
 "Iohn, I make thee a gentleman;
 thy manner place ¹ I thee giue,
 & a 100¹¹ to thee and thine,²
 804 & euery yeere a tunn of red wine
 soe long as thou dost liue."
- John kneels and thanks the King,
 808 but then Iohn began to kneele :
 "I thanke you, my Lord, as I haue soule,³
 therof I am well payd.⁴"
 the King tooke a coller bright,
 who then puts a collar on him, and knights him.
 & sayd, "Iohn, heere I make thee a knight
 with worshippe." when hee sayd,
- John fears that
 812 then was Iohn euill apayd,⁵
 & amongst them all thus hee sayd,
 "ffull oft I haue heard tell
 that after a coller comes a rope ;
 a rope will follow the collar, and doesn't like it.
 816 I shall be hanged by the throate ;
 methinkes itt doth not well."
- But they tell him he must sit in the chief place.
 820 ⁶ "sith thou hast taken this estate,
 that euery man may itt wott,⁷
 thou must begin the bord."
 then Iohn therof was nothing ffaine—
 I tell you truth with-outeen laine,⁸—
 he spake neuer a word,
- He does so, wishing himself at home.
 824 but att the bords end he sate him downe ;
 ffor hee had leeuier beene att home
 then att all ⁹ their ffrankish ¹⁰ ffare ;

¹ *place* delend.—P. dwelling place.
 —F.

² *and thime* in the MS.—F.

³ *sele* or *seil*.—P.

⁴ *fortè* apayd, i.e. content.—P.

⁵ i.e. sad, *tristis*. (See Jun⁹) uneasy.
 —P.

⁶ something is wanting here.—P.

⁷ *wate*, or *weet*.—P.

⁸ *lean*, *celare*, *occultare*, ab. *Isal. laina*,
launa, *occultare*. Lye.—P.

⁹ *All* is redundant.—P.

¹⁰ *frank*, *liber*, *liberalis*. Jun.—P.

ffor there was wine, well I wott;
 828 royall meates of the best sortes
 were sett before him there.

a gallon of wine was put in a dishe;
 Iohn supped itt of, both more & lesse.
 832 "ffeitch," Quoth the King, "such more.¹"
 "by my Lady,²" Quoth Iohn, "this is good wine!
 lett vs make merry, ffor now itt is time;
 Christs curse on him *that* doth itt spare³!"

He drinks
 off a gallon
 of wine,

and wants to
 make merry.

836 with *that* came in the Porter⁴ hend
 & kneeled downe before the King,
 was all⁵ berunnen⁶ with blood.
 then the King in hart was woe,
 840 sayes, "Porter, who hath dight thee soe?
 tell on; I wax neere wood."

The porter
 comes in

all over
 blood.

"Who did
 this?" says
 the King.

"Now infaith," sayd Iohn, "*that* same was I,
 for to teach him some curtesye,
 844 ⁷ ffor thou hast taught him noe good. [page 368]
 for when thou came to my pore place,
 with mee thou found soe great a grace,
⁸ noe man did bidd thee stand without;

"I," says
 John, "to
 teach him
 manners.

When you
 came to me,
 if anyone
 had told you
 to

848 "ffor if any man had against thee spoken,
 his head ffull soone I shold haue broken,"
 Iohn sayd, "with-uten doubt.
 therefore I warne thy porters ffree,
 852 when any man [comes] out of my⁹ Countrie,
 another¹⁰ [time] lett them not be soe stout.

stop outside,
 I'd have
 broken his
 head.

Your porters
 mustn't be
 so saucy
 next time."

¹ mare or mair.—P.

² *forté* our Lady.—P.

³ on them that spare.—P.

⁴ MS. Porters.—F.

⁵ One was all &c.—P.

⁶ MS. berumen.—F.

⁷ For none thou hast him taught. Qu.—P.

⁸ None bade thee stand without.—P.

⁹ Any come out, or comes from my &c.—P.

¹⁰ *delend* another.—P.

“ if both thy porters goe walling ¹ wood,
begod I shall reave ² their hood,

856 or goe on ffoote boote.

but thou, Lord, hast after me sent,
& I am come att thy commandement
hastilye withouten doubt.”

The King
acknow-
ledges
that his
porter was
in fault,

860 the King sayd, “ by St. Iame !
Iohn, my porters were to blame ;
yee did nothing but right.”
he tooke the case into his hand ;

but makes
John kiss
him

864 then to kisse ³ hee made them gange ;
then laughed both King and Knight.

and be
friends.

“ I pray you,” quoth the King, “ good ffellows bee.”
“ yes,” quoth Iohn, “ soe mote I thee,
868 we were not wrathe ⁴ ore night.”

The Bishop
promises
to put
John's two
sons to
school,

then they ⁵ Bishopp sayd to him thoe,
“ Iohn, send hither thy sonnes ² ;
to the schoole ⁶ I shall them ffind,
872 & soe god may for them werke,
that either of them haue a kirke
if ffortune be their ffreind.

and says the
King will
find his
daughters
good
husbands.

“ also send hither thye daughters both ⁷ ;
876 2 marryages the King will garr them to haue, ⁸
& wedd them with a ringe.

¹ walling, i.e. boiling, fervent ; S. *wellan*. Lye.—P.

² reave, i.e. bereave (like as reft is for bereft) to take away by stealth or violence. Johnson. (used rather for *rive*, i.e. cleave.)—P.

³ Cp. Chaucer's making the Host and Pardoner kiss. *Cant. Tales*, end of The Pardoner's Tale :

‘ And ye, sir host, that ben to me so deere,
I pray yow that ye kisse the pardoner ;

And pardoner, I pray you draweth yow
ner,

And as we dede, let us laugh and playe.’
Anon thay kisse, and riden forth her
waye.

v. iii., p. 105, l. 502–6, ed. Morris.—F.

⁴ wrothe.—P.

⁵ the.—P.

⁶ *Forté* At schoole.—P.

⁷ baith.—P.

⁸ gar them have.—P.

went¹ fforth, Iohn, on thy way,
 looke thou be kind & curteous aye,
 880 of meate & drinke be neu[e]r nithing.²”

then Iohn tooke leaue of *King* & *Queene*,³
 & after att all the court by-deene,
 & went fforth on his way.
 884 he sent his daughters to the *King*,
 & they were weded with a ringe
 vnto 2 squiers gay.

John takes
leave of the
Court.

The King
marries his
daughters
to two
squires ;

his sonnes both hardye & wight,
 888 the one of them was made a *Knight*,
 & fresh in euery ffray ;
 the other a *parson* of a kirke,
 gods seruice ffor to worke,
 892 to god serue⁴ night & day.

knights
one of his
sons,

gives the
other a
living,

thus Iohn Reeue and his wiffe
 with mirth & Iolty⁵ ledden their liffe ;
 to god they made Laudinge.
 896 Hodgikin long & hobb⁶ of the lathe,
 they were made ffreemen bothe⁷
 through the grace of the *King* hend.⁸

and makes
Hodgkin
and Hob
freemen.

then thought [John]⁹ on the Bishoppes word,
 900 & euer after kept open bord
 ffor guests *that* god him send ;
 till death ffeicht him away
 to the blisse *that* lasteth aye :
 904 & thus Iohn Reeue made an end.

John de
Reeve
keeps open
house

till he dies.

¹ wend.—P.

² Nithing, *nequam*, naught, It. a dastard poltron: here it seems to mean niggardly.—P. A.-S. *niðing*, a wicked man, an outlaw,—Bosworth,—later, a niggard.—F.

³ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁴ to serve God.—P.

⁵ Jollity.—P.

⁶ A stroke like a *t* follows in the MS.—F.

⁷ baith.—P.

⁸ Perhaps hend King.—P.

⁹ thought [he].—P.

thus endeth the tale of Reeue soe wight.¹
 God save all god *that* is soe ffull of might,
 who to heauen their soules bring
 have heard 908 *that* haue heard this litle story,
 this story! *that* liued ² sometimes in the south-west countrie
 in long ³ Edwards dayes our *King*.
 ffs.

¹ See Page 210 [of MS.] top of y^e
 Page (fell some time, &c.).—P.

² Forte *happned*.—P.

³ long-[shanks] or without *long*.—P.

Appendix.

I.

Agincourt Ballads.

(See p. 159, Nos. 3 and 4.)

1. Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory.

A spirited black-letter ballad, of early date, the only existing copy of which was, however, "printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield," not long anterior to the Civil Wars; it bears for title "Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory," purporting to have been sung "to a pleasant new tune." *Collier's Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. iii. p. 538.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Where English slue and hurt
 All their French foemen ?
 With our pikes and bills brown,
 How the French were beat downe,
 Shot by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt,
 Never to be forgot
 Or known to no men ?
 Where English cloth-yard arrows
 Kill'd the French like tame sparrows,
 Slaine by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt,
 Where we won field and fort ?
 French fled like wo-men
 By land, and eke by water ;
 Never was seene such slaughter,
 Made by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
English of every sort,
 High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old stories tell us,
 Thanks to our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Either tale, or report,
 Quickly will show men
What can be done by courage,
Men without food or forage,
 Still lusty bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where such a fight was fought,
 As, when they grow men,
Our boys shall imitate ;
Nor need we long to waite ;
 They'll be good bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where our fifth Harry taught
 Frenchmen to know men :
And when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one
 Good English bowman.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Huzza for Agincourt !
When that day is forgot
 There will be no men.
It was a day of glory,
And till our heads are hoary
 Praise we our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
When our best hopes were nought,

Tenfold our foemen.
 Harry led his men to battle,
 Slue the French like sheep and cattle :
 Huzza ! our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 O, it was noble sport !
 Then did we owe men ;
 Men, who a victory won us
 'Gainst any odds among us :
 Such were our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Dear was the victory bought
 By fifty yeomen.
 Ask any English wench,
 They were worth all the French :
 Rare English bowmen !¹

2. King Henry V. his Conquest of France
 In Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King ;
 In sending him (instead of the Tribute) a Ton
 of Tennis Balls.

(From the copy in Chetham's Library, Manchester, obligingly transcribed by Mr. Jones, the Librarian. Dr. Rimbault has a copy of this ballad "Printed and sold in Aldermary Church Yard." He says that traditional versions of it also appeared in the Rev. J. C. Tyler's *Henry of Monmouth*, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 197, and in Mr. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, printed by the Percy Society in 1846. *Notes and Queries*, No. 23, Jan. 25, 1851, vol. iii. p. 51, col. 1.)

As our King lay musing on his bed,
 He bethought himself upon a time,
 Of a tribute that was due from France,
 Had not been paid for so long a time.
 Fal, lal, &c.

¹ In the original it is "Rare English *women*," but probably a mistake for "bowmen," the printer having been misled by the word "wench" above. All the other stanzas end with "bowmen."—J. P. Collier.

He called for his lovely page,
His lovely page then called he ;
Saying, you must go to the King of France,
To the King of France, sir, ride speedily.
O then went away this lovely page,
This lovely page then away went he ;
Low he came to the King of France,
And when fell down on his bended knee.
My master greets you, worthy sir,
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
That you will send him his tribute home,
Or in French land you soon will him see.
Fal, lal, &c.

Your master's young and of tender years,
Not fit to come into my degree :
And I will send him three Tennis-Balls,
That with them he may learn to play.

O then returned this lovely page,
This lovely page then returned he,
And when he came to our gracious King,
Low he fell down on his bended knee.
What news? what news? my trusty page,
What is the news you have brought to me ?
I have brought such news from the King of France,
That he and you will ne'er agree.
He says, you're young and of tender years,
Not fit to come into his degree ;
And he will send you three Tennis-Balls,
That with them you may learn to play.
Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire
And Derby Hills that are so free :
No marry'd man or widow's son,
For no widow's curse shall go with me.
They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby Hills that are so free :
No marry'd man, nor no widow's son,
Yet there was a jovial bold company.

O then we march'd into the French land,
With drums and trumpets so merrily ;
And then bespoke the King of France,
Lo yonder comes proud King Henry.

The first shot that the Frenchmen gave,
They kill'd our Englishmen so free.
We kill'd ten thousand of the French,
And the rest of them they run away.
And then we marched to Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets so merrily ;
O then bespoke the King of France,
The Lord have mercy on my men and me,
O I will send him his tribute home,
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
And the finest flower that is in all France
To the Rose of England I will give free.

II.

King Estmere.

(See p. 200, note 1.)

WE give here reprints of this ballad as it appeared in the 1st and 4th editions of the *Reliques*, putting in italics all the words changed in spelling or position, or for other words, in the two editions, so as to make Percy's acknowledged changes apparent. His unacknowledged ones we must leave to the critical power of our readers to ascertain.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
He tell you of two of the boldest breth-
ren,
That ever *born* y-were.

The tone of them was Adler *yonge*, 5
The tother was kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their *deedes*,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Estmeres halle: 10
Whan will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to *gladd* us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,
And answered him hastilee:
I knowe not that ladye in any *lande*, 15
That is able⁴ to *marry* with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye *sholde* be queene. 20

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
He tell you of two of the boldest breth-
ren¹
That ever *borne* y-were.

The tone of them was Adler *younge*,
The tother was kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their *deeds*,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Estmeres halle²:
Whan will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to *glad* us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,
And answered him hastilee³:
I know not that ladye in any *land*
That's able⁴ to *marrye* with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye *shold* be my queene.

Ver. 3. brether. fol. MS.
Ver. 10. his brother's hall. fol. MS.

² Ver. 14. hartilye. fol. MS.
⁴ He means fit, suitable.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout *merrye* England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betweene us two to sende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother, 25
He beare you *companee*;
Many throughe fals messengers are *de-*
ceivde,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht *steedes*, 30
And when *they* came to *kyng* Adlands
halle,
Of *red golde* shone their *weedes*.

And *whan* the came to kyng Adlands
halle
Before the goodlye *yate*,
Ther they found good kyng Adland 35
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Nowe Christ thee save, good kyng Ad-
land;
Nowe Christ *thee* save and see.
Sayd, you be welcome, *kyng* Estmere,
Right hartilye *unto* mee. 40

You have a daughter, *sayd* Adler *yonge*,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to *bee* queene.

Yesterdaye was at my *deare* daughtèr 45
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
And then *shre* nicked him of naye,
I *feare* sheele doe *youe* the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound; 50
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter *deare* 55
Before I goe hence awaye.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout *merry* England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us *towe* to sende.

Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,
He beare you *companye*;
Many throughe fals messengers are ¹ *de-*
ceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht *steeds*,
And when *the* came to *king* Adlands
halle,
Of *redd gold* shone their *weeds*.

And *when* the came to kyng Adlands
hall
Before the goodlye *gate*,
There they found good kyng Adland
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good kyng Ad-
land;
Now Christ *you* save and see.
Sayd, You be welcome, *king* Estmere,
Right hartilye *to* mee.

You have a daughter, *said* Adler *younge*,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to *be* queene.

Yesterday was att my *deere* daughtèr
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne; ²
And then *she* nicked him of naye,
And I *doubt* sheele *do* *you* the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth ³ on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye;
That I may see your daughter *deere*
Before I goe hence awaye.

¹ Ver. 27. Many a man . . . is. fol. MS.² Ver. 46. The king his sonne of Spayn. fol. MS.³ Misprinted 'leeve thou.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

Althoughe itt is seven *yeare* and more
Syth my daughter was in halle,
Shee shall come *downe once* for your sake
 To glad my guestès *all*. 60

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
 With ladyes *lacede* in pall,
 And halfe a *hondred* of *bolde* knightes,
 To bring her from bowre to hall;
 And *cke* as *mauye* gentle *squieres*, 65
 To *waite* upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head
 sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee;
 And everye *rynge* on her *smalle* finger,
 Shone of the chrystall free. 70

Sayes, Christ you save, my *deare madame*;
Sayes, Christ you save and see.
Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
 Right welcome unto mee.

And *iff* you love me, as you *saye*, 75
 So well and hartilée,
 All that ever you are comen about
 Soone sped now itt *may* bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
 My daughter, I *saye naye*; 80
 Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
 What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and
 castles,
 And reave me of my lyfe:
And ever I feare that paynim kyng, 85
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
 Are stronglye built aboute;
 And therefore of *that foule paynim*
 Wee neede not stande in *doubte*. 90

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Est-
 mere,
 By heaven and your righte hand,
 That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
 And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he *plyght* his troth 95
 By heaven and his righte hand,
 That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,
 And make her queene of his land.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Although itt is seven *yeers* and more
 Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come *once downe* for your sake
 To glad my guestès *alle*.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
 With ladyes *laced* in pall,
 And halfe a *hundred* of *bold* knightes,
 To bring her [from] bowre to hall;
 And as *many* gentle *squiers*,
 To *tend* upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head
 sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
 And everye *ring* on her *small* finger,
 Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies, God you save, my *deere madam*;
Saies, God you save and see."
Said, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
 Right welcome unto mee.

And, *if* you love me, as you *saye*,
 Soe well and hartilée,
 All that ever you are comen about
 Soone sped now itt *shal* bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
 My daughter, I *saye naye*;
 Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
 What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and
 castles,
 And reave me of my lyfe:
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
 Are stronglye built aboute;
 And therefore of *the king of Spaine* ¹
 Wee neede not stande in *doubt*.

Plight me your troth, nowe, kyng Est-
 mere,
 By heaven and your righte hand,
 That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
 And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he *plight* his troth
 By heaven and his righte hand,
 hat he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
 And make her queene of his land.

¹ Ver. 89. of the King his sonne of Spaine. fol. MS.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
 To goe to his owne countree, 100
 To fetch him dukes and lordes and
 knightes,
 That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
 A myle forthe of the towne,
 But in did come the kyng of Spayne, 105
 With kempes many a one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
 With manye a *grimme* barone,
 Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daugh-
 ter
 Tother daye to carrye her home. 110

Then shée sent after kyng Estmère
 In all the spede might bee,
 That he must either *retur*ne and fighte,
 Or goe home and *lose* his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went, 115
 Another *whyle* he ranne;
 Till he had oretaken *kyng* Estmère
I-wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, *tydings*, kyng Estmère!
 What tydings now, my boye? 120
 O tydings I can tell to you,
 That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a *myle*,
 A *myle* out of the towne,
 But in did come the kyng of Spayne 125
 With kempes many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
 With manye a *grimme* barone,
 Tone daye to marrye king Adlands
 daughter,
 Tother daye to carrye her home. 130

That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
 And ever-more well by mee:
 You must either turne againe and fighte,
 Or goe home and *lose* your ladyè.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, *deare* brother, 135
 My reade shall ryde¹ at thee,
Whiche waye we best may turne and
 fighte,
 To save *this* fayre ladyè.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
 To goe to his owne countree,
 To fetch him dukes and lordes and
 knightes,
 That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
 A myle forthe of the towne,
 But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
 With kempes many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
 With manye a *bold* barone,
 Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daugh-
 ter,
 Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shée sent *one* after kyng Estmère
 In all the spede might bee,
 That he must either *turne* againe and
 fighte,
 Or goe home and *loose* his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
 Another *while* he ranne;
 Till he had oretaken *king* Estmère,
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, *tydings*, kyng Estmère!
 What tydings now, my boye?
 O, tydings I can tell to you,
 That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a *mile*,
 A *mile* out of the towne,
 But in did come the kyng of Spayne
 With kempes many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
 With manye a *bold* barone.
 Tone daye to marrye king Adlands
 daughter,
 Tother daye to carry her home.

My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
 And ever-more well by mee:
 You must either turne againe and fighte,
 Or goe home and *loose* your ladyè.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, *deere* brother,
 My reade shall ryde² at thee,
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
 Or goe home and *loose* my ladyè.

¹ *Sic.* ² *Sic* MS. It should probably be "ryse," i.e. my counsell shall arise from thee. See ver. 140.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
 And your reade must rise ¹ at me, 140
 I quicklie will devise a waye
 To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
 And learned in gramaryè,²
 And when I learned at the schole, 145
 Something shee taught itt mee.

There *groweth* an hearbe within this
 felde,
 And iff it were but knowne,
 His color, which is whyte and redd,
 Itt will make blacke and browne: 150

His color, which is browne and blacke,
 Itt will make redd and whyte;
 That sworde is not in all Englande,
 Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother, 155
 Out of the north *countrée*;
 And Ile be your *boye*, so faine of fighte,
 To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you *shall* be the best harpèr,
 That ever tooke harpe in hand; 160
 And I *will* be the best singèr,
 That ever sung in this *land*.

Itt shal be written in our forheads
 All and in *gramaryè*,
 That we towe are the boldest men, 165
 That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
 On *towe* good renish steedes;
 And *whan* they came to king Adlands
 hall,
 Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170

And whan the came to kyng Adlands
 hall
 Untill the fayre hall yate,
 There they found a proud portèr
 Rearing himselfe *theratt*.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud
 portèr: 175
 Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
 Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
 Of what land soever ye bee.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
 And your reade must rise ² at me,
 I quicklie will devise a waye
 To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
 And learned in gramaryè,²
 And when I learned at the schole,
 Something shee taught itt mee.

There *groues* an hearbe within this
 field,
 And iff it were but knowne,
 His color, which is whyte and redd,
 It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
 Itt will make redd and whyte;
 That sworde is not in all Englande,
 Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
 Out of the north *countrye*;
 And Ile be your *boy*, soe faine of fighte,
 And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you *shal* be the best harpèr,
 That ever tooke harpe in hand;
 And I *wil* be the best singèr,
 That ever sung in this *lande*.

Itt shal be written in our forheads
 All and in *grammarie*,
 That we towe are the boldest men,
 That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
 On *tow* good renish steedes;
 And *whan* they came to king Adlands
 hall,
 Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands
 hall,
 Untill the fayre hall yate,
 There they found a proud portèr
 Rearing himselfe *thereatt*.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud
 portèr;
 Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
 Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
 Of what land soever ye bee.

¹ *Sic*.² *Sic MS*.³ See at the end of this ballad, Note *.* [not reprinted here.—F.]

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

We been harpers, sayd Adler *yonge*,
Come out of the northe *countrée*; 180
We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and
redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Ild saye king Estmere and his brother 185
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme. 190

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he *light off* his steede 195
Up att the fayre hall board;
The *frothe*, that came from his brydle
bitte,
Light on kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, Stable *thou* steede, thou proud
harper,
Goe stable him in the stalle; 200
Itt doth not beseeme a proud harper
To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My *ladd* he is so lither, he *sayd*,
He will *do* nought that's meete;
And *aye* that I cold but find the man, 205
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud *wordes*, sayd the *Pay-*
nim kyng,
Thou harper here to mee;
There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy *lad* and thee. 210

O *lett* that man come downe, he *sayd*,
A sight of him *wolde* I see;
And *whan* hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man, 215
And looked him in the eare;
For all the golde, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler *younge*,
Come out of the northe *countrye*;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and
redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold saye king Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he *stabled* his steede
Soe fayre att the hall bord;
The *froth*, that came from his brydle
bitte,
Light in kyng Bremors beard.

Saies, Stable *thy* steed, thou proud
harper,
Saies, Stable him in the stalle;
It doth not beseeme a proud harper
To stable 'him' in a kyngs halle.¹

My *ladde* he is so lither, he *said*,
He will *doe* nought that's meete;
And *is there any man in this hall*
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud *words*, sayes the *king*
of Spaine,
Thou harper here to mee:
There is a man within this halle,
Will beate thy *ladd* and thee.

O *let* that man come downe, he *said*,
A sight of him *wold* I see;
And *when* hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

¹ Ver. 202. To stable his steede. fol. MS.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

And how nowe, kempe, *sayd* the kyng of
Spayne,
 And how what aileth thee? 220
 He *sayes*, *Itt* is *written* in his forehead
 All and in gramaryè,
 That for all the gold that is under
 heaven,
 I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmere *then pulled* forth his harpe, 225
 And *playd* *theron* so *sweete*:
Upstarte the ladye from the *kyng*,
As hee sate at the meate.

Nowe stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
Now stay thy harpe, I say; 230
 For *an* thou *playest* as thou *beginnest*,
 Thou'lt till my *bride* awaye.

He *strucke* upon his harpe *agayne*,
 And *playd* *both fayre and free*;
 The ladye was so *pleasde* *theratt*, 235
She laught loud *laughters three*.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, *sayd* the kyng of
Spayne,
Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
 And as many gold nobles thou shalt
 have,
 As *there be stryngs thercon*. 240

And what wold ye doe with my harpe,
 he sayd,
Iff I did sell it ye?
 To playe my wiffe and me a *FITT*,
 When abed together *we* bee.

Now sell me, *syr kyng*, thy bryde soe
 gay, 245
 As shee sitts *laced in pall*,
 And as many gold nobles I will give,
 As *there be rings in the hall*.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde
 so gay,
Iff I did sell her *ye*? 250
 More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
 To lye by mee *than* thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
 And Adler he did syng,
 "O ladye, this is thy owne true love; 255
 "Noe harper but a kyng.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

And how nowe, kempe, *said* the kyng of
Spaine,
 And how what aileth thee?
 He *saies*, *It* is *writt* in his forehead
 All and in gramaryè,
 That for all the gold that is under
 heaven,
 I dare not neigh him nye.

Then kyng Estmere *pulld* forth his harpe,
 And *plaid* a *pretty thinge*:
The ladye upstart from the *borde*,
And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
For Gods love I pray thee
 For *and* thou *playes* as thou *beginns*,
 Thou'lt till¹ my *bryde* from *mee*.

He *stroake* upon his harpe *again*e,
 And *playd* a *pretty thinge*;
 The ladye *lough* a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

Saies, sell me thy harpe, *thou proud*
harper,
And thy string's all,
 For as many gold nobles, 'thou shalt
 have'
 As *heere bee ringes in the hall*.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he
 sayd,'
If I did sell it *ye*?
 "To playe my wiffe and me a *FITT*,²
 When abed together *wec* bee."

Now sell me, *quoth hee*, thy bryde soe
 gay,
 As shee sitts *by thy knee*,
 And as many gold nobles I will give,
 As *leaves been on a tree*.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde
 soe gay,
Iff I did sell her *thee*?
 More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
 To lye by mee *then* thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,³
 And Adler he did syng,
 "O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
 "Noe harper, but a kyng.

¹ i.e. Entice. Vid. Gloss.

² i.e. a tune, or strain of music. See Gloss.

³ Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
 "As playnlye thou mayest see;
 "And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
 "Who partes thy love and thee." 260

The ladye *louked*, the ladye blushte,
 And blushte and lookt agayne,
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
 And hath *sir Bremor* slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men, 265
 And loud they gan to crye:
 Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
 And swith he drew his brand; 270
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can *byte*,
 Throughe help of gramaryè,
 That soone they have slayne the kempery
 men, 275
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
 And marryed her to his *wyfe*,
 And brought her home to *merrye* England
 With her to leade his *lyfe*. 280

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
 "As playnlye thou mayest see;
 "And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
 "Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye *looked*, the ladye blushte,
 And blushte and lookt agayne,¹
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
 And hath *the Sowdan* slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
 And loud they gan to crye:
 Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
 And swith he drew his brand;
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can *fyte*,
 Throughe help of Gramaryè,
 That soone they have slayne the kempery
 men,
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
 And marryed her to his *wiffe*,
 And brought her home to *merry* England
 With her to leade his *life*.

These lines must be Percy's own.—F.

III.

Beginning of Guy and Phillis, p. 201.

PERCY says in his *Reliques*, iii. 105, 1st ed., that his text of "The Legend of Sir Guy" is "Printed from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection." As he tore the beginning of it out of his Folio, I applied to the Librarian of Magdalene to correct by the Pepys copy a transcript of the first twenty-two stanzas of Percy's text; but as I could not give a reference to the volume and page where the ballad is, and the Librarian's catalogue is not yet complete, he has not sent me the collation. I am therefore obliged to print the beginning of the "inferior copy in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 193" (Child).

SIR GUY OF WARWICK.

WAS ever knight, for ladys sake,
 So toss'd in love, as I, Sir Guy,
 For Phillis fair, that lady bright
 As ever man beheld with eye?
 She gave me leave myself to try
 The valiant knight with shield and
 spear,
 Ere that her love she would grant me;
 Which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a baron bold,
 In deeds of arms the doughty knight,
 That every day in England was,
 With sword and spear in field to
 fight;
 An English man I was by birth,
 In faith of Christ a Christian true;
 The wicked laws of infidels
 I sought by power to subdue.

Two hundred twenty years, and odd
 After our saviour Christ his birth,
 When king Athelstan wore the crown,
 I lived here upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwick earl,
 And, as I said, on very truth,
 A ladys love did me constrain
 To seek strange ventures in my youth:

To try my fame by feats of arms,
 In strange and sundry heathen lands;
 Where I atchieved, for her sake,
 Right dangerous conquests with my
 hands.

For first I sail'd to Normandy,
 And there I stoutly won in fight,
 The emperours daughter of Almain,
 From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas of Greece,
 To help the emperour to his right,
 Against the mighty soldans host
 Of puissant Persians for to fight:
 Where I did slay of Saracens
 And heathen pagans, many a man,
 And slew the soldans cousin dear,
 Who had to name, doughty Colbrøn.

Ezkeldered, that famous knight,
 To death likewise I did pursue,
 And Almain, king of Tyre, also,
 Most terrible too in fight to view :
 I went into the soldans host,
 Being thither on ambassage sent,
 And brought away his head with me,
 I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in the land,
 Which I also myself did slay,
 As he a lion did pursue,
 Most fiercely met me by the way.
 From thence I pass'd the seas of Greece,
 And came to Pavy-land aright,
 Where I the duke of Pavy kill'd,
 His heinous treason to requite.

And after came into this land,
 Towards fair Phillis, lady bright ;
 For love of whom I travel'd far,
 To try my manhood and my might.
 But when I had espoused her,
 I stay'd with her but forty days,
 But there I left this lady fair,
 And then I went beyond the seas.

All clad in gray, in pilgrim sort,
 My voyage from her I did take,
 Unto that blessed holy land,
 For Jesus Christ my saviours sake :
 Where I earl Jonas did redeem,
 And all his sons, which were fifteen,
 Who with the cruel Saracen,
 In prison for long time had been.

I slew the giant Amarant,
 In battle fiercely hand to hand :
 And doughty Barknard killed I,
 The mighty duke of that same land.
 Then I to England came again,
 And here with Colbron fell I fought,
 An ugly giant, which the Danes
 Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the field,
 And slew him dead right valiantly ;
 Where I the land did then redeem
 From Danish tribute utterly ;
 And afterwards I offered up
 The use of weapons solemnly,
 At Winchester, whereas I fought,
 In sight of many far and nigh.

In Windsor-forest, &c.

Ritson. *A Select Collection of English Songs*, vol. ii. p. 296-299.
 Part IV., *Ancient Ballads*.

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